Laudes Domini

Abridged Edition

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ABRIDGED EDITION

LAUDES DOMINI

A SELECTION OF
SPIRITUAL SONGS
ANCIENT & MODERN

EDITED BY
CHAS. S. ROBINSON, D. D., LL. D.

NEW-YORK
THE CENTURY CO.

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The De Vinne Press.

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary, Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell, The third day he rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The holy Catholic Church; The Communion of saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.

PREFACE.

THIS abridged edition of the larger Collection, bearing the same name, is prepared for the convenience of Chapels and smaller Churches, for High Schools, Colleges, and Seminaries, as well as for all such Congregations as desire a more portable and less expensive book for their services of public worship. It is made up entirely from the pages of the other, and hence retains its peculiar characteristics, in that it is a manual for the Praises of the Lord on the Lord's Day.

The Compiler admits that the music in both of these volumes is of a very much higher style and grade than is usually found in the hymnals employed in the churches. But it does not by any means follow that, when tunes are elevated in musical excellence, or even artistic in construction, they are necessarily intricate in harmony or difficult of acquisition. Such pieces must be learned before they are expected to be preferred; then they will be found to be simple.

CHARLES SEYMOUR ROBINSON.

NEW-YORK: 57 East Fifty-fourth Street.

January 1st, 1888.

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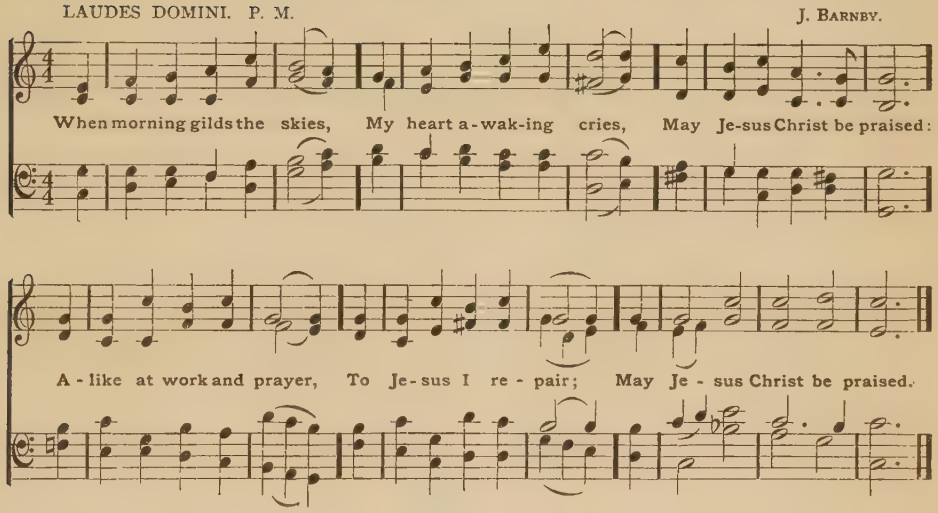
LAUDES DOMINI


LAUDES DOMINI. P. M.
J. Barnby.
When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries, May Je-sus Christ be praised:
A - like at work and prayer, To Je-sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.

1 *Praise to Christ.*

When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

2 To thee, O God, above,
I cry with glowing love,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

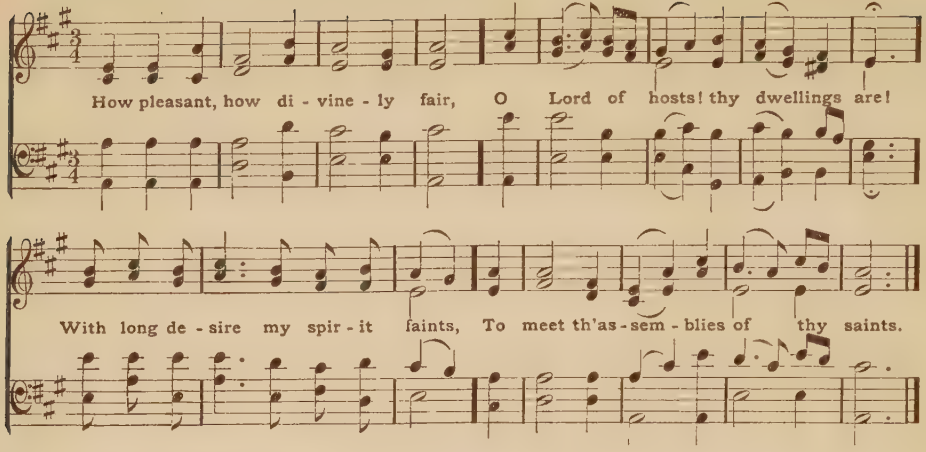
3 Does sadness fill my mind,
A solace here I find;
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast:
May Jesus Christ be praised:
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant I hear:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine:
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages long:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

E. Caswall, tr.

MIGDOL. L. M. LOWELL MASON.

How pleasant, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts! thy dwellings are!
With long de - sire my spir - it faints, To meet th'as - sem - blies of thy saints.

2 *Psalm 84.*

How PLEASANT, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts! thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys, and thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts.

3 *Psalm 84.*

GREAT God! attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
Nor tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore!

Isaac Watts.

4 *"Return, my soul!"*

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul! enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

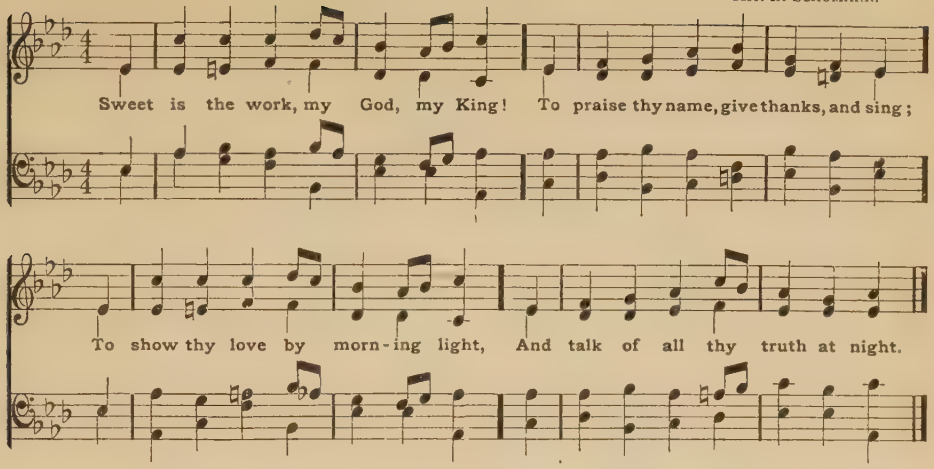
2 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

J. Stennett.

CANONBURY. L. M. Arr. fr. SCHUMANN.


Sweet is the work, my God, my King! To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

5 *Psalm 92.*

SWEET is the work, my God, my King!
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

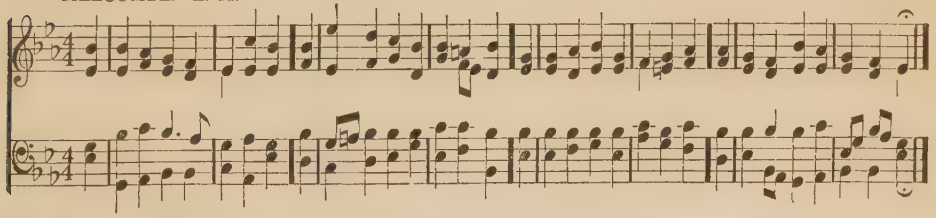
3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Lord! I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts.

MELCOMBE. L. M. S. WEBBE.



6 *Psalm 103.*

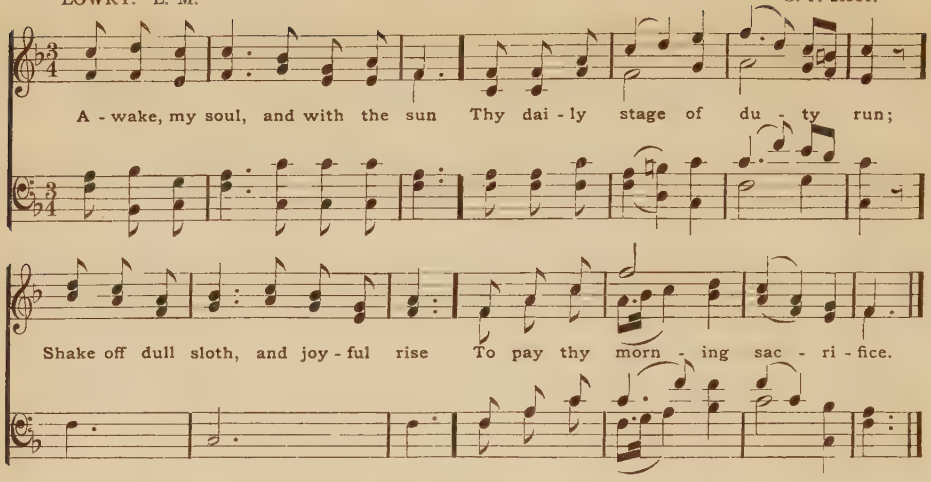
BLESS, O my soul! the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers, within me, join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

3 'T is he, my soul! that sent his Son,
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace:
The Gentile with the Jew shall join,
In work and worship so divine.

Isaac Watts.

LOWRY. L. M. G. F. ROOT.

A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

7 *Morning.*

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me when I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken.

8 *Psalm 145.*

MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine:
Let Zion in her courts proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways;
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

Isaac Watts.

9 *Each day's Duties.*

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

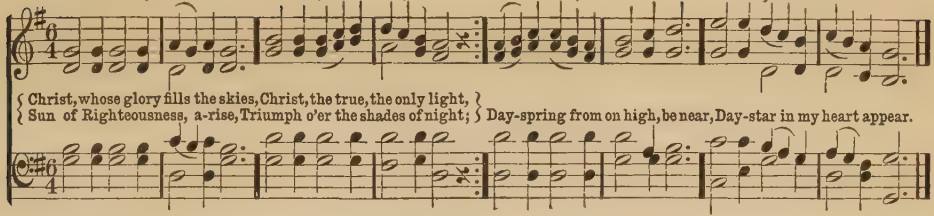
3 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord! in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble.

HALLE. 7s, 6l. Arr. by T. HASTINGS.


Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, a-rise, Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near, Day-star in my heart appear.

10 *Morning.*

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near,
Day-star in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley.

11 *Evening.*

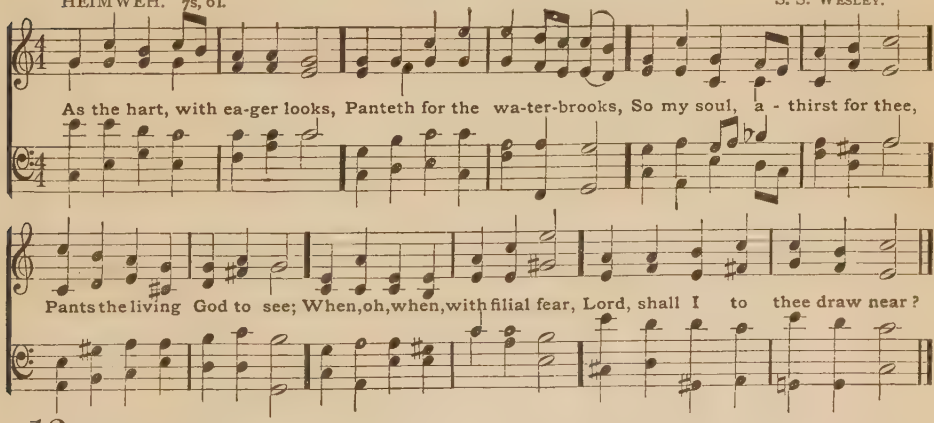
NOW, FROM labor and from care,
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord! I would converse with thee:
Oh, behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below,
But my Saviour's melting voice;
Lord! forgive—thy grace restore,
Make me thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,—
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
Oh, accept my song of praise.

Thomas Hastings.

HEIMWEH. 7s, 6l. S. S. WESLEY.


As the hart, with ea-ger looks, Panteth for the wa-ter-brooks, So my soul, a - thirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see; When, oh, when, with filial fear, Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

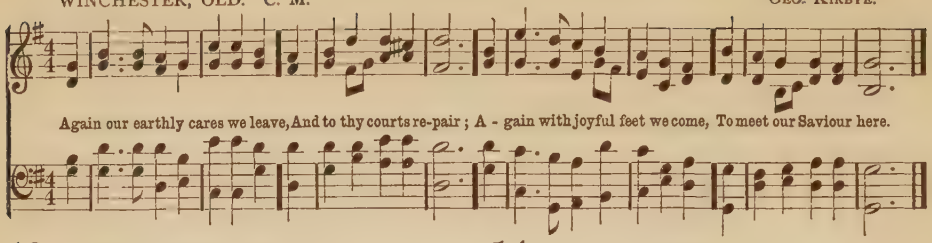
12 *Psalm 42.*

AS THE hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see;
When, oh, when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole;
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

James Montgomery.

WINCHESTER, OLD. C. M. GEO. KIRBYE.



13 *Christ's Presence sought.*

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come,
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Great Shepherd of thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display;
We bow within thy house of prayer;
Oh! give us hearts to pray.

3 The clouds which vail thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove:
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

John Newton.

14 *"Guide us."*

NOW THAT the sun is gleaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That he, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.

2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

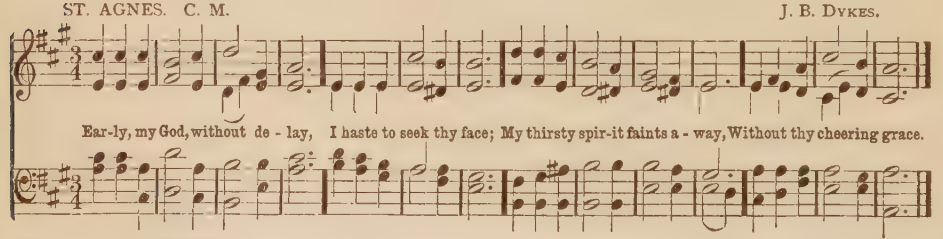
3 And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguered by the foe,
The gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favor end.

5 Now to our God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, sing:
With praise to God, the Three in One,
Let all creation ring.

J. H. Newman.

ST. AGNES. C. M. J. B. DYKES.



15 *Psalm 63.*

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

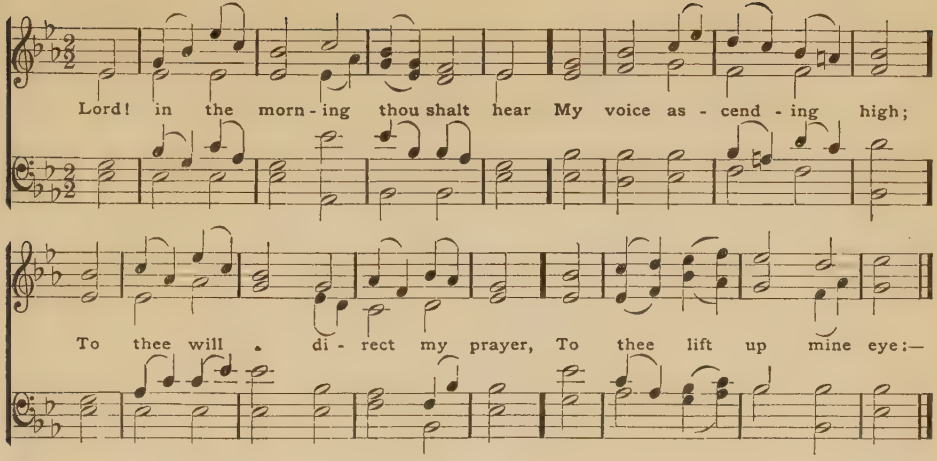
2 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temples shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

Isaac Watts.

WARWICK. C. M. S. STANLEY.



16 *Psalm 5.*

LORD! in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:—

2 Up to the hills, where Christ has gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

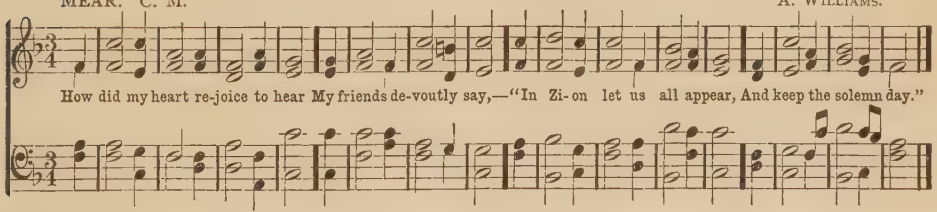
3 Thou art a God, before whose sight,
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

Isaac Watts.

MEAR. C. M. A. WILLIAMS.



17 *Psalm 122.*

HOW DID my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,—
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The Church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

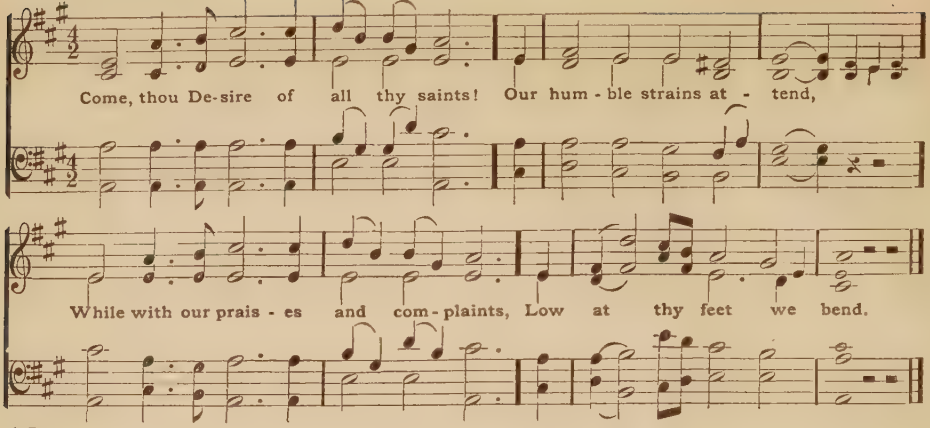
3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God, my Saviour reigns.

Isaac Watts.

HYMN. C. M. J. E. GOULD.


Come, thou De-sire of all thy saints! Our hum-ble strains at-tend,
While with our prais-es and com-plaints, Low at thy feet we bend.

18 *"Come, Lord."*

COME, thou Desire of all thy saints!
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

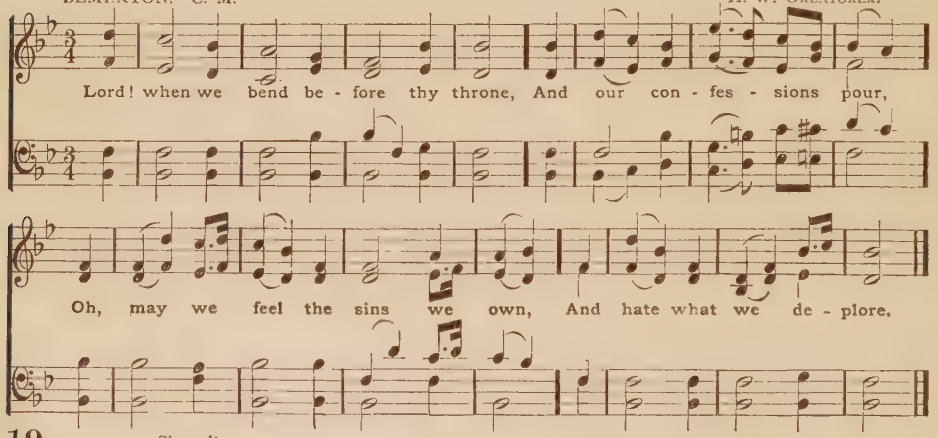
2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 Come, Lord! thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

Anne Steele.

BEMERTON. C. M. H. W. GREATOREX.



19 *Sincerity.*

LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Oh, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

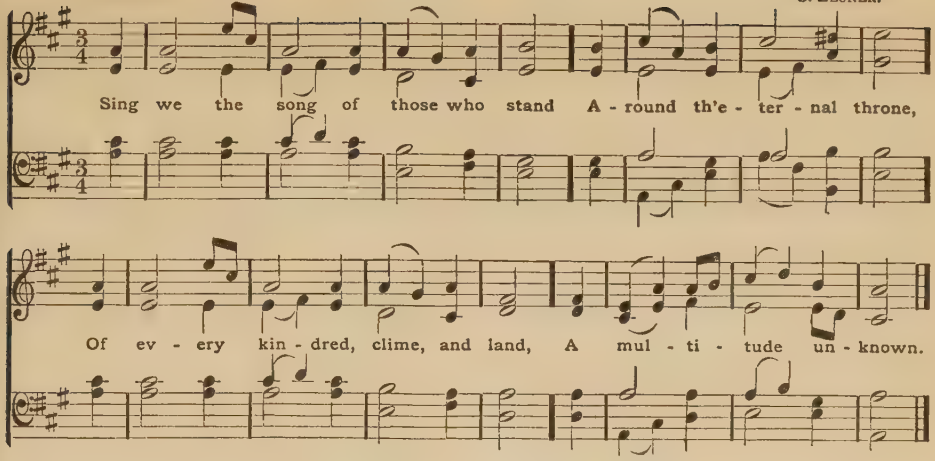
2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
Nor let a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our heart 't is goodness still
That grants it or denies.

Jos. Dacre Carlyle.

OAKSVILLE. C. M. C. ZEUNER.



20 *"Worthy the Lamb!"*

SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here:
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, sufferings still await
On earth the pilgrim throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church Triumphant's song.

4 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"—
Cry the redeemed above;
"Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love!"

5 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save!
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave!"

James Montgomery.

21 *Psalm 122.*

WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God hath called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace! oh, deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

Harriet Auber.

22 *Psalm 132.*

ARISE, O King of grace! arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

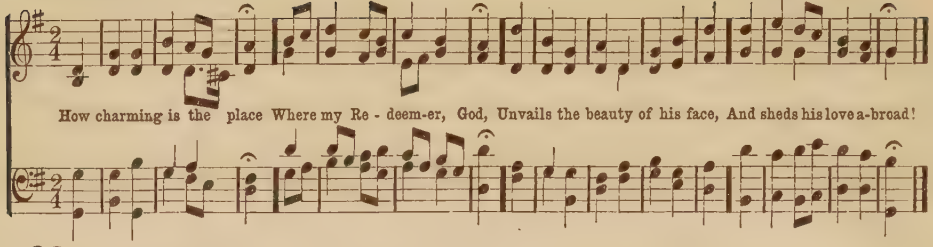
3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread:
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

Isaac Watts.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. WILLIAM TANSUR.



23 *The Sanctuary.*

HOW CHARMING is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unvails the beauty of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

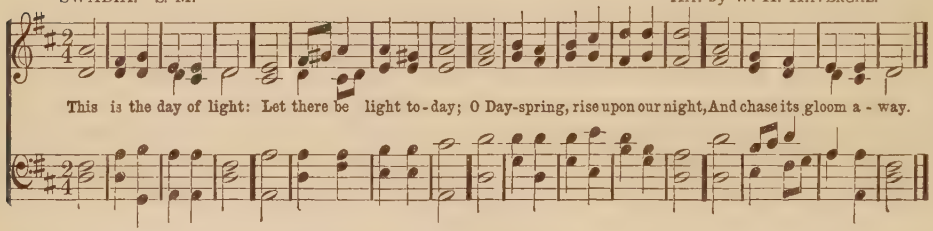
2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit
And smile on all around.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

Samuel Stennett.

SWABIA. S. M. Arr. by W. H. HAVERGAL.



24 *Day of light.*

THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

John Ellerton.

25 *Rev. 15: 3.*

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing, how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

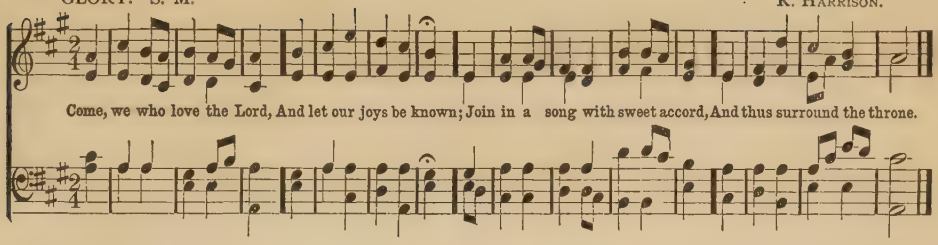
3 Ye pilgrims! on the road
To Zion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,—
"Ye blesséd children! come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

William Hammond.

GLORY. S. M. R. HARRISON.



26 *"Immanuel's Ground."*

COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

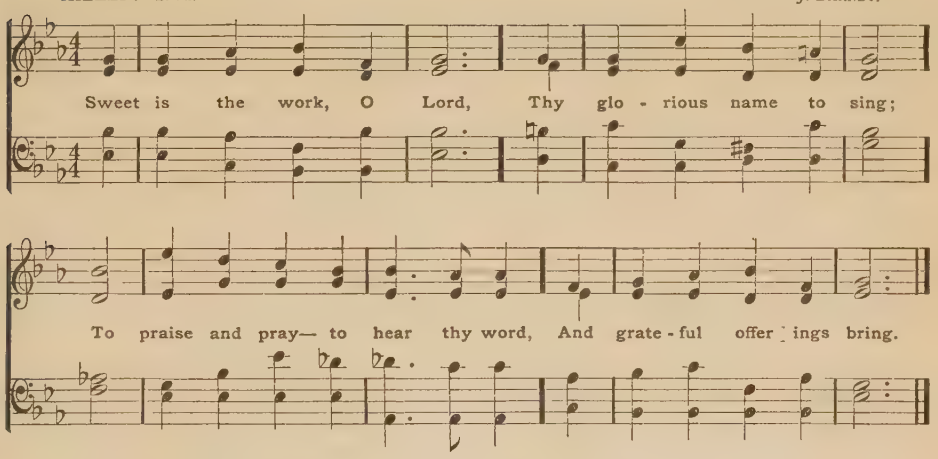
3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts.

AILEEN. S. M. J. BARNBY.



27 *Psalm 92.*

SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

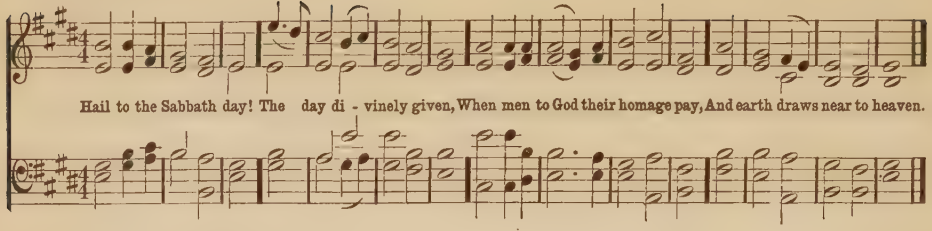
2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

Harriet Auber.

MORNINGTON. S. M. Arr. by L. MASON.



28 *The eternal Sabbath.*

HAIL to the Sabbath day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

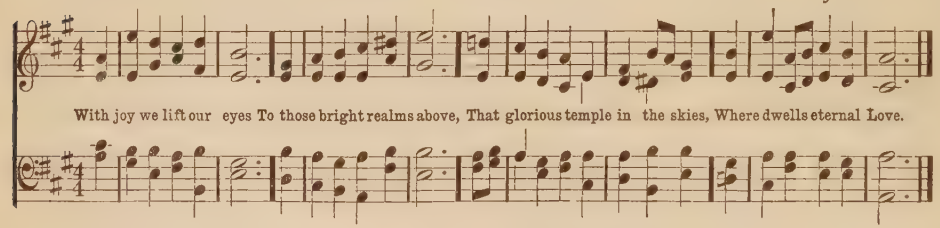
3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of vast eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

S. G. Bulfinch.

PACKINGTON. S. M. J. BLACK.



29 *Hymn of praise.*

WITH joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

Thomas Jervis.

30 *Christian outlook.*

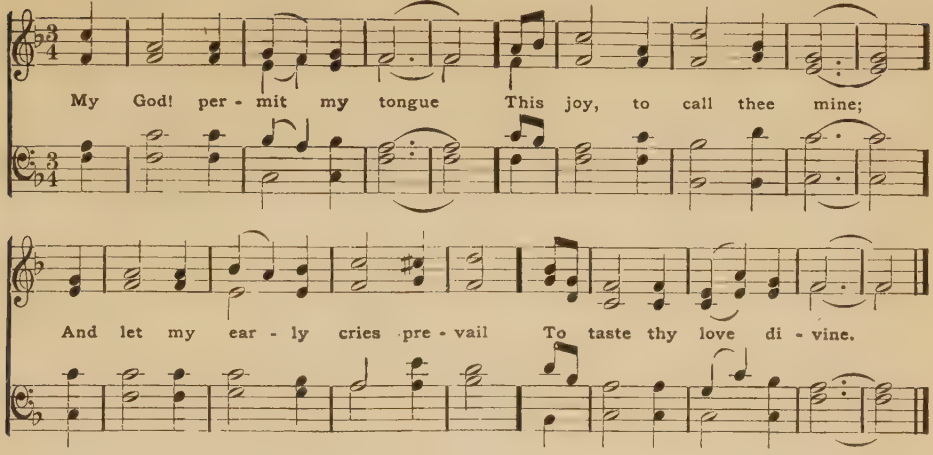
NOW LET our voices join
To raise a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims! in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 See—flowers of paradise,
In rich profusion, spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

3 See—Salem's golden spires,
In beauteous prospect, rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

4 All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way,—
To him who leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day.

Philip Doddridge.

VIGIL. S. M. St. Alban's Tune Book.

31 *Psalm 63.*

My God! permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travelers, in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.

3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this,—
To serve and please the Lord.

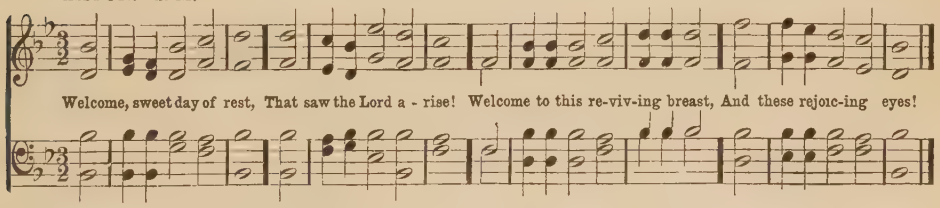
4 In wakeful hours at night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And, on thy watchful providence,
My cheerful hope relies.

6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

Isaac Watts.

LISBON. S. M. D. Read.



32 *Psalm 84.*

Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

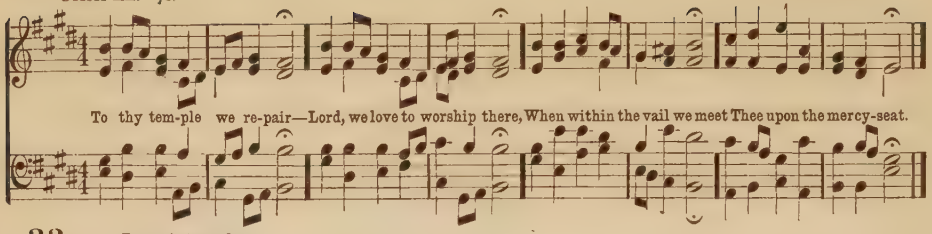
2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts.

CHAPEL. 7s. German Choral.



33 *Jesus intercedes.*

To THY temple we repair—
Lord, we love to worship there,
When within the vail we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips—unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.

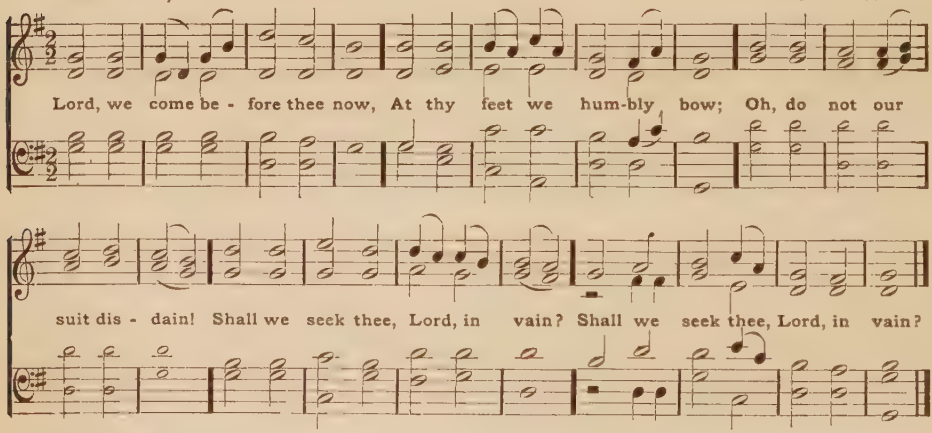
3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads—
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening we may say—
"We have walked with God to-day."

James Montgomery.

HENDON. 7s. C. MALAN.


Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum-bly bow; Oh, do not our
suit dis - dain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

34 *"Thy face we seek."*

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

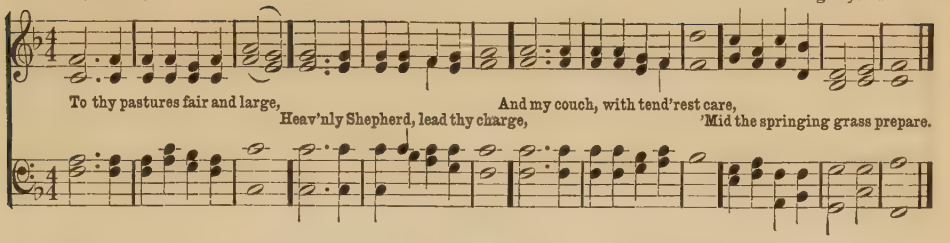
3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee; here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

William Hammond.

DIJON. 7s. German Evening Hymn.


To thy pastures fair and large,
Heav'nly Shepherd, lead thy charge,
And my couch, with tend'rest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

35 *Psalm 23.*

To THY pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard—and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

James Merrick.

36 *Twilight.*

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

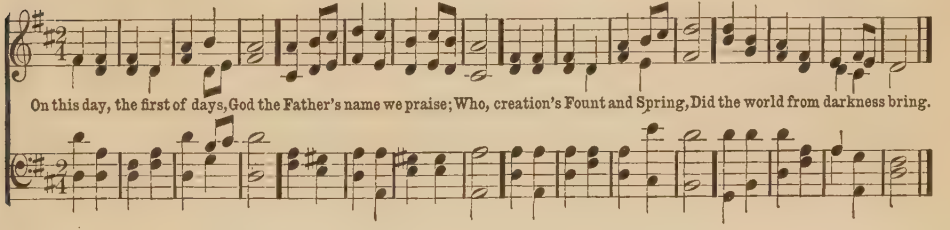
2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'T is the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

3 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

4 Saviour! may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

S. F. Smith.

FERRIER. 7s. J. B. DYKES.


On this day, the first of days, God the Father's name we praise; Who, creation's Fount and Spring, Did the world from darkness bring.

37 *"First of Days."*

ON this day, the first of days,
God the Father's name we praise;
Who, creation's Fount and Spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.

2 On this day the Eternal Son
Over death his triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With his gifts of living flame.

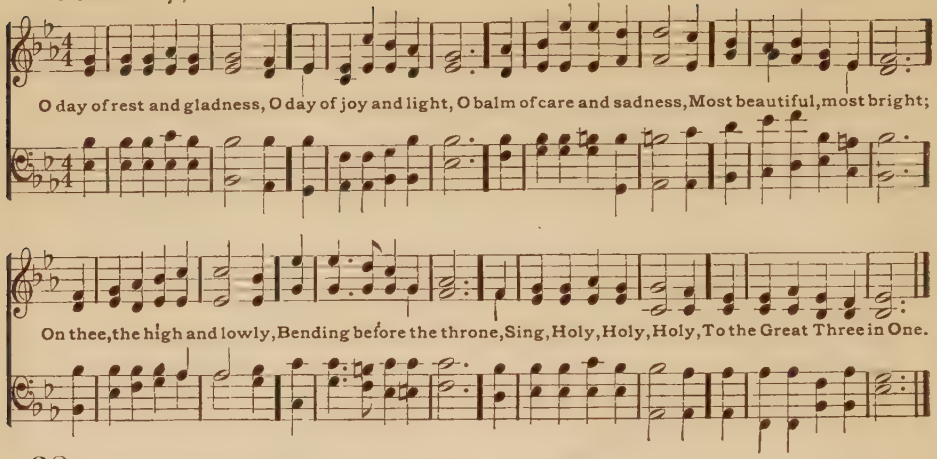
3 Father, who didst fashion me
Image of thyself to be,
Fill me with thy love divine,
Let my every thought be thine.

4 Holy Jesus, may I be
Dead and buried here with thee;
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto thee a sacrifice.

5 Thou who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, sweet Spirit, in my heart;
Best of gifts, thyself, bestow;
Make me burn thy love to know.

H. W. Baker, tr.

AURELIA. 7s, 6s. D. S. S. Wesley.


O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly, Bending before the throne, Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy, To the Great Three in One.

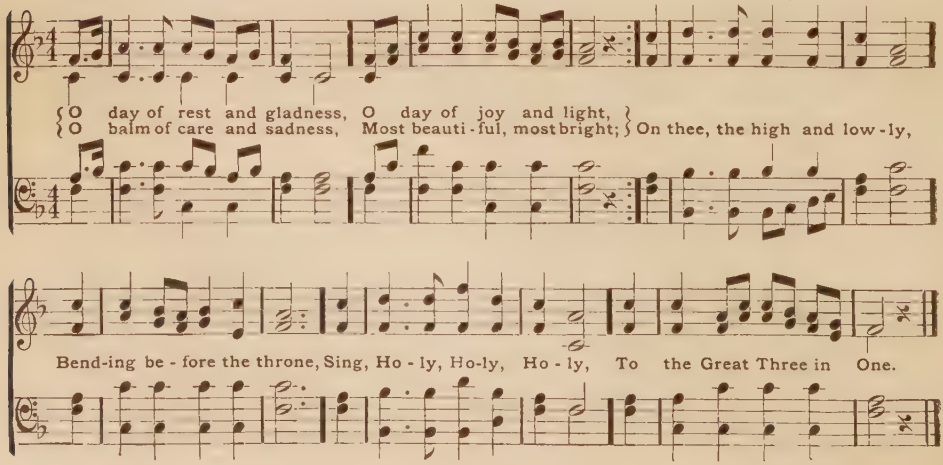
38 "*Day of Rest.*"

O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great Three in One.

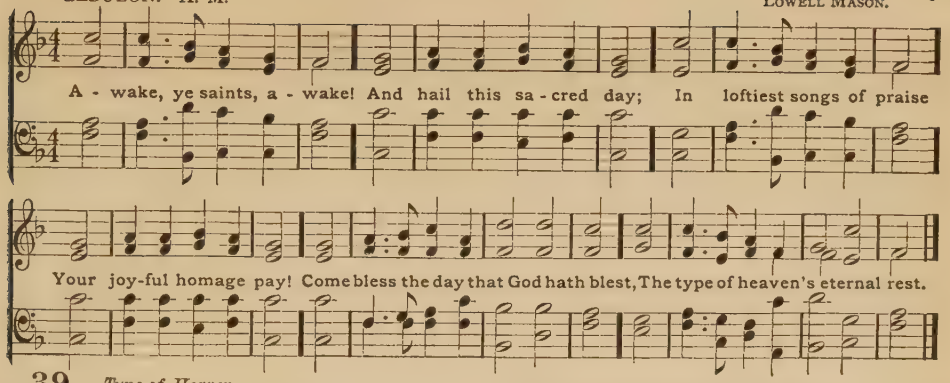
2 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

C. Wordsworth.

MENDEBRAS. 7s, 6s. D. Arr. by L. Mason.

O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness, Most beauti-ful, most bright; On thee, the high and low-ly,
Bend-ing be-fore the throne, Sing, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To the Great Three in One.

ZEBULON. H. M. LOWELL MASON.


A - wake, ye saints, a - wake! And hail this sa - cred day; In loftiest songs of praise
Your joy-ful homage pay! Come bless the day that God hath blest, The type of heaven's eternal rest.

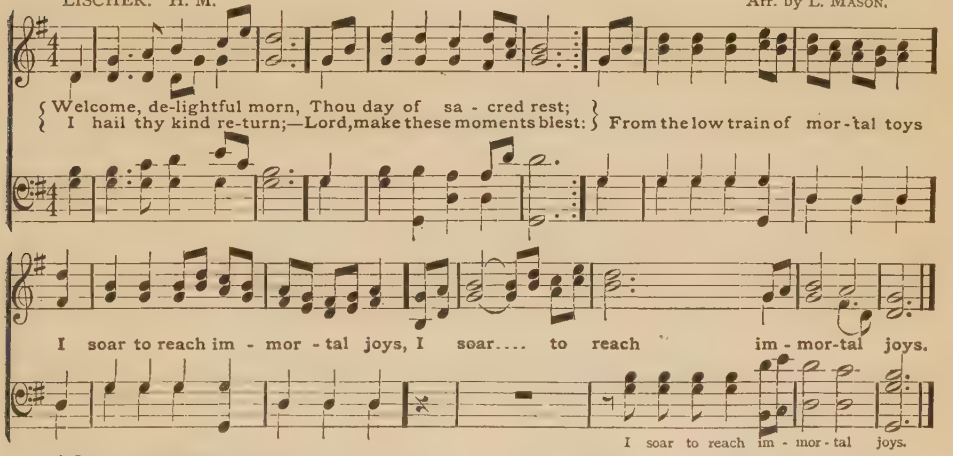
39 *Type of Heaven.*

AWAKE, ye saints, awake!
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay!
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth in humbler strains
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!

Thomas Cotterill.

LISCHER. H. M. Arr. by L. MASON.

Welcome, de-lightful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest;
I hail thy kind re-turn;—Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mor-tal toys
I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys, I soar.... to reach im - mor-tal joys.
I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

40 *Welcome Worship.*

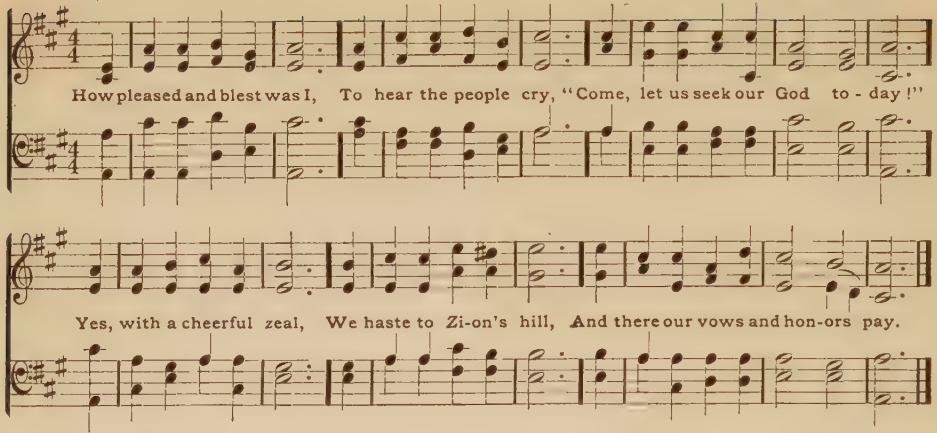
WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;—
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

Hayward.

DALSTON. S. P. M. A. WILLIAMS.


How pleased and blest was I, To hear the people cry, "Come, let us seek our God to - day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and hon-ors pay.

41 *Psalm 122.*

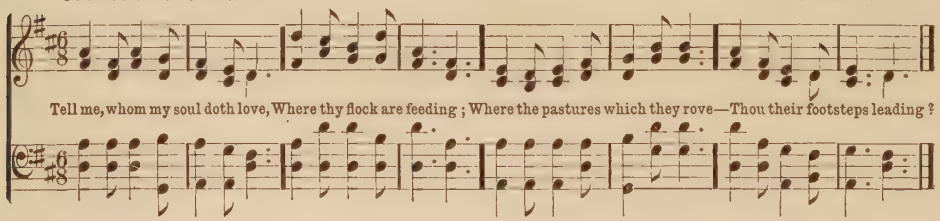
How PLEASED and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion—thrice happy place—
Adorned with wondrous grace,
While walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

4 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Isaac Watts.

GREEN PASTURES. P. M. W. F. SHERWIN.

Tell me, whom my soul doth love, Where thy flock are feeding; Where the pastures which they rove—Thou their footsteps leading?

42 *Cant. 1:7.*

TELL me, whom my soul doth love,
Where thy flock are feeding;
Where the pastures which they rove—
Thou their footsteps leading?

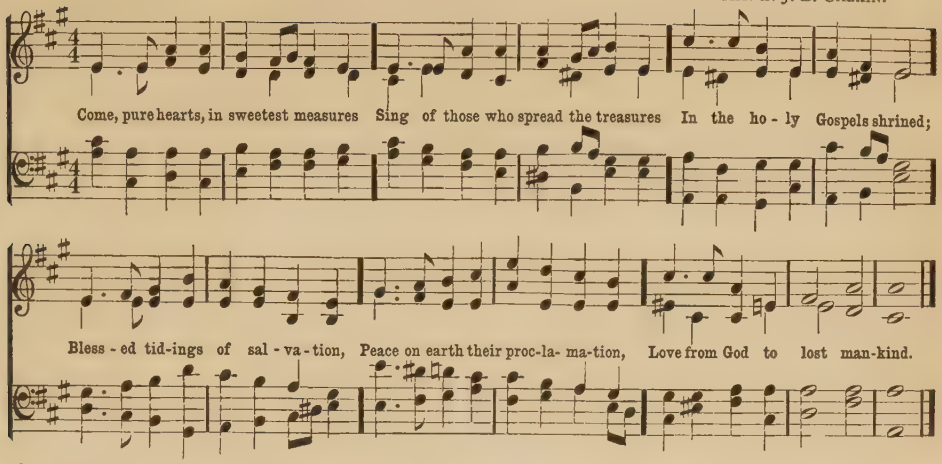
2 Tell me, sheltered from the heat,
Where at noon they rest them;
Where at night their safe retreat—
Fold, where none molest them?

3 Strong is thy protecting arm;
Richly thou providest;
Feeding, resting—kept from harm—
Blest the flock thou guidest.

4 Noon and night be my defence;
Let no foe ensnare me;
Bring me to the Shepherd's tents—
In thy bosom bear me.

Samuel Wolcott.

BONAR. P. M. Arr. fr. J. B. CALKIN.


Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures Sing of those who spread the treasures In the ho - ly Gospels shrined;
Bless - ed tid-ings of sal - va - tion, Peace on earth their proc-la- ma-tion, Love from God to lost man-kind.

43 *Wells of Salvation.*

COME, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the holy Gospels shrined;
Blessèd tidings of salvation,
Peace on earth their proclamation,
Love from God to lost mankind.

2 See the rivers four that gladden
With their streams the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear;
Christ the fountain, these the waters;
Drink, O Zion's sons and daughters,
Drink and find salvation here.

3 Oh, that we, thy truth confessing,
And thy holy word possessing,
Jesus, may thy love adore;
Unto thee our voices raising,
Thee with all thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore.

R. Campbell, tr.

44 *"Deliver us from evil."*

FATHER, in high heaven dwelling,
May our evening song be telling
Of thy mercy large and free:
Through the day thy love hath fed us,
Through the day thy care hath led us,
With divinest charity.

2 This day's sins, oh, pardon, Saviour!
Evil thoughts, perverse behavior,
Envy, pride, and vanity;
From all evil us deliver;
Save us now, and save us ever,
O thou Lamb of Calvary!

3 Whilst the night-dews are distilling,
Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
With thine own serenity;
Softly let our eyes be closing,
Loving souls on thee reposing,
Ever-blessèd Trinity.

George Rawson.

45 *Evening Song.*

UPWARD where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent in their turning,
Round the never changing pole;
Upward where the sky is brightest,
Upward where the blue is lightest,—
Lift I now my longing soul.

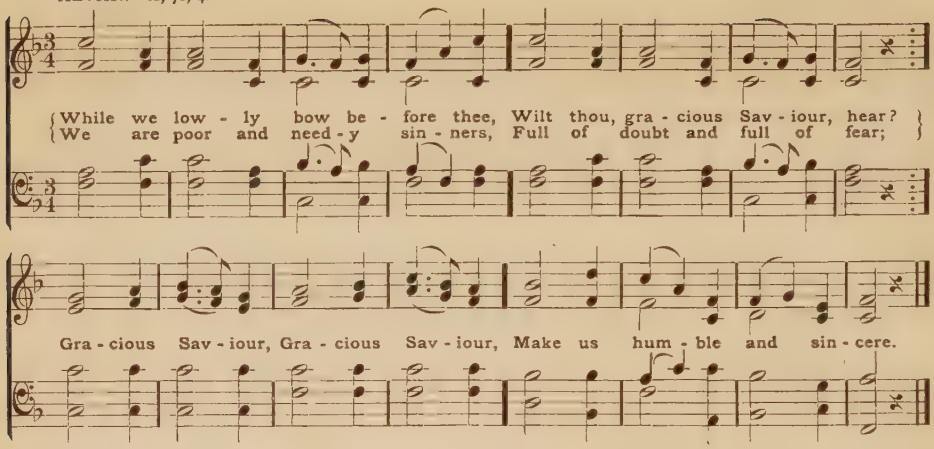
2 Far beyond the arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair:
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy—
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted:
Lord of lords, and King of kings!
Son of man, they crown, they crown him,
Son of God, they own, they own him,
With his name the palace rings.

4 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at his blessèd feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before his throne we meet.

Horatius Bonar.

ALVAN. 8s, 7s, 4. LOWELL MASON.


While we low - ly bow be - fore thee, Wilt thou, gra - cious Sav - iour, hear?
We are poor and need - y sin - ners, Full of doubt and full of fear;
Gra - cious Sav - iour, Gra - cious Sav - iour, Make us hum - ble and sin - cere.

46 *Humility.*

WHILE we lowly bow before thee,
Wilt thou, gracious Saviour, hear?
We are poor and needy sinners,
Full of doubt and full of fear;
Gracious Saviour,
Make us humble and sincere.

2 Fill us with thy Holy Spirit;
Sanctify us by thy grace;
Oh, incline us more to love thee,
And in dust our souls abase.
Hear us, Saviour,
And unvail thy glorious face.

3 None in vain did ever ask thee
For the Spirit of thy love;
Hear us, then, dear Saviour, hear us;
Grant an answer from above;
Blessèd Saviour,
Hear and answer from above.

D. C. Colesworthy.

47 *"Send blessing."*

SAVIOUR, send a blessing to us,
Send a blessing from above;
All thy truth and mercy show us,
Be thou here in power and love;
Grant thy presence,
Be it ours thy grace to prove.

2 Nothing have we, Lord, without thee,
But thy promise is our stay;
And thy people must not doubt thee;
Saviour, now thy power display;
And let gladness
Fill thy people's hearts to-day.

Thomas Kelly.

48 *"Father, hear us!"*

GOD Almighty and All-seeing!
Holy One, in whom we all
Live, and move, and have our being,
Hear us when on thee we call;
Father, hear us,
As before thy throne we fall.

2 Of all good art thou the Giver;
Weak and wandering ones are we;
Then for ever, yea, for ever,
In thy presence would we be;
Oh, be near us,
That we wander not from thee.

F. S. Pierpont.

49 *Glory to God!*

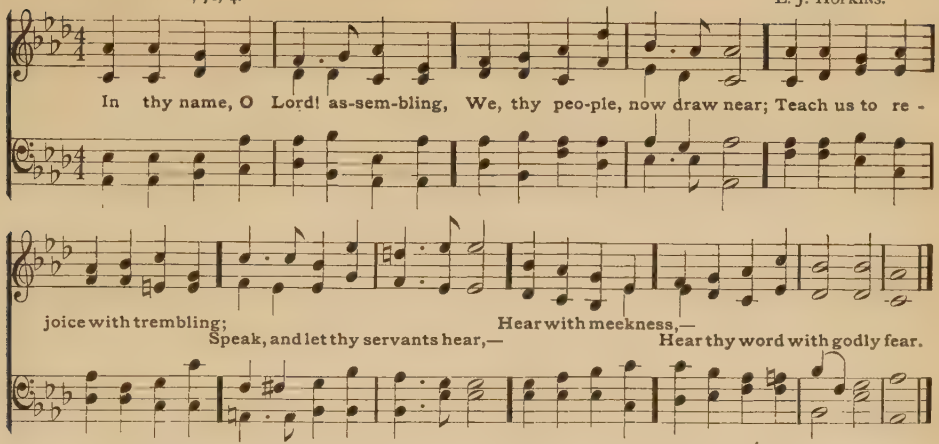
GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!

2 Glory be to him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to him who bought us,
Made us kings with him to reign:
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings:
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings.

Horatius Bonar.

RAPHAEL. 8s, 7s, 4. E. J. HOPKINS.


In thy name, O Lord! as-sem-bling, We, thy peo-ple, now draw near; Teach us to re -
joice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear,—
Hear with meekness,—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

50 *"Let thy servants hear."*

In thy name, O Lord! assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear,—
Hear with meekness,—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord! to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

Thomas Kelly.

51 *"Bless the seed."*

Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed!
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 Oh, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word 's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

Jonathan Evans.

52 *God's presence.*

God is in his holy temple;
All the earth keep silence here;
Worship him in truth and spirit;
Reverence him with godly fear;
Holy, holy
Lord of hosts, our God, appear!

2 God in Christ reveals his presence,
Throned upon the mercy-seat;
Saints, rejoice, and sinners, tremble;
Each prepare his God to meet;
Lowly, lowly
Bow, adoring, at his feet.

James Montgomery.

53 *Continued meetings.*

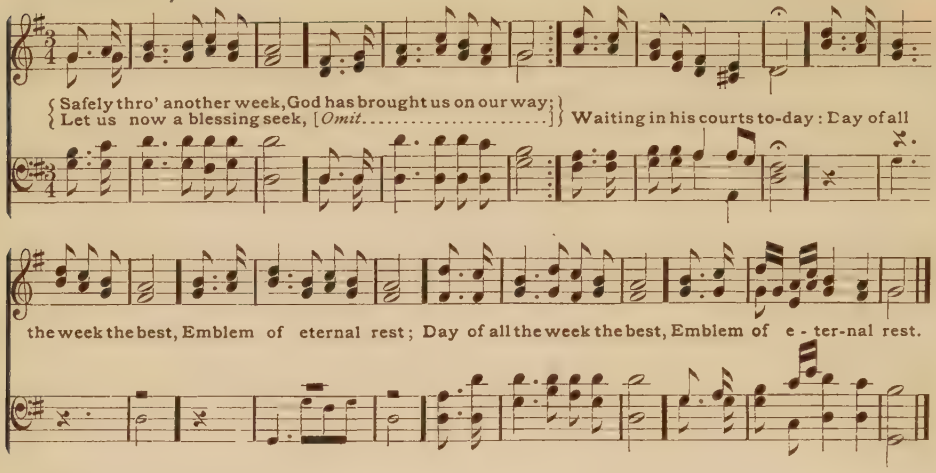
Welcome, days of solemn meeting;
Welcome, days of praise and prayer;
Far from earthly scenes retreating,
In your blessings we would share;
Sacred seasons,
In your blessings we would share.

2 Be thou near us, blesséd Saviour,
Still at morn and eve the same;
Give us faith that cannot waver;
Kindle in us heaven's own flame;
Blesséd Saviour,
Kindle in us heaven's own flame.

3 When the fervent heart is glowing,
Holy Spirit, hear that prayer:
When the song of praise is flowing,
Let that song thine impress bear;
Holy Spirit,
Let that song thine impress bear.

S. F. Smith.

SABBATH. 7s. D. LOWELL MASON.


{Safely thro' another week, God has brought us on our way;
{Let us now a blessing seek, [Omit.....]} Waiting in his courts to-day: Day of all
the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter-nal rest.

54 *Sabbath Morning.*

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,—
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in thee above.

John Newton.

55 *The holy Day of Rest.*

WELCOME, sacred day of rest!
Sweet repose from worldly care;
Day above all days the best,
When our souls for heaven prepare;
Day, when our Redeemer rose,
Victor o'er the hosts of hell:
Thus he vanquished all our foes;
Let our lips his glory tell.

2 Gracious Lord! we love this day,
When we hear thy holy word;
When we sing thy praise, and pray,
Earth can no such joys afford:
But a better rest remains,
Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days,
Rest from sin, and rest from pains,
Endless joys, and endless praise.

William Browne.

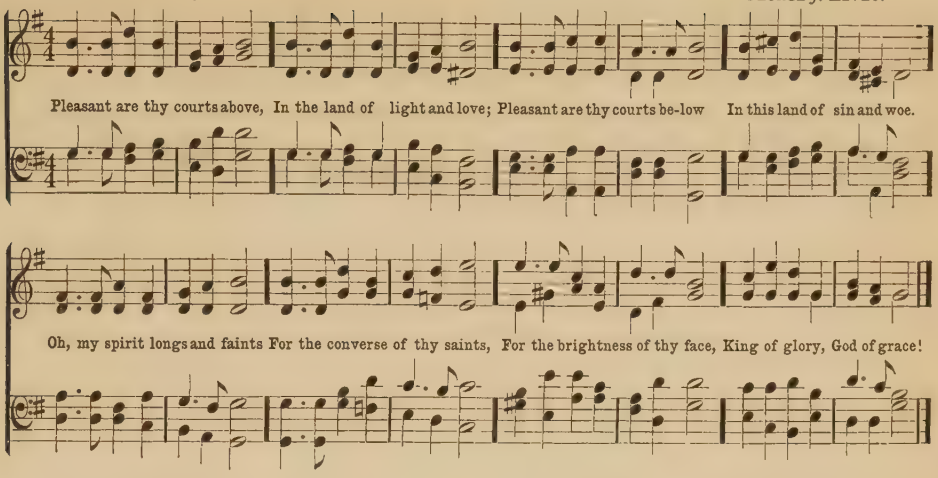
56 *Invocation.*

LIGHT of life, seraphic Fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Enter every drooping heart;
Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Father! in thy grace appear,
To thy human temples come.

2 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Set us free from all our sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

Charles Wesley.

ST. GEORGE. 7s. D. GEORGE J. ELVEY.


Pleasant are thy courts above, In the land of light and love; Pleasant are thy courts be-low In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints For the converse of thy saints, For the brightness of thy face, King of glory, God of grace!

57 *Psalm 84.*

PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
King of glory, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest,
In their Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls, their praises flow,
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through this world of sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

Henry F. Lyte.

58 *"Rest and Love."*

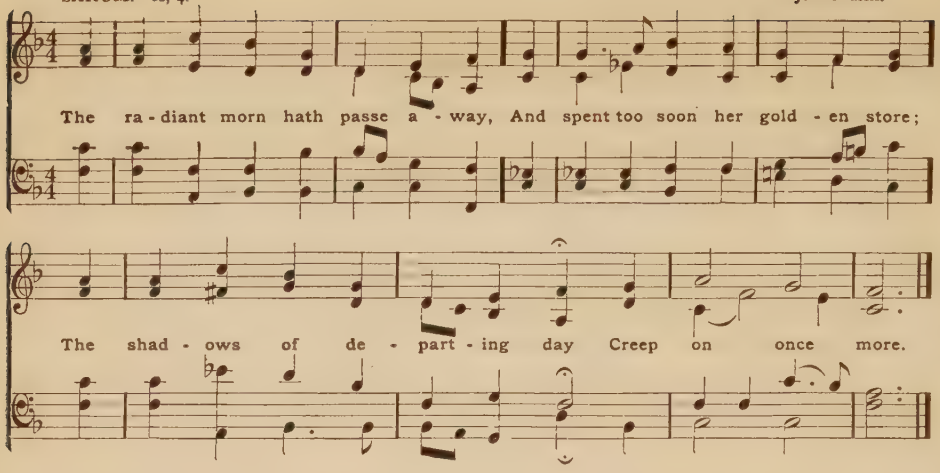
LORD, remove the vail away,
Let us see thyself to-day:
Thou who camest from on high,
For our sins to bleed and die,
Help us now to cast aside
All that would our hearts divide;
With the Father and the Son
Let thy living church be one.

2 Oh, from earthly cares set free,
Let us find our rest in thee;
May our toils and conflicts cease
In the calm of Sabbath peace;
That thy people here below
Something of the bliss may know,
Something of the rest and love,
In the Sabbath-home above.

3 Give our souls the spotless dress
Of thy perfect righteousness;
So at length each welcome guest,
Then shall enter to the feast,
Take the harp and raise the song,
All thy ransomed ones among;
Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,
Joys to last for evermore.

Mrs. Eric Findlater, tr.

SARUM. 8s, 4. J. HULLAH.



59 *"Departing Day."*

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but a fading dawn;
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

3 Oh, by thy soul-inspiring grace,
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;—

4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;—

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all!

Godfrey Thring.

60 *"We follow thee."*

THROUGH good report and evil, Lord,
Still guided by thy faithful word,—
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,—
We follow thee.

2 With enemies on every side,
We lean on thee, the Crucified;
Forsaking all on earth beside,
We follow thee.

3 O Master, point thou out the way,
Nor suffer thou our steps to stray;
Then in that path that leads to day
We follow thee.

4 Thou hast passed on before our face;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
Oh, keep us, aid us by thy grace:
We follow thee.

5 Whom have we in the heaven above,
Whom on this earth, save thee, to love?
Still in thy light we onward move;
We follow thee!

Horatius Bonar.

61 *Sabbath rest.*

HAIL, sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil secure and trouble free;
Hail, quiet spirit, bringing peace
And joy to me.

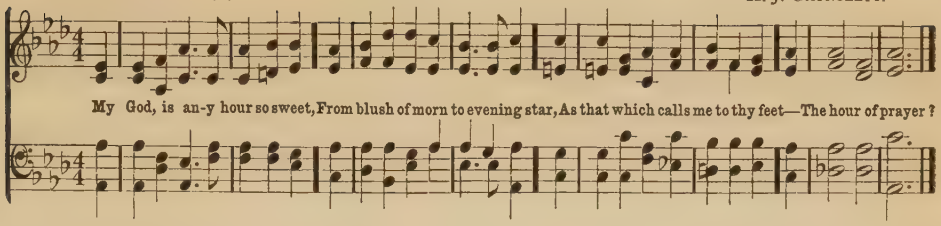
2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
And peace on all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to thee,
Where rest is found.

3 No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As now the weekly labors cease;
No voice, but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.

4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise
That thou this restful day hast given,
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

Godfrey Thring, alt.

RISEHOLME. 8s, 4. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



62 *The hour of prayer.*

My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

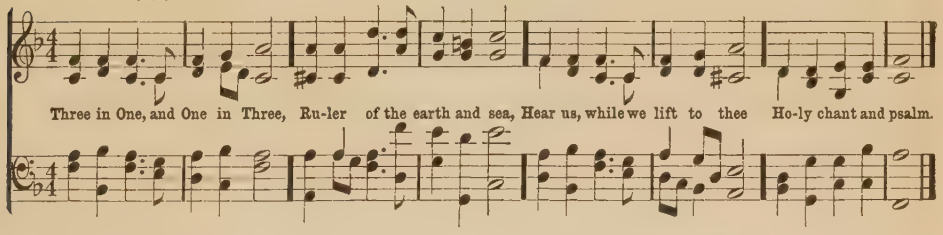
2 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude,
With hopes of heaven.

3 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find:
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

4 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And ev'n the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

5 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

GREY. 7s, 5. F. R. GREY.

63 *Evening psalm.*

THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to thee
Holy chant and psalm.

2 Light of lights; with morning, shine;
Lift on us thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights; when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a vesper calm.

4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Darkling here we worship thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

Gilbert Rorison.

64 *Jesus, have mercy.*

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite;
Jesus, hear and save!

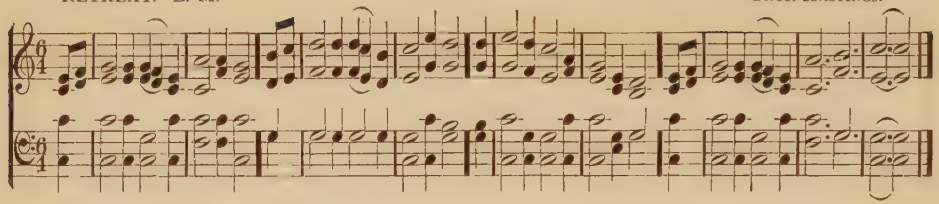
2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled;
Jesus, hear and save!

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save!

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save!

Reginald Heber.

RETREAT. L. M. THOS. HASTINGS.



65 *The mercy-seat.*

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

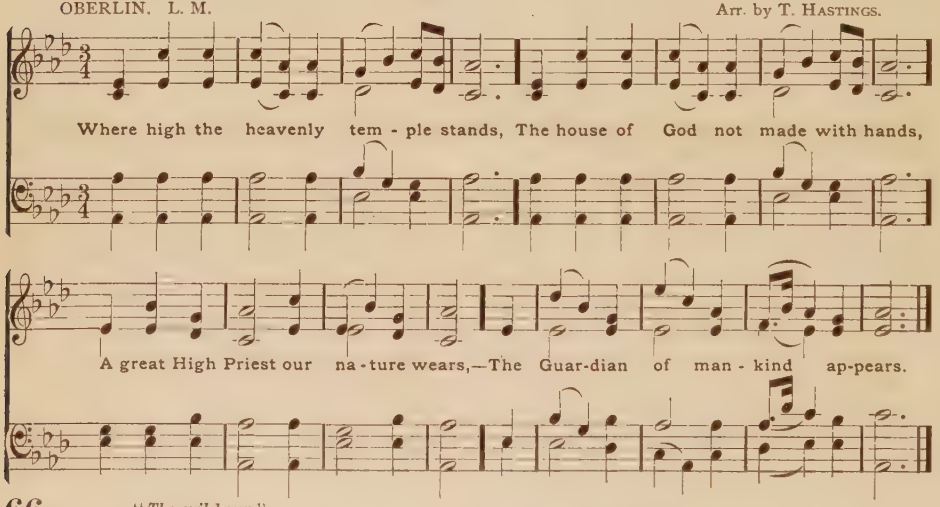
3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

5 Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell.

OBERLIN. L. M. Arr. by T. HASTINGS.


Where high the heavenly tem - ple stands, The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our na - ture wears,—The Guar-dian of man - kind ap-pears.

66 *"The evil hour."*

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,—
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

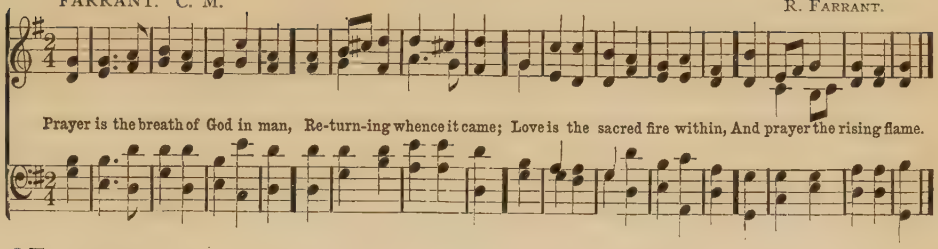
3 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

Michael Bruce.

FARRANT. C. M. R. FARRANT.



67 *"The sacred fire."*

PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there 's music in a sigh,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

Benjamin Beddome.

68 *Retirement.*

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

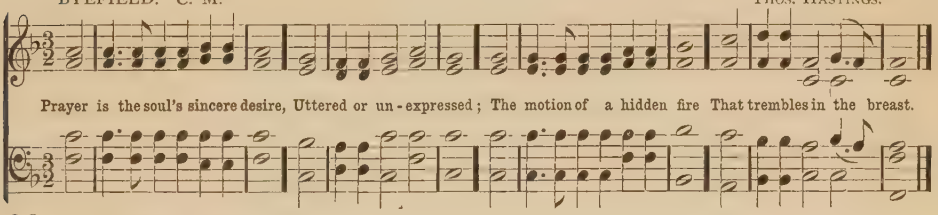
2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy great bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode;
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She then communes with God.

4 Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet Source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour!—thou art mine!

William Cowper.

BYEFIELD. C. M. THOS. HASTINGS.



69 *"Behold he prays."*

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

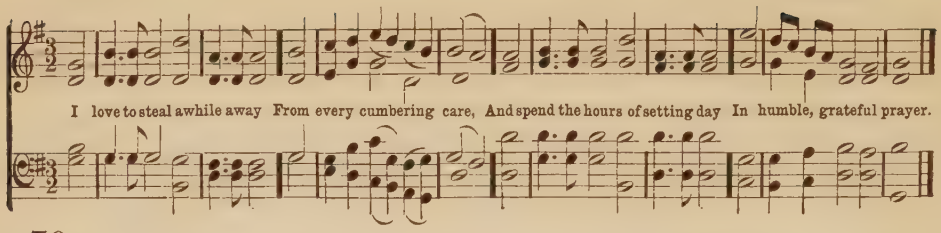
4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air:
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry—"Behold he prays!"

6 O thou, by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery.

WOODSTOCK. C. M. D. DUTTON.



70 *Retirement.*

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

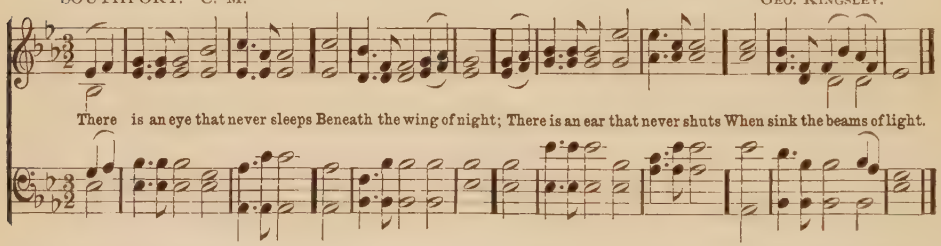
3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown.

SOUTHPORT. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



71 *Prayer has power.*

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there 's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down!

John A. Wallace.

72 *"Two or three."*

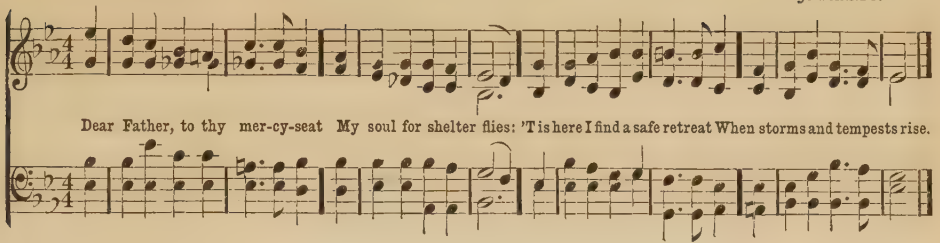
WHEREVER two or three may meet,
To worship in thy name,
Bending beneath thy mercy-seat,
This promise they may claim:—

2 Jesus in love will condescend
To bless the hallowed place;
The Saviour will himself attend,
And show his smiling face.

3 How bright the assurance! gracious Lord,
Fountain of peace and love,
Fulfill to us thy precious word,
Thy loving-kindness prove.

Thomas Hastings.

HOLY TRINITY. C. M. J. BARNBY.



73 *The mercy-seat.*

DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'T is here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

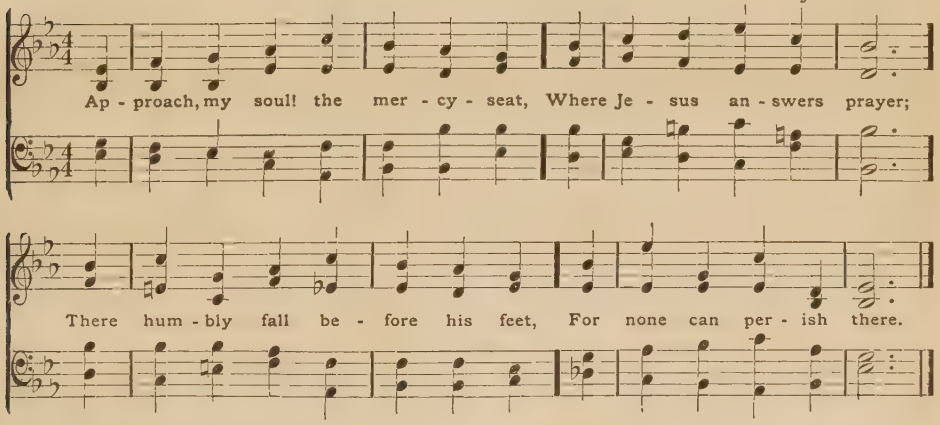
2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh, let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart!

4 Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat!
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

Anne Steele.

GIFT. C. M. J. BARNBY.



74 *"Weary, heavy laden."*

APPROACH, my soul! the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.

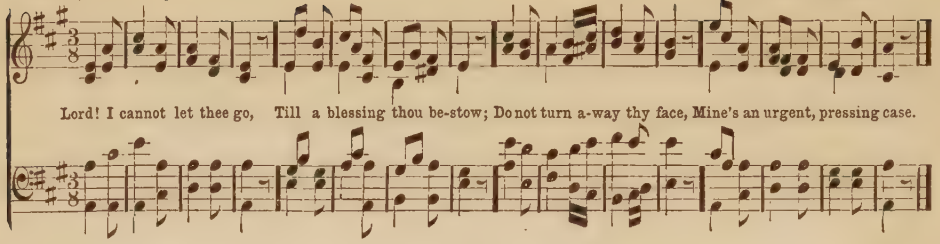
3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him—thou hast died.

5 Oh, wondrous Love—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

John Newton.

HORTON. 7s. Arr. fr. WARTENSEE.



75 *Gen. 32 : 26.*

LORD! I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free—
Lord! that mercy came to me.

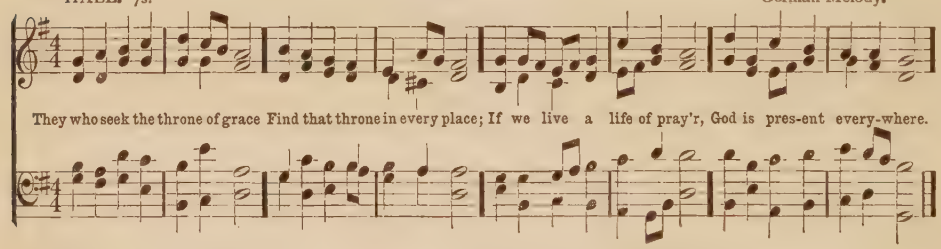
3 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

4 Thou hast helped in every need—
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

5 No—I must maintain my hold;
'T is thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

John Newton.

HALL. 7s. German Melody.



76 *God everywhere.*

THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden, alt.

77 *Quiet communion.*

STEALING from the world away,
We are come to seek thy face;
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,
Grant us thy reviving grace.

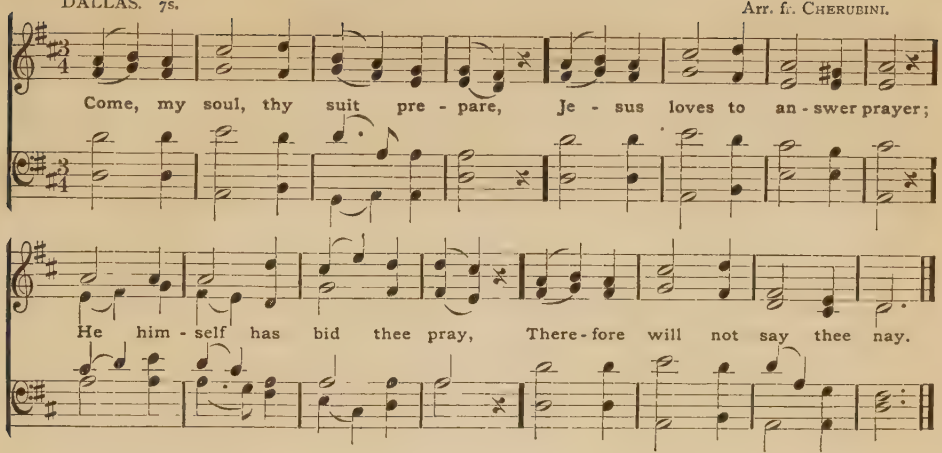
2 Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine but with a borrowed light;
We, unless thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

3 Sun of Righteousness! dispel
All our darkness, doubts, and fears;
May thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.

4 Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with thy perfect love.

Ray Palmer.

DALLAS. 7s. Arr. fr. CHERUBINI.



78 *A Prayer in need.*

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 With my burden I begin:—
Lord! remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

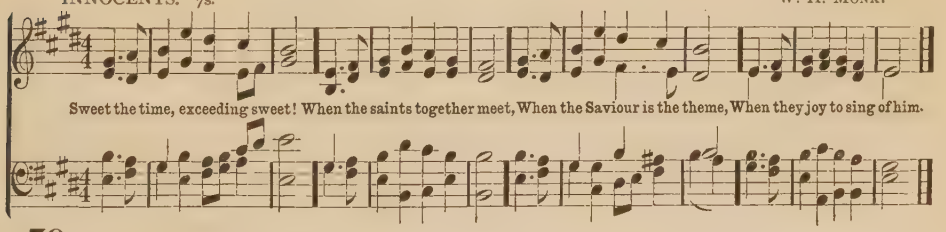
3 Lord! I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast:
There, thy blood-bought right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

John Newton.

INNOCENTS. 7s. W. H. MONK.



79 *Redeeming Love.*

SWEET the time, exceeding sweet!
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they joy to sing of him.

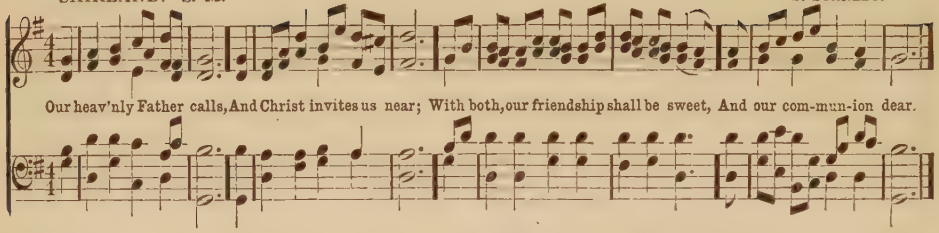
2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts he strove,
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Saviour near.

5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Saviour 's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of him.

George Burder.

SHIRLAND. S. M. S. STANLEY.

80 *"God pities."*

OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs:
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

Philip Doddridge.

81 *"The throne of grace."*

BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

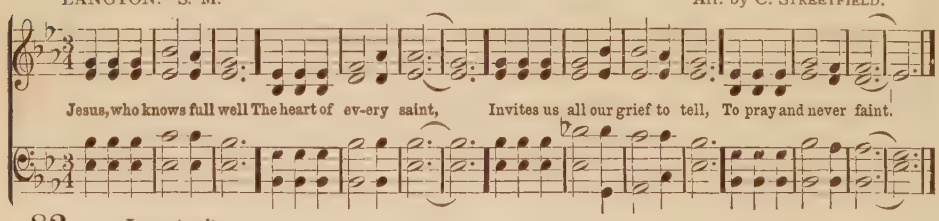
2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul! ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold:
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine:
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

John Newton.

LANGTON. S. M. Arr. by C. STREETFIELD.

82 *Importunity.*

JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.

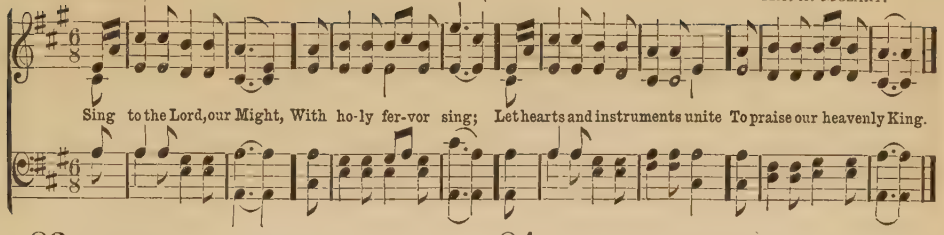
2 He bows his gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He 'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

John Newton.

BARBER. S. M. Arr. fr. MOZART.



83 *Psalm 81.*

SING to the Lord, our Might,
With holy fervor sing;
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.

2 This is his sacred house;
And this his festal day,
When he accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.

3 The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The Church her Sabbath still requires
To speed her on to heaven.

4 And we, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is now as near his fold
To pity and to bless.

5 Then let us open wide
Our hearts for him to fill;
And he that Israel then supplied,
Will keep his Israel still.

Henry F. Lyte.

84 *"Bless the Lord."*

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

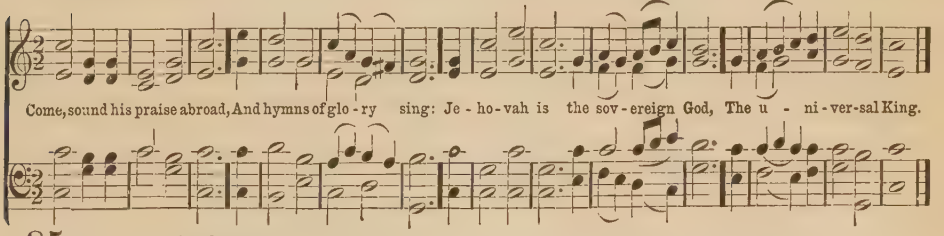
3 Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours:
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

James Montgomery.

SILVER STREET. S. M. J. SMITH.



85 *Psalm 95.*

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

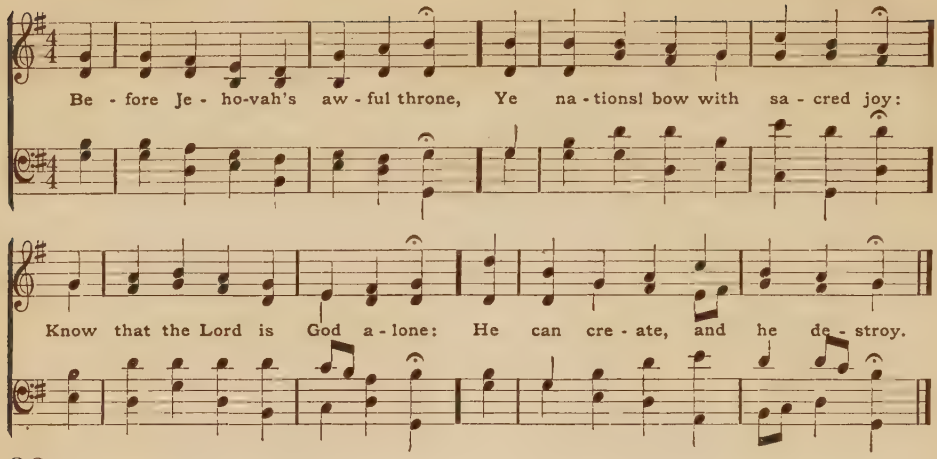
2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own our gracious God.

Isaac Watts.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M. G. FRANC.



86 *Psalm 100.*

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations! bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone:
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker! to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity, thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts.

87 *Psalm 100.*

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe.

88 *Doxology.*

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

89 *Doxology.*

To GOD the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Isaac Watts.

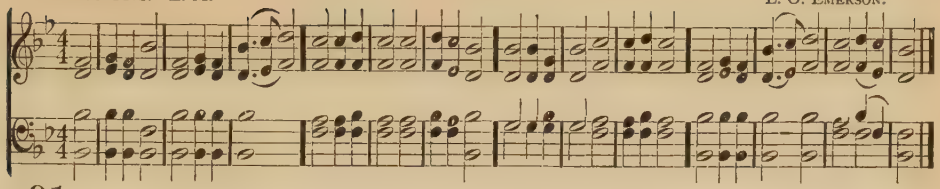
90 *Psalm 117.*

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till sun shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts.

SESSIONS. L. M. L. O. EMERSON.



91 *Psalm 65.*

PRAISE, Lord, for thee in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

2 How blest thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in thee!

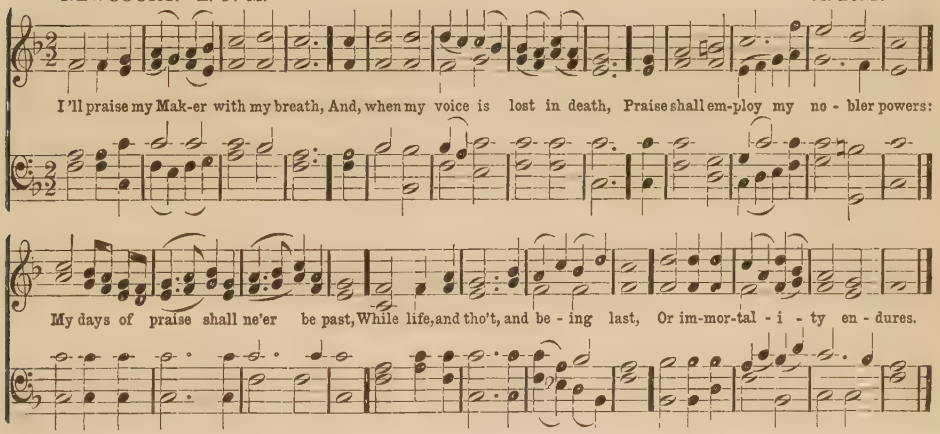
3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn thy praise,
And earth thy bounty wide displays.

4 The year is with thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles and owns her King.

5 Lord, on our souls thy Spirit pour;
The moral waste within restore;
Oh, let thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to thee.

Henry F. Lyte.

NEWCOURT. L. P. M. H. BOND.


I'll praise my Mak-er with my breath, And, when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em-ploy my no - bler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and tho't, and be - ing last, Or im-mor-tal - i - ty en - dures.

92 *Psalm 146.*

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

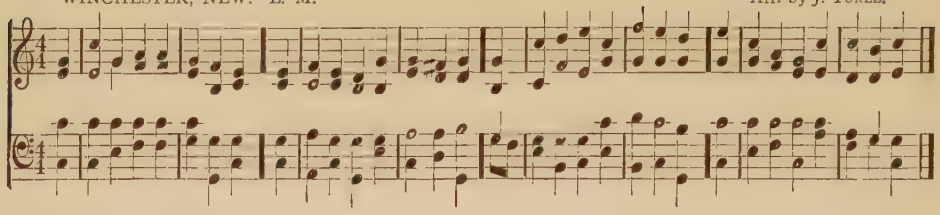
2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God;—he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 He loves his saints—he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts.

WINCHESTER, NEW. L. M. Arr. by J. Turle.



93 *God's grace.*

Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

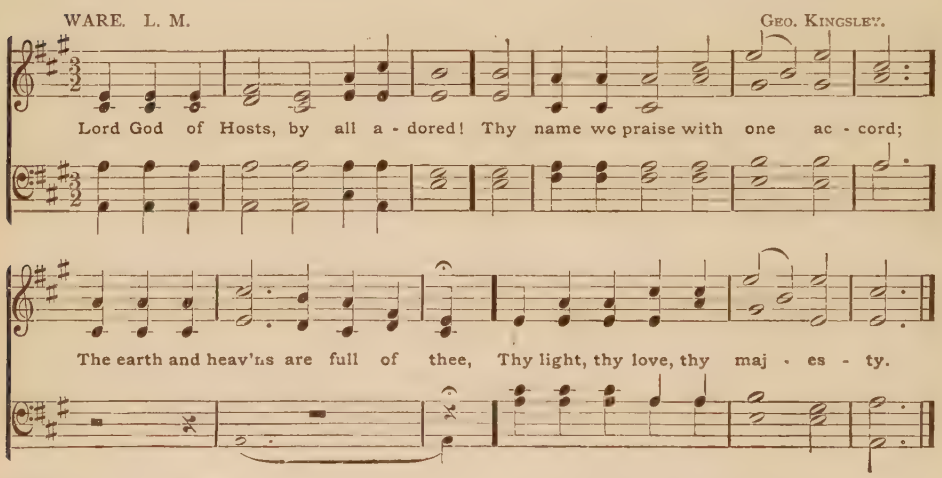
2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
The brightest image of his grace!
God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace!—'t is a sweet, a charming theme:
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound:
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

4 Oh, may I reach that happy place,
Where he unvails his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

Isaac Watts.

WARE. L. M. Geo. Kingsley.


Lord God of Hosts, by all a - dored! Thy name we praise with one ac - cord;
The earth and heav'ns are full of thee, Thy light, thy love, thy maj - es - ty.

94 "*Te Deum.*"

Lord God of Hosts, by all adored!
Thy name we praise with one accord;
The earth and heavens are full of thee,
Thy light, thy love, thy majesty.

2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
Eternal praise to thee is given
By all the powers and thrones in heaven.

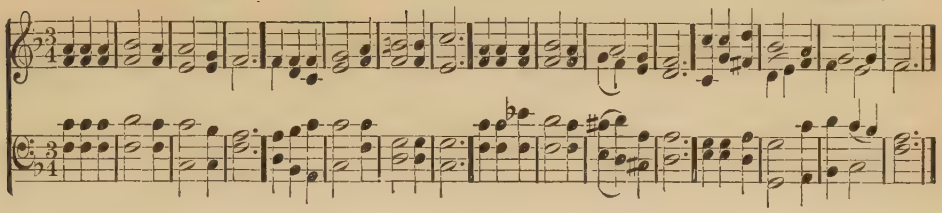
3 The apostles join the glorious throng,
The prophets aid to swell the song,
The noble and triumphant host
Of martyrs make of thee their boast.

4 The holy church in every place
Throughout the world exalts thy praise;
Both heaven and earth do worship thee,
Thou Father of eternity!

5 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end for evermore.

John Gambold, alt.

ST. ALBAN. L. M. ST. ALBAN'S TUNE-BOOK.



95 *Psalm 36.*

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That vails and darkens thy designs.

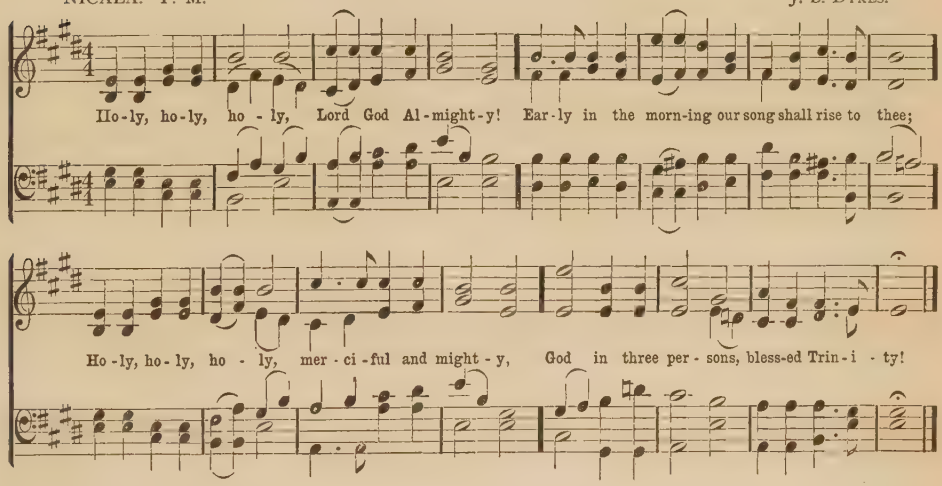
2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep:
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There, mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Isaac Watts.

NICAEA. P. M. J. B. DYKES.


Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to thee;
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in three per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!

96 *The triune God.*

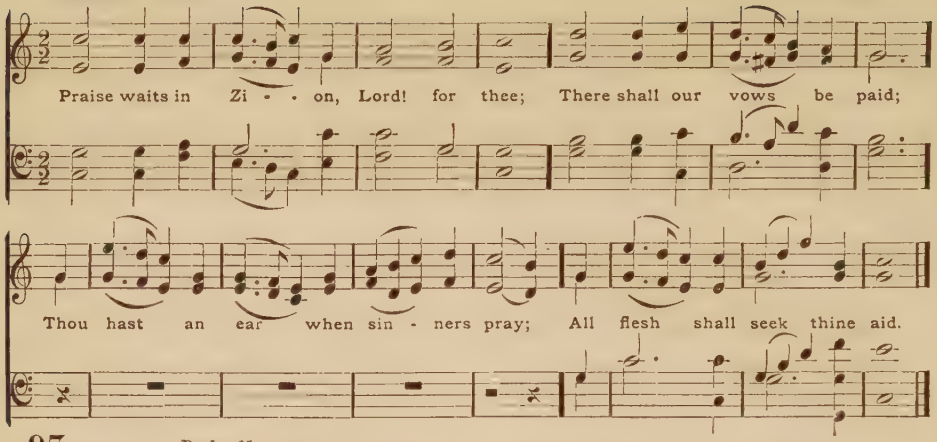
HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessèd Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty;
God in three persons, blessèd Trinity!

Reginald Heber.

HENRY. C. M. S. B. POND.

Praise waits in Zi - - on, Lord! for thee; There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sin - ners pray; All flesh shall seek thine aid.

97 *Psalm 65.*

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord! for thee;
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

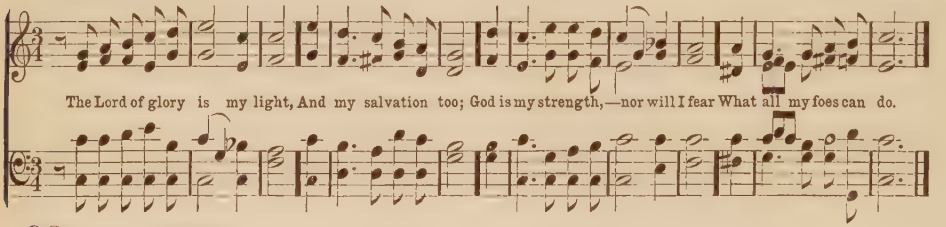
2 O Lord! our guilt and fears prevail,
But pardoning grace is thine;
And thou wilt grant us power and skill,
To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men, whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thy house,
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfill thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
The distant isles shall fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

Isaac Watts.

MERTON. C. M. H. K. OLIVER.

98 *Psalm 27.*

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength,—nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires,—
Oh, grant me an abode,
Among the churches of thy saints,—
The temples of my God.

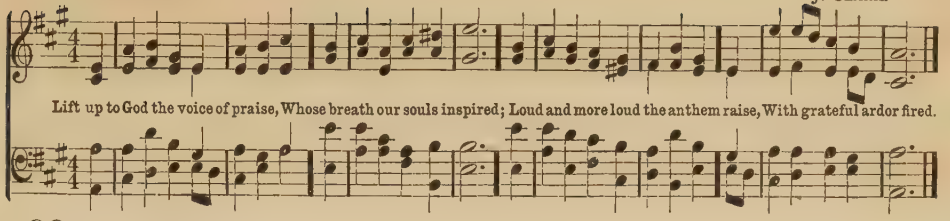
3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high,
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

Isaac Watts.

NOTTINGHAM. C. M. J. CLARK.


Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls inspired; Loud and more loud the anthem raise, With grateful ardor fired.

99 *"The voice of praise."*

LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

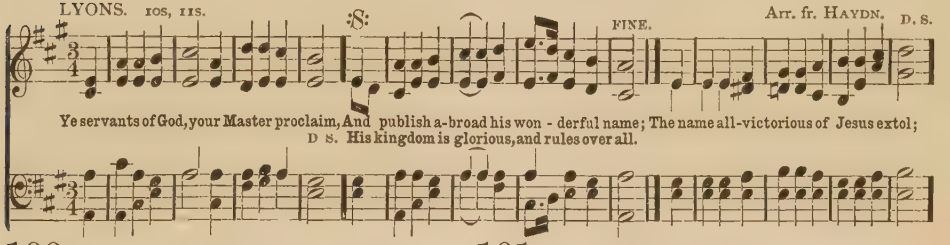
2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights, through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

Ralph Wardlaw.

LYONS. 10s, 11s. Arr. fr. HAYDN. D. S.


FINE.
Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish a-broad his won - derful name; The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
D. S. His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

100 *"Salvation to God."*

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh—his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore and give him his right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Charles Wesley.

101 *"Worship the King."*

OH, worship the King, all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendor, and girded with praise.

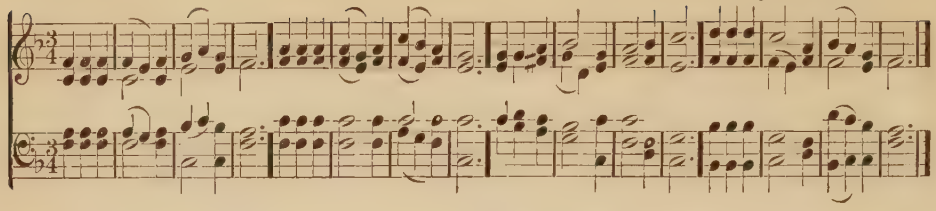
2 Oh, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

Robert Grant.

HURSLEY. L. M. Arr. by W. H. Monk.



102 *"Sun of my soul!"*

Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

John Keble.

103 *Evening Shadows.*

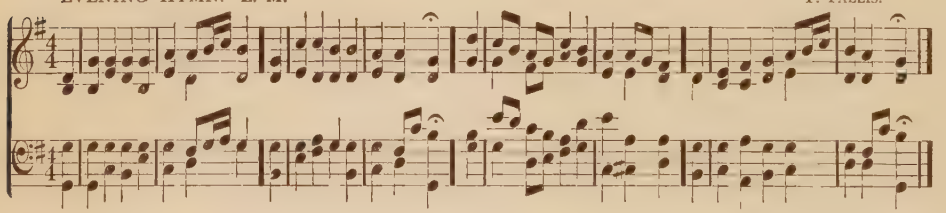
Again, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And evening hymn and evening prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God our Light, to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than life can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

Samuel Longfellow.

EVENING HYMN. L. M. T. Tallis.

104 *Evening song.*

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

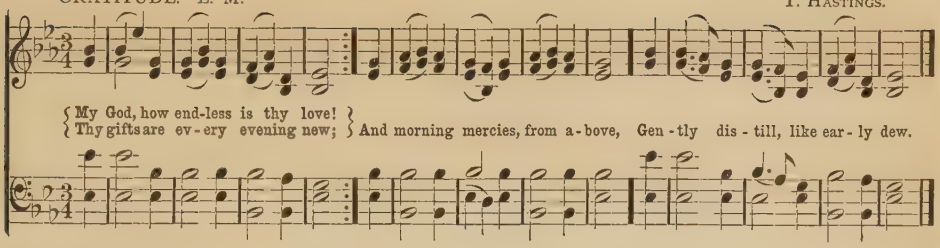
3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 Oh, let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Thomas Ken.

GRATITUDE. L. M. T. HASTINGS.


My God, how end-less is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev-ery evening new;
And morning mercies, from a-bove, Gen-tly dis-till, like ear-ly dew.

105 *"Perpetual blessings."*

My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distill, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts.

106 *Benediction.*

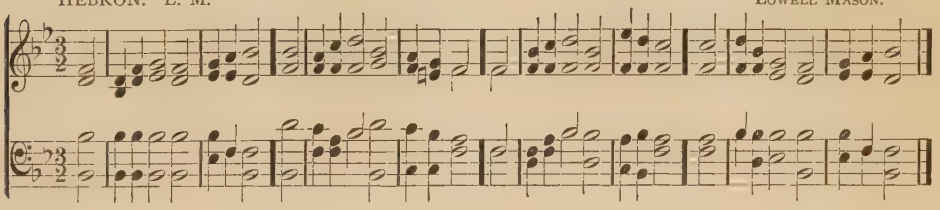
The peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts!

2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here!

3 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

John Newton.

HEBRON. L. M. LOWELL MASON.



107 *Evening.*

Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home,
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

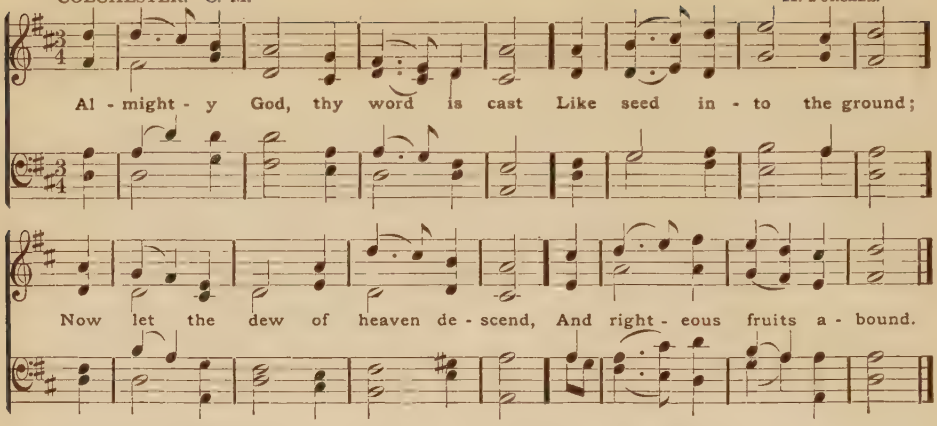
Isaac Watts.

108 *Dismissal.*

Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

Joseph Hart.

COLCHESTER. C. M. H. PURCELL.

109 *"Precious seed."*

ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ or man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in every heart
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But let it yield, a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.

John Cawood.

110 *"Keep us."*

ANOTHER day is past and gone,
O God, we bow to thee;
Again, as nightly shades come on,
To thy defence we flee.

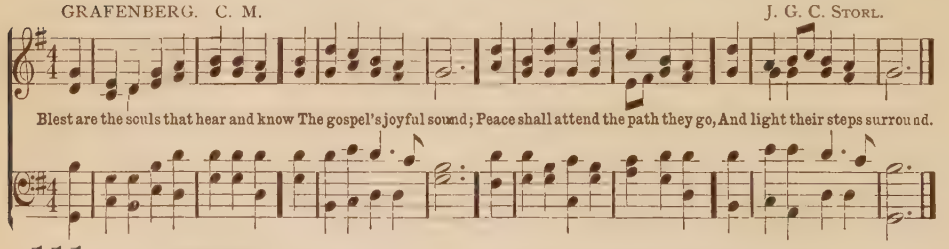
2 Forgive us all the evil done,
The good undone, to-day;
And keep us from the Wicked One,
Now, Father, and for aye.

3 When shall that day of gladness come,
Ne'er sinking in the west;
That country and that blessèd home,
Where none shall break our rest;—

4 Where we, O God, preserved beneath
The shelter of thy wing,
For evermore thy praise shall breathe,
And of thy mercy sing?

Isaac Williams, tr.

GRAFENBERG. C. M. J. G. C. STORL.


Blest are the souls that hear and know The gospel's joyful sound; Peace shall attend the path they go, And light their steps surround.

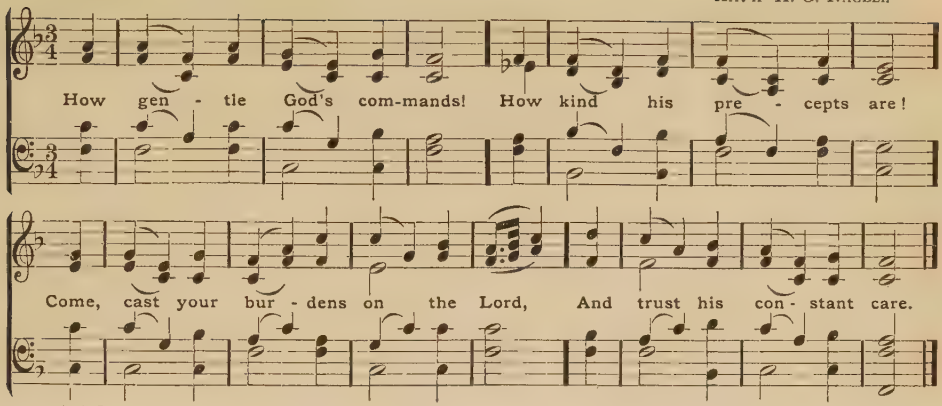
111 *Psalm 89.*

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel! thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

Isaac Watts.

DENNIS. S. M. Arr. fr H. G. NAGELI.

112 "*He careth.*"

How GENTLE God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge.

113 "*Still with thee.*"

STILL, still with thee, my God,
I would desire to be:
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee.

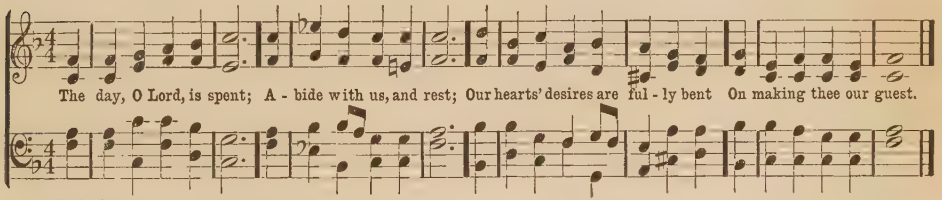
2 With thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising, sun
With thee my heart would find.

4 With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

James D. Burns.

NEALE. S. M. J. BARNBY.



114 "*Abide with us.*"

THE day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

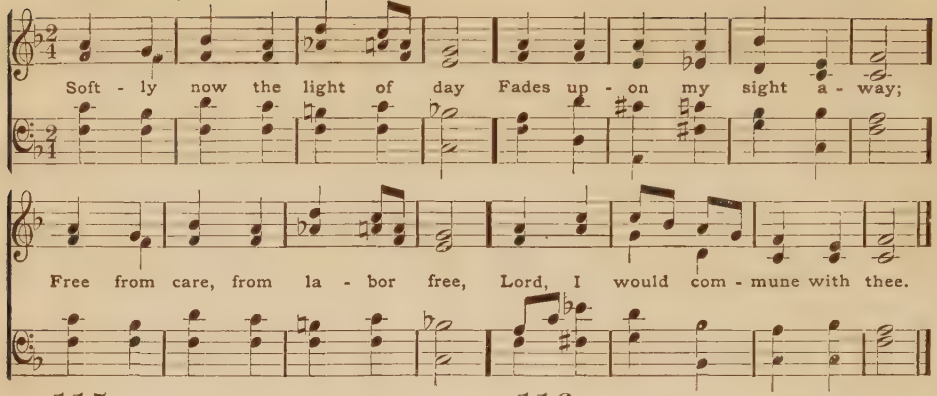
2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore!

4 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

John M. Neale.

SEYMOUR. 7s. Arr. fr. VON WEBER.



115 *Evening.*

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

G. W. Doane.

116 *"Foretastes."*

FOR the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven!

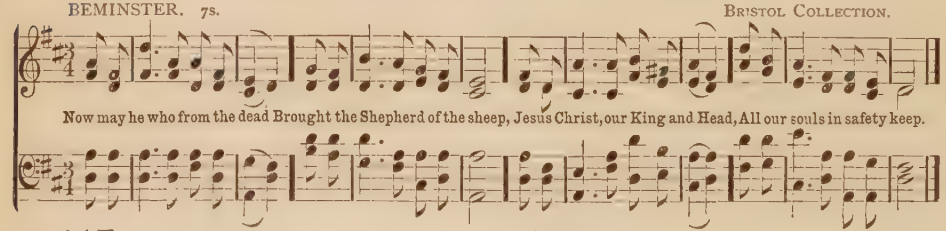
2 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin:
But thou canst and wilt forgive;
By thy grace alone we live.

3 While this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.

4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Fortastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

O. P., 1826.

BEMINSTER. 7s. BRISTOL COLLECTION.



117 *Closing Benediction.*

NOW MAY he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

John Newton.

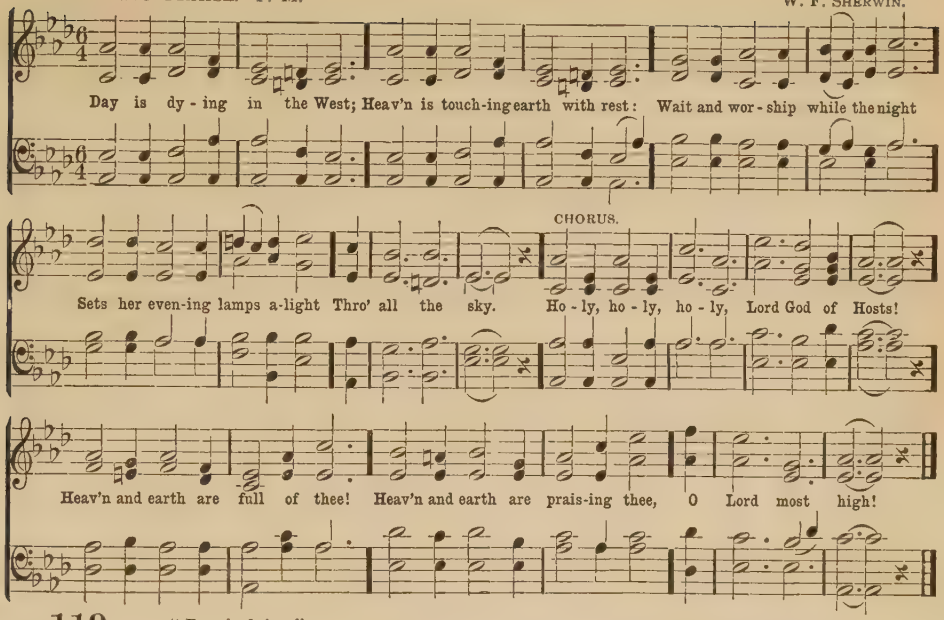
118 *Doxology.*

PRAISE the God of our salvation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above:—

2 Author of the new creation,
Him by whom our spirits live;—
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give!

Josiah Conder.

EVENING PRAISE. P. M. W. F. SHERWIN.


Day is dy - ing in the West; Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest: Wait and wor - ship while the night
CHORUS.
Sets her even-ing lamps a-light Thro' all the sky. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts!
Heav'n and earth are full of thee! Heav'n and earth are prais-ing thee, O Lord most high!

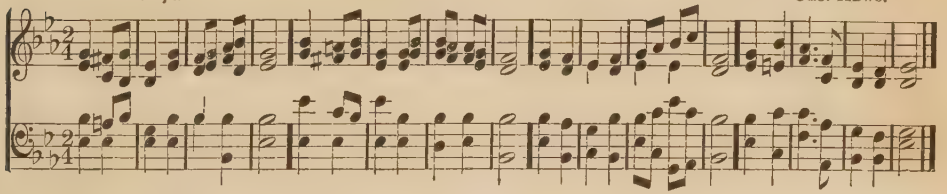
119 *"Day is dying."*

DAY is dying in the West;
Heaven is touching earth with rest:
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.—CHO.

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, thy home,
Gather us who seek thy face
To the fold of thy embrace,
For thou art nigh.—CHO.

Mary A. Lathbury.

HOLLEY. 7s. GEO. HEWS.



120 *Separation.*

FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

John Newton.

121 *Hymn at Parting.*

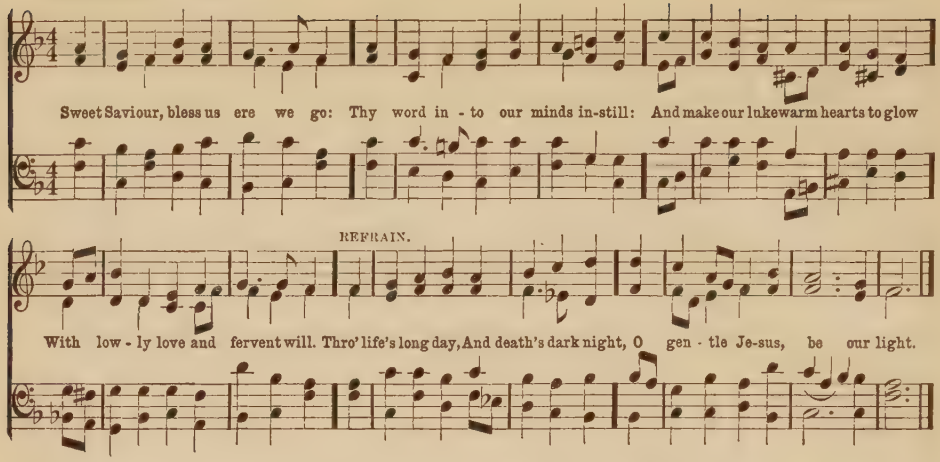
THOU, from whom we never part,
Thou, whose love is everywhere,
Thou, who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.

2 Father, fill our hearts with love,
Love unfailing, full and free;
Love that no alarm can move,
Love that ever rests on thee.

3 Heavenly Father! through the night
Keep us safe from every ill;
Cheerful as the morning light,
May we wake to do thy will.

Eliza Lee Follen.

MATTHIAS. L. M. 61. W. H. MONK.


Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go: Thy word in - to our minds in-still: And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
REFRAIN.
With low - ly love and fervent will. Thro' life's long day, And death's dark night, O gen - tle Je-sus, be our light.

122 *"Ere we go."*

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go:
Thy word into our minds instill:
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

REF.—Through life's long day,
And death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

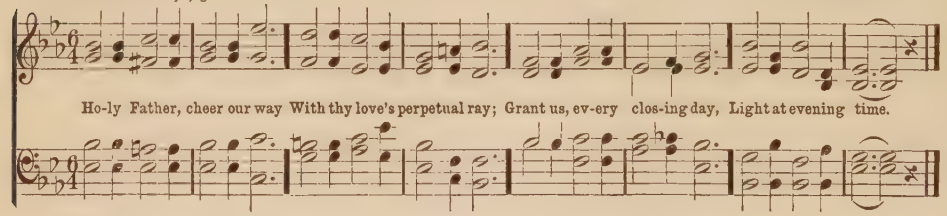
2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.—REF.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.—REF.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like thee.—REF.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful unto thee we call;
Oh, let thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.—REF.

Frederick W. Faber.

NELLINE. 7s, 5. W. F. SHERWIN.

123 *Evening Hymn.*

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us, every closing day,
Light at evening time.

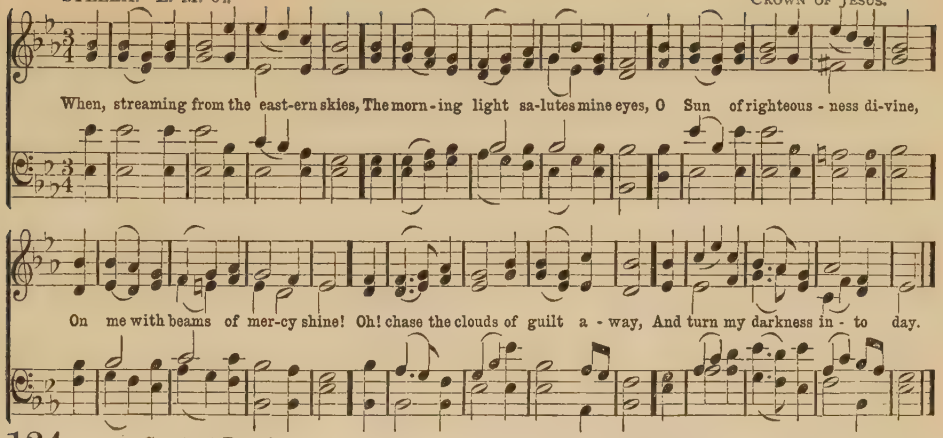
2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears,
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us, in our later years,
Light at evening time.

3 Holy Spirit, be thou nigh,
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity!
Darkness is not dark with thee;
Those thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

R. H. Robinson.

STELLA. L. M. 61. CROWN OF JESUS.


When, streaming from the east-ern skies, The morn-ing light sa-lutes mine eyes, O Sun of righteous - ness di-vine,
On me with beams of mer-cy shine! Oh! chase the clouds of guilt a - way, And turn my darkness in - to day.

124 *Constant Devotion.*

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine!
Oh! chase the clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

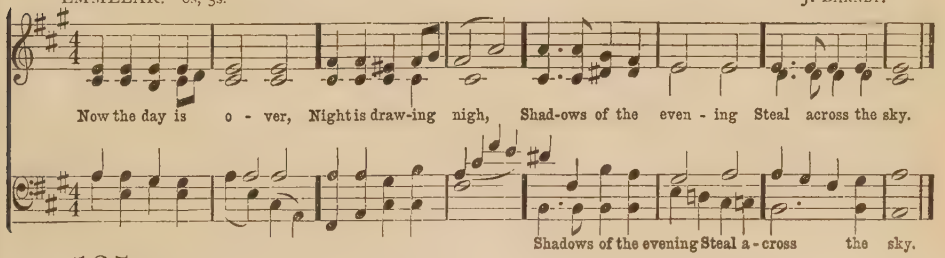
2 And when to heaven's all-glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

William Shrubsole, Jr.

EMMELAR. 6s, 5s. J. BARNBY.


Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh, Shad-ows of the even - ing Steal across the sky.
Shadows of the evening Steal a - cross the sky.

125 *Day is Over.*

NOW THE day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailor tossing
On the deep blue sea.

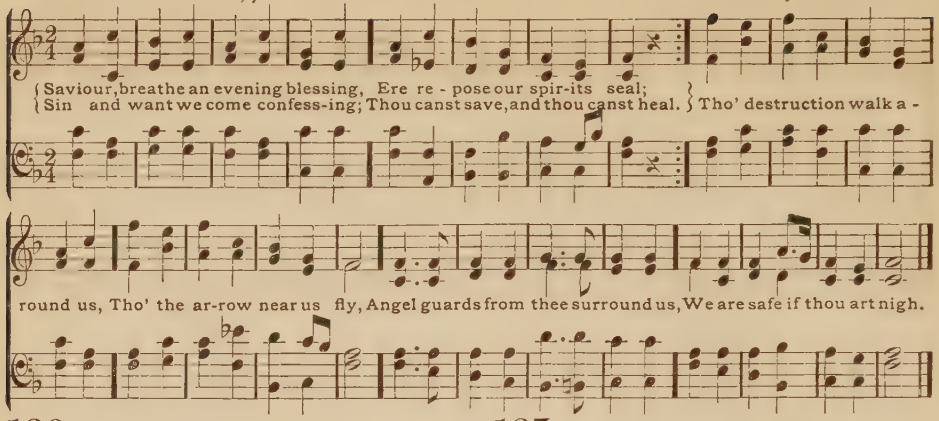
4 Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

S. Baring-Gould.

VESPER HYMN. 8s, 7s. D

Arr. by L. MASON.


{Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re - pose our spir-its seal;
{Sin and want we come confess-ing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal. } Tho' destruction walk a -
round us, Tho' the ar-row near us fly, Angel guards from thee surround us, We are safe if thou art nigh.

126 *Evening blessing.*

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston.

127 *The Pilgrim.*

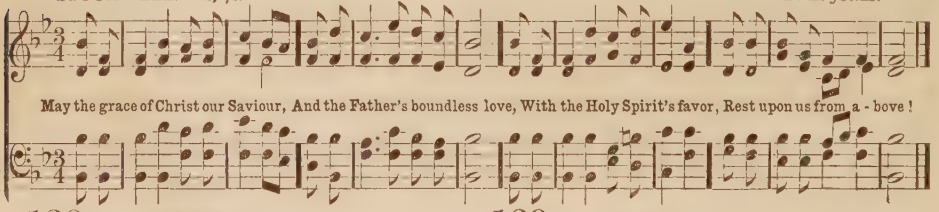
GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou 'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings.

STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s.

D. E. JONES.



128 *Benediction.*

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton.

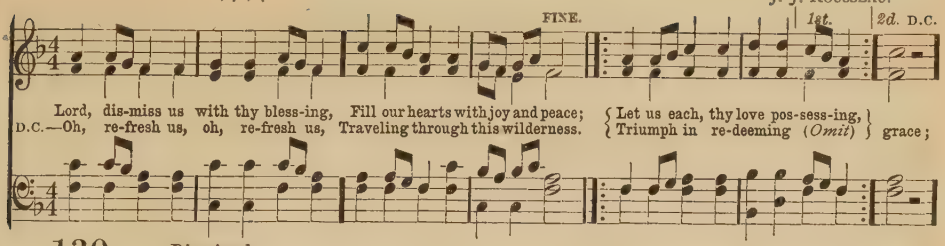
129 *Dismissal.*

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.

2 Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we 'll give thee nobler praise.

Robert Hawker.

GREENVILLE 8s, 7s, 4s. J. J. ROUSSEAU.


FINE.
1st. 2d. D.C.
Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; { Let us each, thy love pos-sess-ing, }
D.C.—Oh, re-fresh us, oh, re-fresh us, Traveling through this wilderness. { Triumph in re-deeming (Omit) } grace;

130 *Dismissal.*

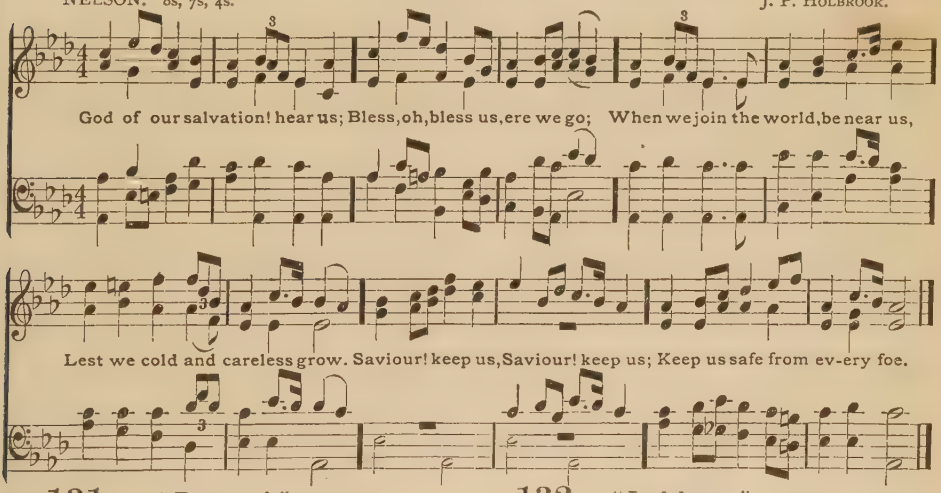
LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound,
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

John Fawcett.

NELSON. 8s, 7s, 4s. J. P. HOLBROOK.


God of our salvation! hear us; Bless, oh, bless us, ere we go; When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow. Saviour! keep us, Saviour! keep us; Keep us safe from ev-ery foe.

131 *"Keep us safe."*

GOD of our salvation! hear us;
Bless, oh, bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow.
Saviour! keep us;
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our everlasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

Thomas Kelly.

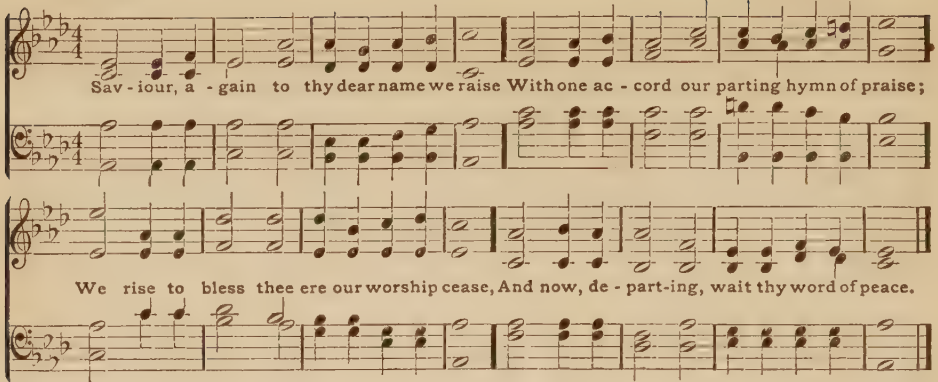
132 *"Lord, keep us."*

KEEP us, Lord, oh, keep us ever:
Vain our hope, if left by thee;
We are thine; oh, leave us never,
Till thy glorious face we see;
Then to praise thee
Through a bright eternity.

2 Precious is thy word of promise,
Precious to thy people here;
Never take thy presence from us,
Jesus, Saviour, still be near:
Living, dying,
May thy name our spirits cheer.

Thomas Kelly.

ELLERTON. 10s. E. J. HOPKINS.


Sav - iour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our parting hymn of praise;
We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease, And now, de - part-ing, wait thy word of peace.

133 *"Go in peace."*

SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease,
And now, departing, wait thy word of peace.

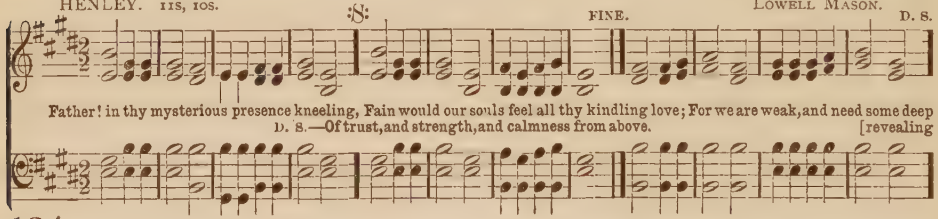
2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton.

HENLEY. 11s, 10s. :S: FINE. LOWELL MASON. D. S.


Father! in thy mysterious presence kneeling, Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love; For we are weak, and need some deep
D. S.—Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above. [revealing

134 *"Trust, strength, calmness."*

FATHER! in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

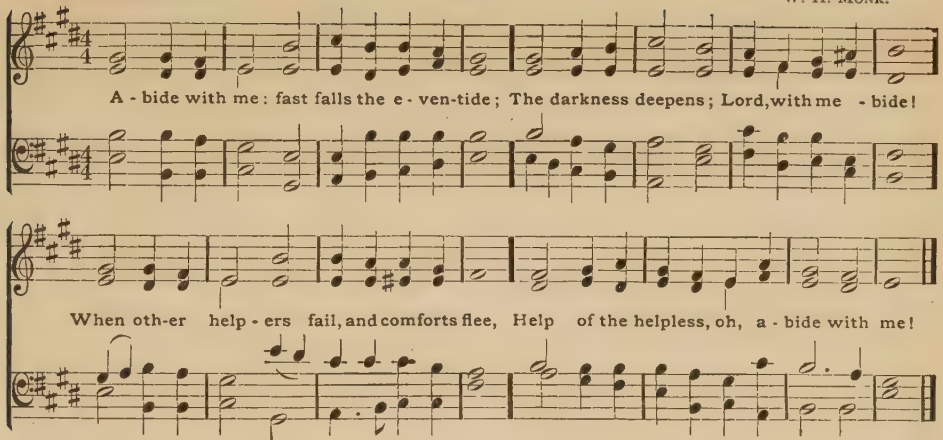
2 Lord! we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow;
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 In the heart's depths, a peace serene and holy
Abides; and, when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair, oh! may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

4 Now, Father! now in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love;
Now make us strong; we need thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

Samuel Johnson.

EVENTIDE. 10s. W. H. MONK.


A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven-tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me - bide!
When oth-er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!

135 *Evening of the Day.*

ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!
Henry F. Lyte.

136 *Evening of Life.*

SWIFT to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

2 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and abide with me.

3 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!
Henry F. Lyte.

137 *"A word of Blessing."*

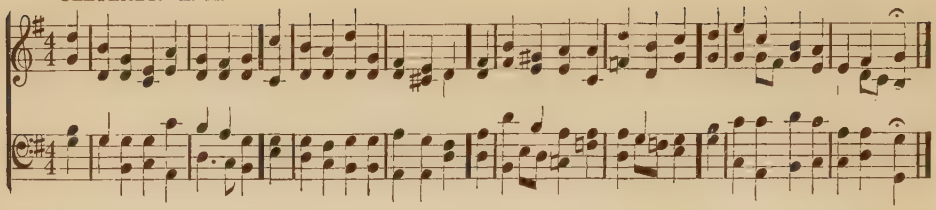
O LORD, who by thy presence hast made light
The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
Be with us also in the silent night,
Be with us when the daylight fades away.

2 Oh, speak a word of blessing, gracious Lord!
Thy blessing is endued with soothing power;
On human hearts worn out with toil, thy word
Falls soft and gentle as the evening shower.

3 Come then, O Lord, and deign to be our guest,
After the day's confusion, toil, and din;
Oh, come to bring us peace, and joy, and rest,
To give salvation, and to pardon sin!

4 Bind up the wounds, assuage the aching smart
Left in each bosom from the day just past,
And let us on a Father's loving heart
Forget our griefs, and find sweet rest at last.
Richard Massie, tr.

CELTERET. L. M. H. SMART.



138 *The Gospel Word.*

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

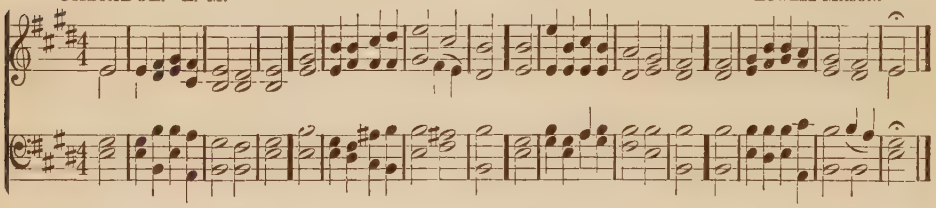
2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

Benjamin Beddome.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. LOWELL MASON.

139 *Psalm 19.*

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

Isaac Watts.

140 *Psalm 19.*

GREAT Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Oh, bless the world with heavenly light!
Thy gospel makes the simple wise:
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

2 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:—
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

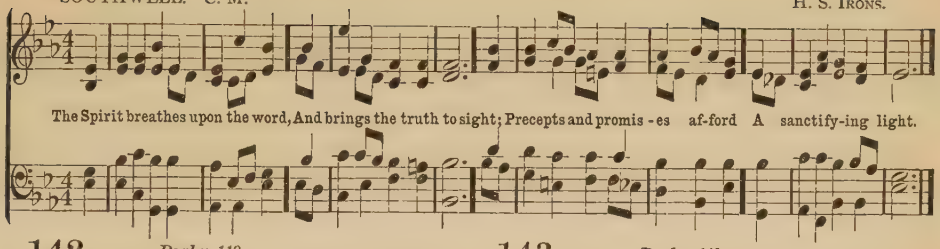
141 *Psalm 19.*

ALMIGHTY Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high,
The radiant chorus of the sky;—

2 But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved, amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

Robert Grant.

SOUTHWELL. C. M. H. S. IRONS.



142 *Psalm 119.*

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;—
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand, that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper.

143 *Psalm 119.*

HOW SHALL the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad;
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

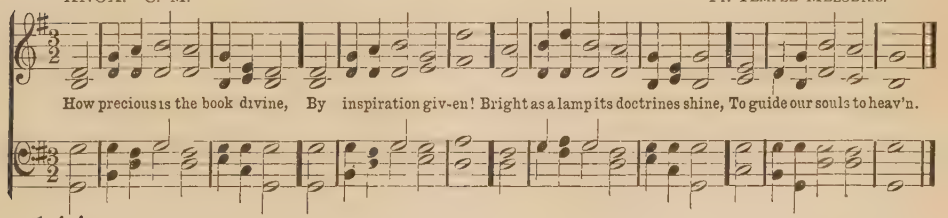
3 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God!

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Isaac Watts.

KNOX. C. M. FR. TEMPLE MELODIES.



144 *Psalm 119.*

HOW PRECIOUS is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

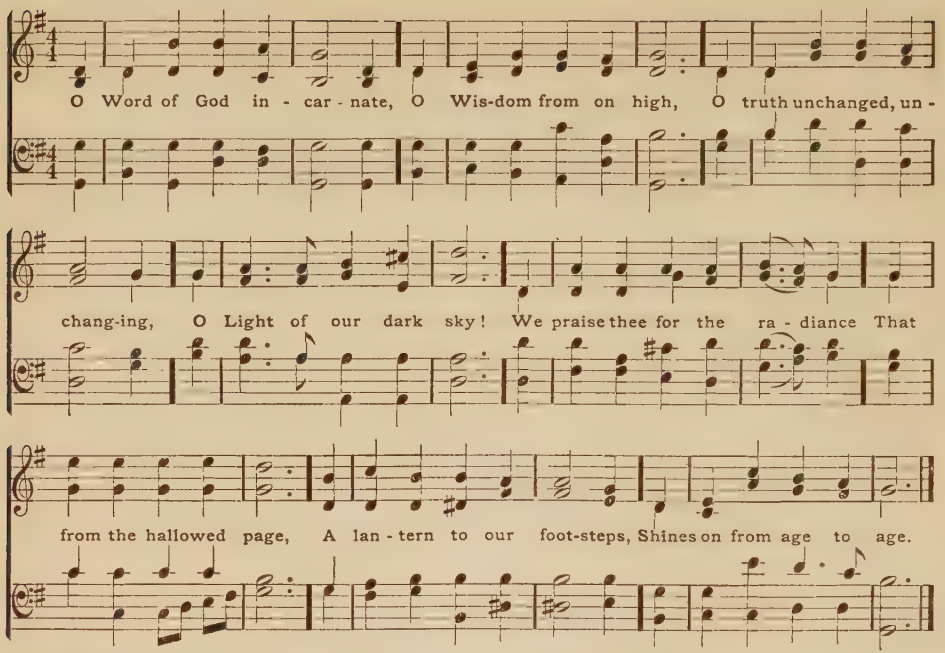
2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold a clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett.

CHENIES 7s, 6s. D. T. R. MATTHEWS.


O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis-dom from on high, O truth unchanged, un -
chang-ing, O Light of our dark sky! We praise thee for the ra - diance That
from the hallowed page, A lan - tern to our foot-steps, Shines on from age to age.

145 *The Church's Gift.*

O WORD of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky!
We praise thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.

3 Oh, make thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
Oh, teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

William W. How.

146 *Psalm 19.*

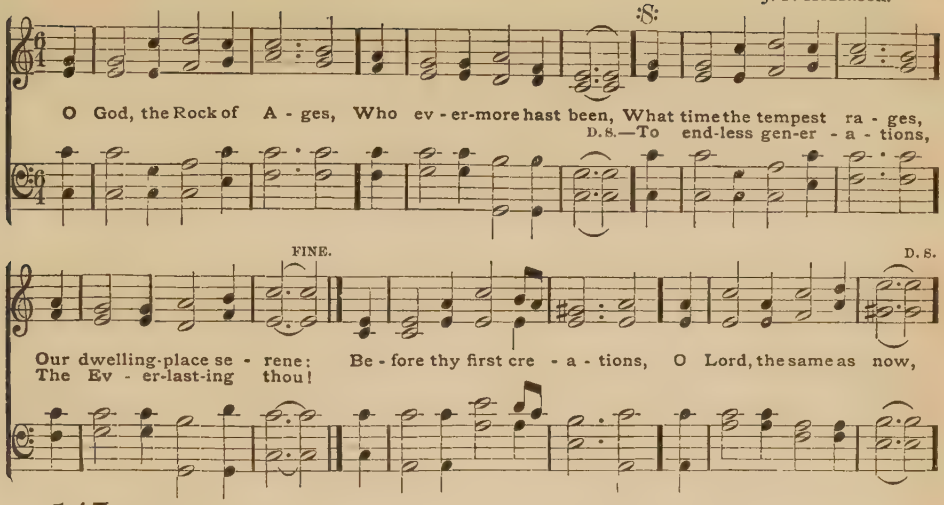
THE heavens declare his glory,
Their Maker's skill the skies;
Each day repeats the story,
And night to night replies.
Their silent proclamation
Throughout the earth is heard;
The record of creation,
The page of nature's word.

2 So pure, so soul-restoring,
Is truth's diviner ray;
A brighter radiance pouring
Than all the pomp of day:
The wanderer surely guiding,
It makes the simple wise;
And, evermore abiding,
Unfailing joy supplies.

3 Thy word is richer treasure
Than lurks within the mine;
And daintiest fare less pleasure
Yields than this food divine.
How wise each kind monition!
Led by thy counsels, Lord,
How safe the saints' condition,
How great is their reward!

Josiah Conder.

MIRIAM. 7s, 6s. D. J. P. Holbrook.


O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er-more hast been, What time the tempest ra - ges,
D.S.—To end-less gen-er - a - tions,
FINE.
D.S.
Our dwelling-place se - rene;
The Ev - er-last-ing thou!
Be - fore thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,

147 *Everlasting.—Ps. 90.*

O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations,
The Everlasting thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail!
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy Spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hast blessed!

E. H. Bickersteth.

148 *Omnipresent.*

On mountains and in valleys
Where'er we go is God;
The cottage and the palace,
Alike are his abode.
With watchful eye abiding
Upon us with delight;
Our souls, in him confiding,
He keeps both day and night.

2 Above me and beside me,
My God is ever near,
To watch, protect, and guide me,
Whatever ills appear.
Though other friends may fail me;
In sorrow's dark abode,
Though death itself assail me,
I'm ever safe with God.

Tr. fr. the Dutch.

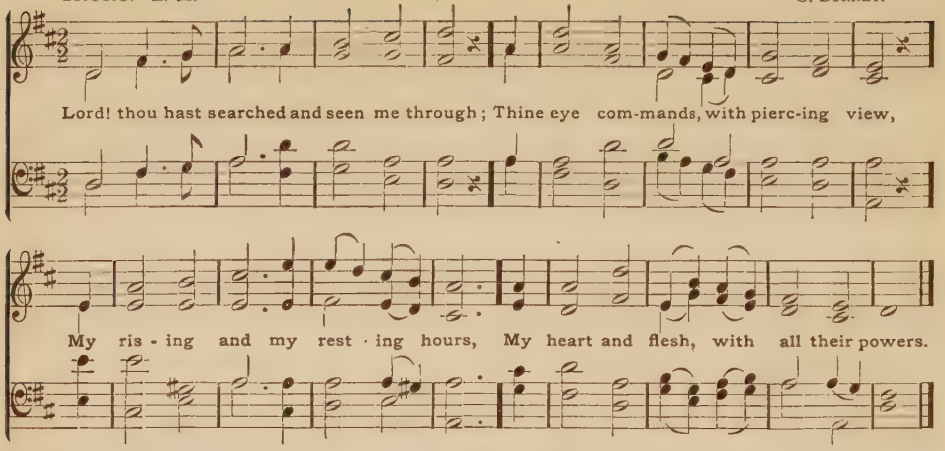
149 *Sovereign Love.*

'T is not that I did choose thee,
For, Lord! that could not be;
This heart would still refuse thee;
But thou hast chosen me;—
Hast, from the sin that stained me,
Washed me and set me free,
And to this end ordained me,
That I should live to thee.

2 'T was sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind.
My heart owns none above thee;
For thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing,—if I love thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

Josiah Conder.

TRURO. L. M. C. BURNEY.


Lord! thou hast searched and seen me through; Thine eye com-mands, with pierc-ing view,
My ris - ing and my rest · ing hours, My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

150 *Omniscience.—Ps. 139.*

LORD! thou hast searched and seen me thro';
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

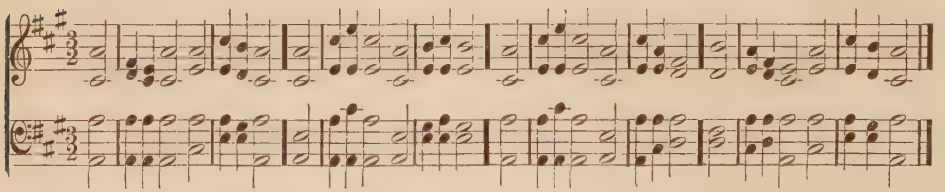
Isaac Watts.

151 *Faithfulness.*

OH, for a strong, a lasting faith
To credit what the Almighty saith!
To embrace the message of his Son!
And call the joys of heaven our own!

2 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

Isaac Watts.

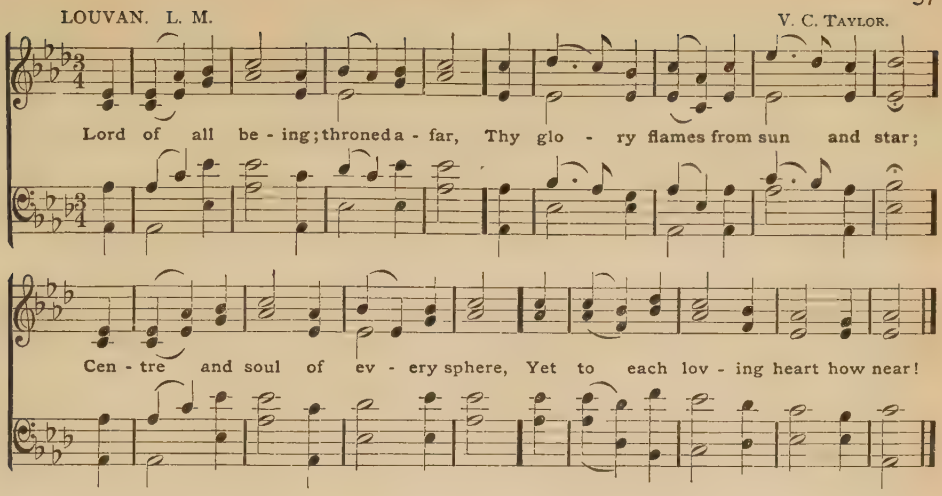
FOREST. L. M. A. CHAPIN.

152 *Unsearchableness.*

WHAT finite power, with ceaseless toil,
Can fathom the eternal Mind?
Or who th' almighty Three in One
By searching, to perfection find?

2 Angels and men in vain may raise,
Harmonious their adoring songs;
The laboring thought sinks down, opprest,
And praises die upon their tongues.

3 Yet would I lift my trembling voice
A portion of his ways to sing;
And mingling with his meanest works,
My humble, grateful tribute bring.

Elizabeth Scott.


LOUVAN. L. M.
V. C. TAYLOR.
Lord of all be - ing; throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
Cen - tre and soul of ev - ery sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!

153 *Omnipresence.*

LORD of all being; throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

154 *Providence.*

LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we, how mean our praise!
Thy steps no mortal eyes explore;
'T is ours to wonder and adore.

2 Great God! I do not ask to see
What in futurity shall be;
Let light and bliss attend my days,
And then my future hours be praise.

3 Are darkness and distress my share?
Give me to trust thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine
At length through every cloud shall shine.

4 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below;
That Christ is mine!—this great request,
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.

Anne Steele.

155 *Sovereignty.*

LORD, my weak thought in vain would climb
To search the starry vault profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime,
To find creation's outmost bound.

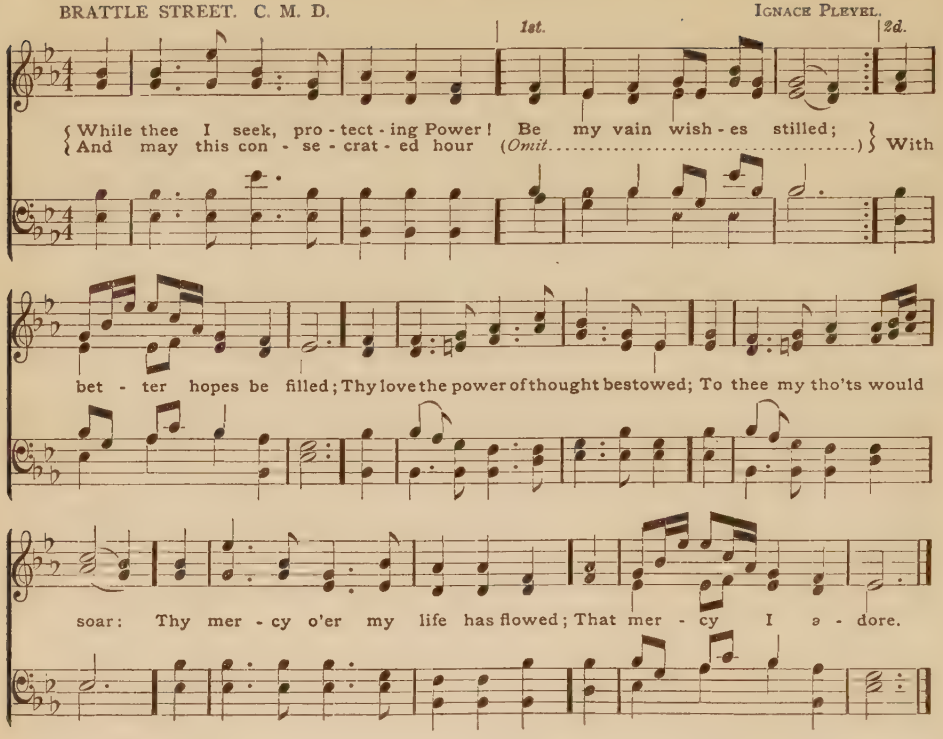
2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search thy great eternal plan,—
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest;
That so it seemeth good to thee.

5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at thy will:
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust thee still.

Ray Palmer.


BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.
IGNACE PLEYEL.
1st.
2d.
While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power! Be my vain wish - es stilled;
And may this con - se - crat - ed hour (Omit.....) With
bet - ter hopes be filled; Thy love the power of thought bestowed; To thee my tho'ts would
soar: Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer - cy I a - dore.

156 *Providence.*

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled;
Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

Helen M. Williams.

157 *Psalm 116.*

WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

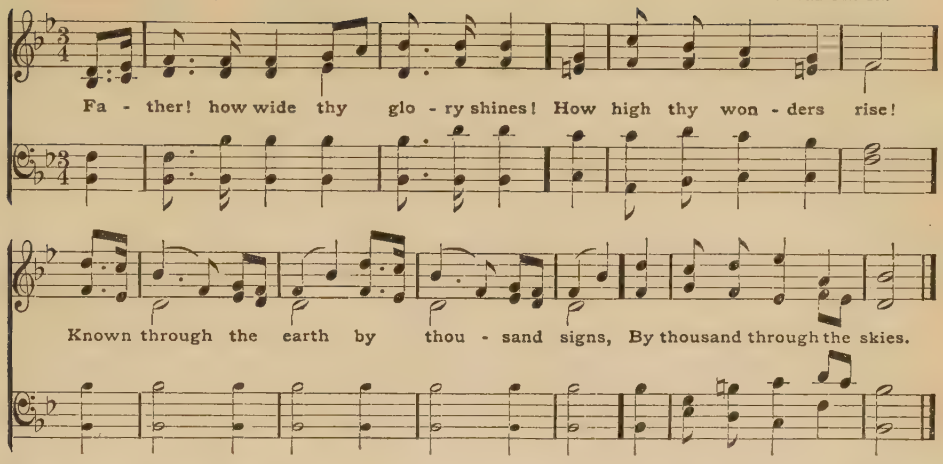
2 Among the saints that fill thine house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows,
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessèd God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

Isaac Watts.

NOEL. C. M. LOWELL MASON.


Fa - ther! how wide thy glo - ry shines! How high thy won - ders rise!
Known through the earth by thou - sand signs, By thousand through the skies.

158 *Nature and Grace.*

FATHER! how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

3 But, when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,—

4 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 Oh, may I bear some humble part,
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

Isaac Watts.

159 *Goodness.—Ps. 145.*

SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high; but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies:
Through the whole earth his bounty shines
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

Isaac Watts.

160 *In Nature.*

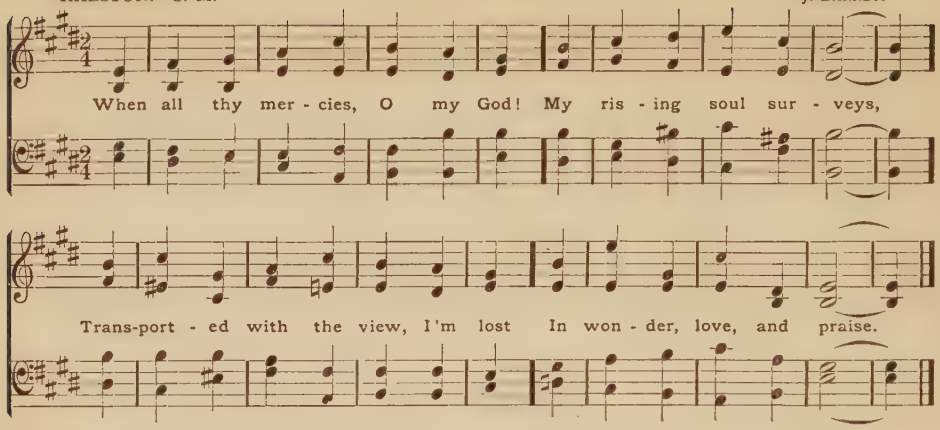
LORD, when my raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 On me thy providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays;
Oh, let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

4 All-bounteous Lord, thy grace impart!
Oh, teach me to improve
Thy gifts with humble, grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

Anne Steele.

RALSTON. C. M. J. BARNBY.

161 *Continued help.*

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts, to my soul,
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

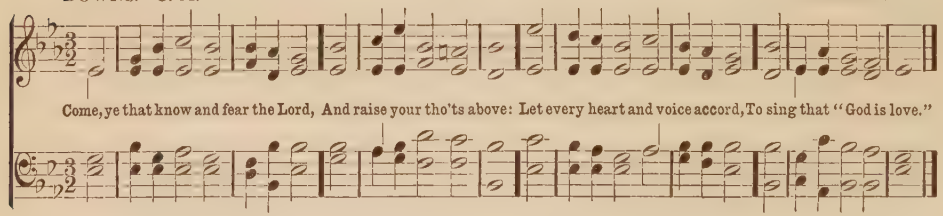
3 When, in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I 'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I 'll raise:
For, oh, eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise!

Joseph Addison.

DOWNS. C. M. LOWELL MASON.

162 *Love.*

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above:
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that "God is love."

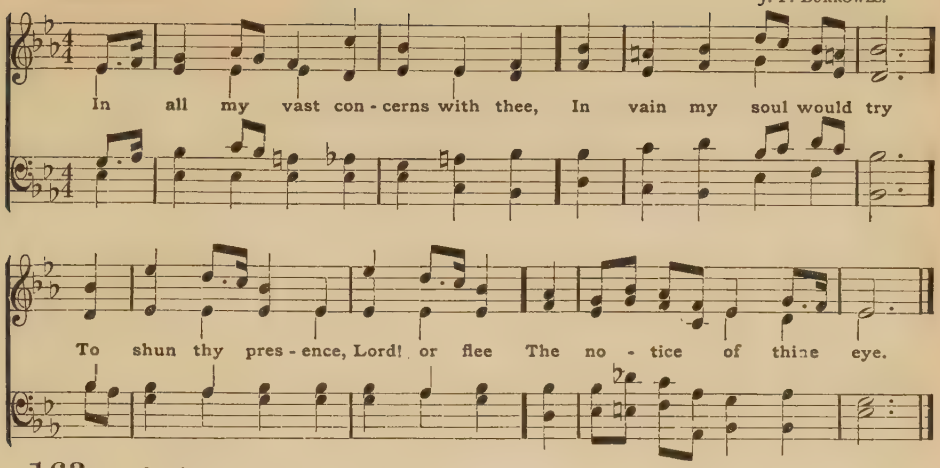
2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
To show that "God is love."

3 Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from him rove;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues,
To teach them—"God is love."

4 Oh, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that "God is love."

George Burder.

BURLINGTON. C. M. J. F. BURROWES.



163 *Omnipresence.*

IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord! or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

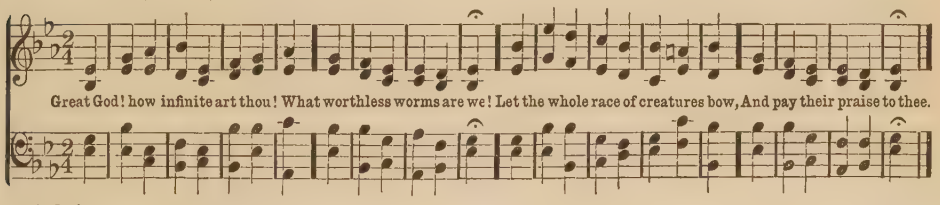
3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they 're formed within;
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Isaac Watts.

DUNDEE. C. M. G. FRANC.


Great God! how infinite art thou! What worthless worms are we! Let the whole race of creatures bow, And pay their praise to thee.

164 *Eternity.*

GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

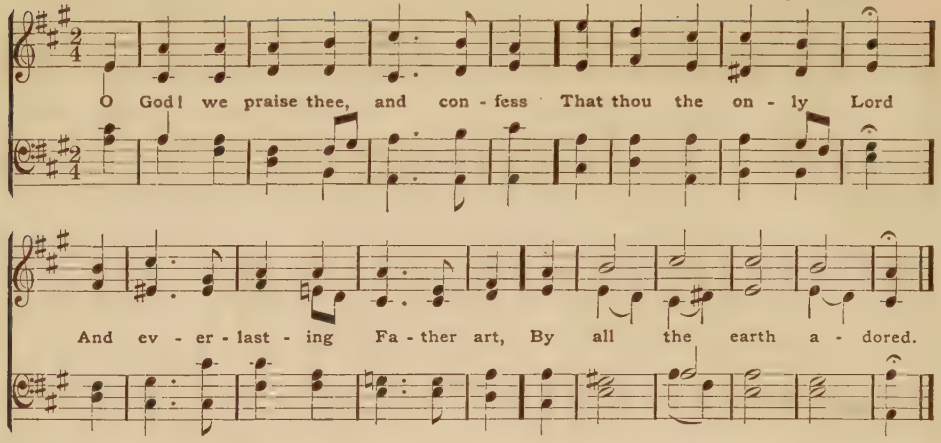
3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there 's nothing old appears—
Great God! there 's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

Isaac Watts.

LAUD. C. M. J. B. DYKES.



165 *"Te Deum."*

O GOD! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

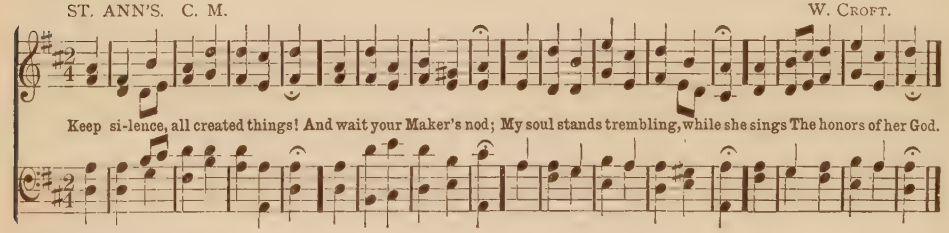
2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:—

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway!

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou the eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

N. Tate, tr.

ST. ANN'S. C. M. W. CROFT.

166 *Providence.*

KEEP silence, all created things!
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

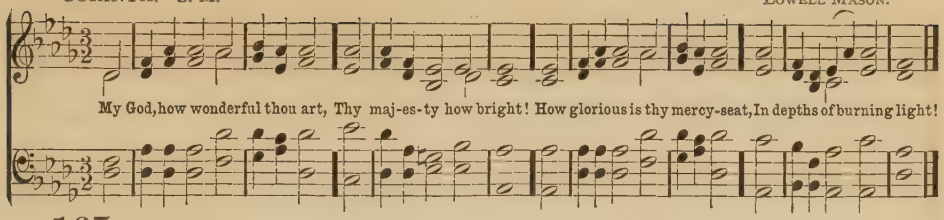
3 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

4 My God! I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

5 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh, may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

CORINTH. C. M. LOWELL MASON.



167 *"Herein is Love."*

My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How glorious is thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

3 Oh, how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

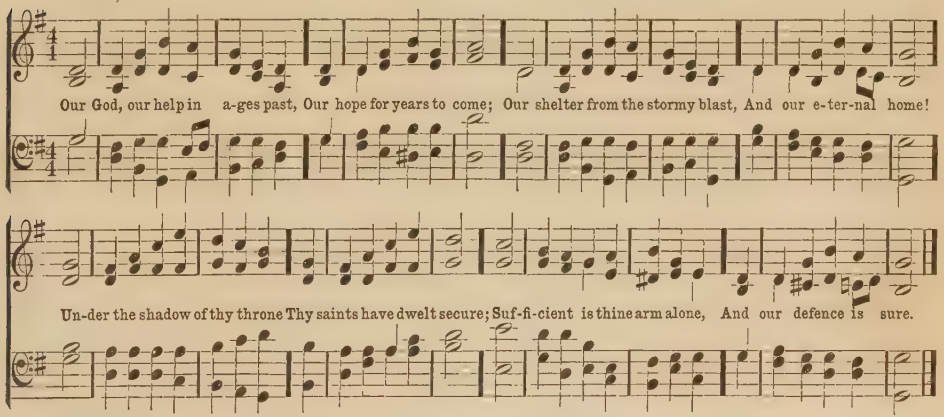
4 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

6 My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thou everlasting Friend!
On thee I stay my trusting heart,
Till faith in vision end.

Frederick W. Faber.

EVAN, II. C. M. D. W. H. HAVERGAL.


Our God, our help in a-ges past, Our hope for years to come; Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our e-ter-nal home!
Un-der the shadow of thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure; Suf-fi-cient is thine arm alone, And our defence is sure.

168 *Psalm 90.*

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!
Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

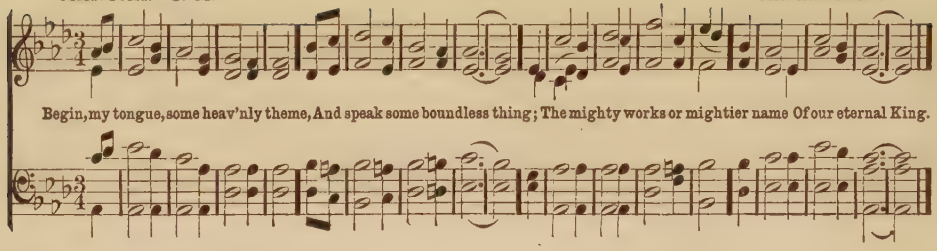
2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

3 Time, like an ever-rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts.

MANOAH. C. M. Arr. fr. ROSSINI.



169 *Faithfulness.*

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

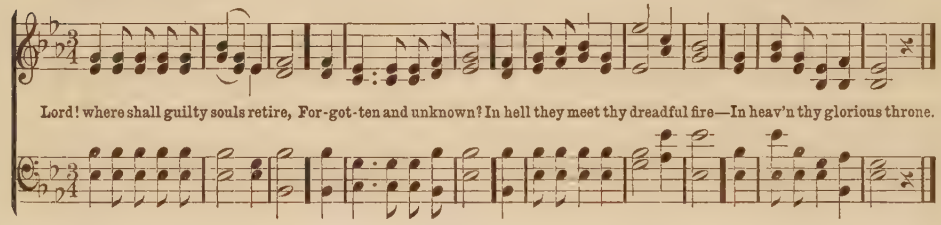
2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

Isaac Watts.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.


Lord! where shall guilty souls retire, For-got-ten and unknown? In hell they meet thy dreadful fire—In heav'n thy glorious throne.

170 *Omniscience.—Ps. 139.*

LORD! where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire—
In heaven thy glorious throne.

2 If, winged with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

3 If, o'er my sins, I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes, that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.

4 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
Oh, may I ne'er provoke that power,
From which I cannot flee.

Isaac Watts.

171 *Holiness.*

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King,
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.

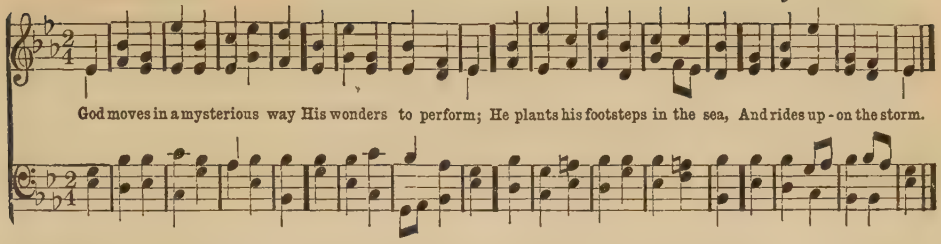
2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul! to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God! preserve our souls
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

John Needham.

LONDON NEW. C. M. J. PLAYFORD.



172 *Providence.*

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

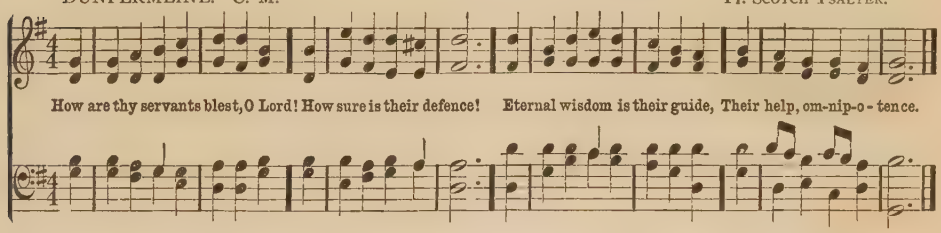
4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper.

DUNFERMLINE. C. M. Fr. SCOTCH PSALTER.



173 *Traveler's Hymn.*

HOW ARE thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

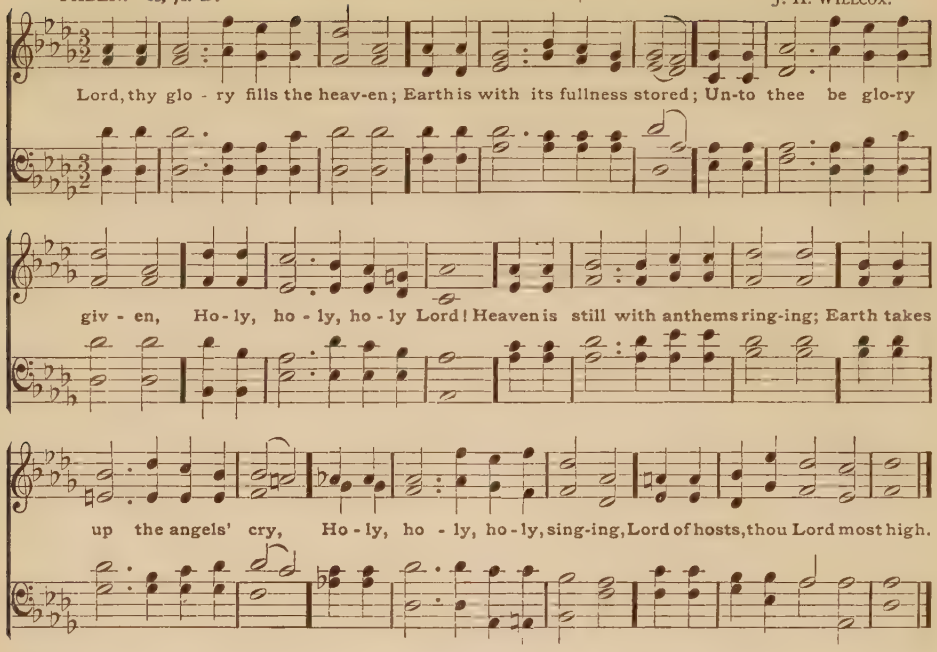
3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we adore;
We praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, whilst thou preservest life,
A sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

Joseph Addison.

FABEN. 8s, 7s. D. J. H. WILLCOX.

Lord, thy glo - ry fills the heav-en; Earth is with its fullness stored; Un-to thee be glo-ry
giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Heaven is still with anthems ring-ing; Earth takes
up the angels' cry, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, sing-ing, Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

174 *Holiness.*

LORD, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Heaven is still with anthems ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite:
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most high!

Richard Mant.

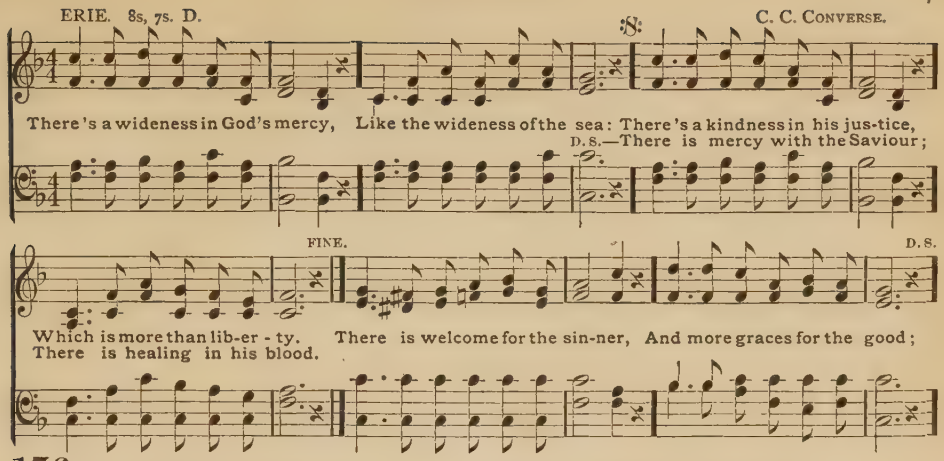
175 *Grace.*

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my soul be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

Francis S. Key.


ERIE. 8s, 7s. D.
C. C. CONVERSE.
There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea: There's a kindness in his jus-tice,
D. S.—There is mercy with the Saviour;
FINE.
D. S.
Which is more than lib-er - ty. There is welcome for the sin-ner, And more graces for the good;
There is healing in his blood.

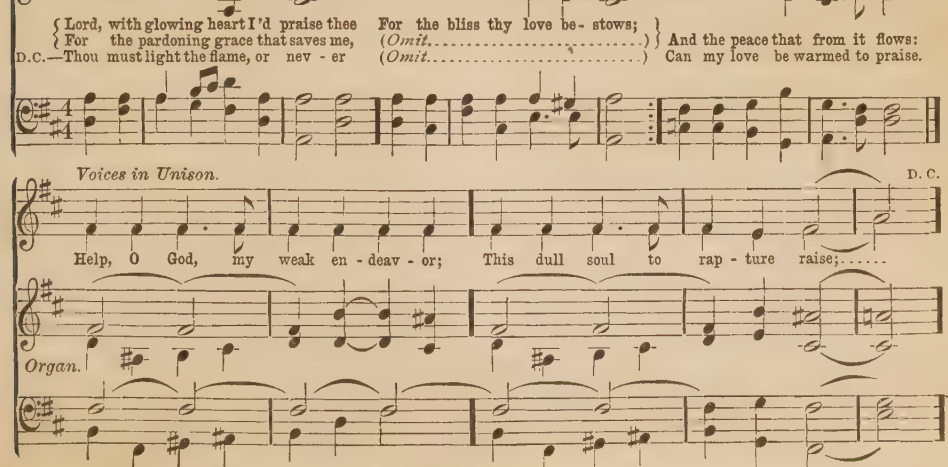
176 *God's Welcome.*

THERE's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

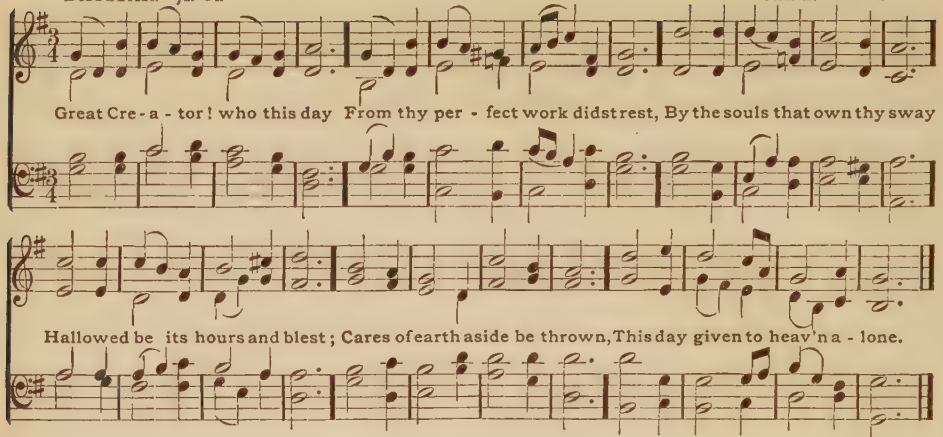
2 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber.


ST. CHAD. 8s, 7s. D.
1st.
2d.
R. REDHEAD.
FINE.
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee For the bliss thy love be- stows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me, (Omit.....) And the peace that from it flows:
D.C.—Thou must light the flame, or nev - er (Omit.....) Can my love be warmed to praise.
Voices in Unison.
D. C.
Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise;.....
Organ.

DAYSTAR. 7s. 6l. Arr. fr. HAYDN.


Great Cre - a - tor! who this day From thy per - fect work didst rest, By the souls that own thy sway
Hallowed be its hours and blest; Cares of earth aside be thrown, This day given to heav'n a - lone.

177 *Three in One.*

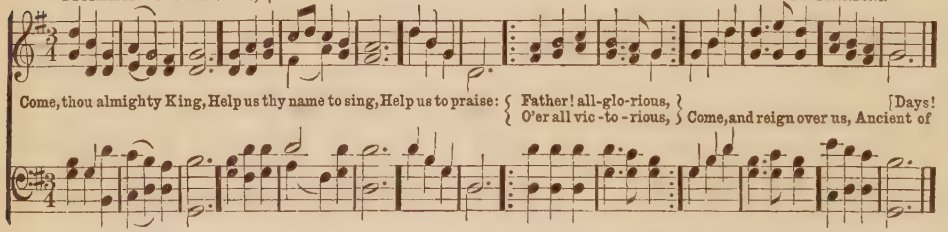
GREAT Creator! who this day
From thy perfect work didst rest,
By the souls that own thy sway
Hallowed be its hours and blest;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone.

2 Saviour! who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom;
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to thee.

3 Blessèd Spirit! Comforter!
Sent this day from Christ on high,
Lord, on me thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify;
All thine influence shed abroad;
Lead me to the truth of God.

Mrs. Julia Ann Elliott.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s. F. GIARDINI.


Come, thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise: { Father! all-glo-rious, / O'er all vic - to - rious, } Come, and reign over us, Ancient of Days!

178 *"One in Three."*

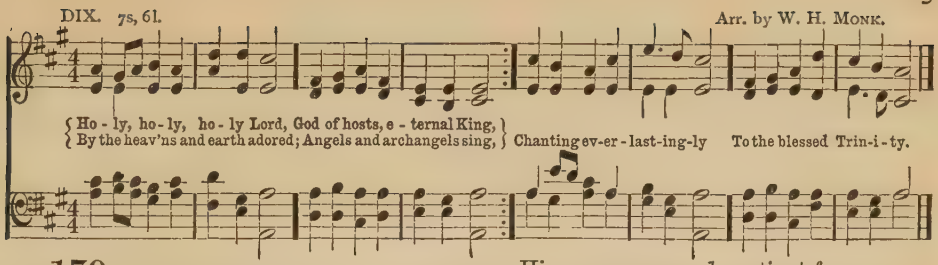
COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success,
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley.


DIX. 7s, 6l.
Arr. by W. H. Monk.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, God of hosts, e - ternal King,
By the heav'ns and earth adored; Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting ev-er - last-ing-ly To the blessed Trin-i - ty.

179 *"The blessed Trinity."*

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
God of hosts, eternal King,
By the heavens and earth adored;
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

2 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before the throne,
Speeding thence at thy command,
And, when thy commands are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

3 Cherubim and seraphim
Vail their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

4 Thee apostles, prophets thee,
Thee the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

5 Hallelujah! Lord, to thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Godhead one, and Persons three;
Join us with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

C. Wordsworth.

180 *Nature's King.*

Oh, give thanks to him who made
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food;
Quickener of our wearied powers;
Guard of our unconscious hours.

2 Oh, give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing:
His, our warm and sentient frame,
His, the mind's immortal flame.
Oh, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

3 Oh, give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are his workmanship;
And all creatures are his care:
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man?

4 Oh, give thanks to him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came, for rebel man to die;
In the path himself hath trod,
Leading back his saints to God.

Josiah Conder.

181 *The Babe of Bethlehem.*

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

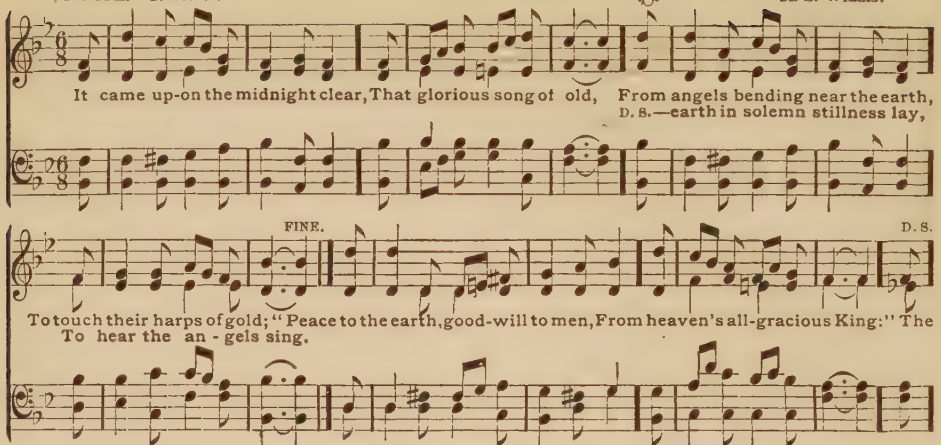
2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to thy manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At the cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

William C. Dix.

CAROL. C. M. D. R. S. WILLIS.


It came up-on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending near the earth,
D. S.—earth in solemn stillness lay,
FINE.
D. S.
To touch their harps of gold; "Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all-gracious King:" The
To hear the an - gels sing.

182 *The Angels' Song.*

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

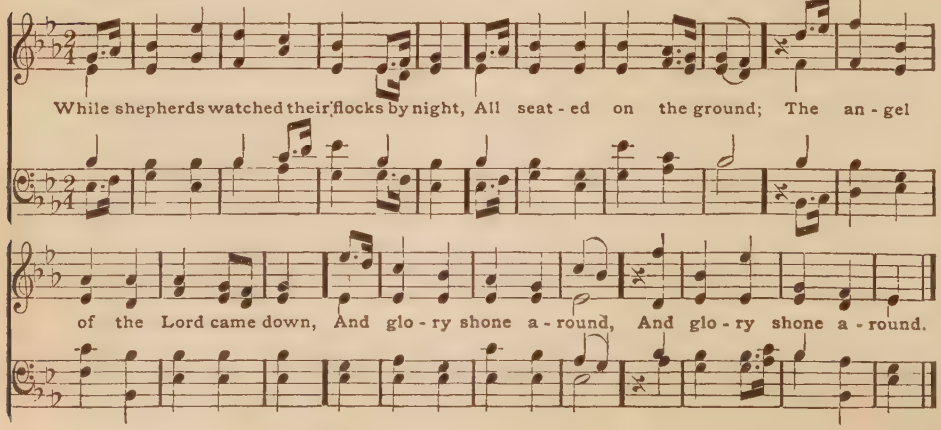
2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessèd angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

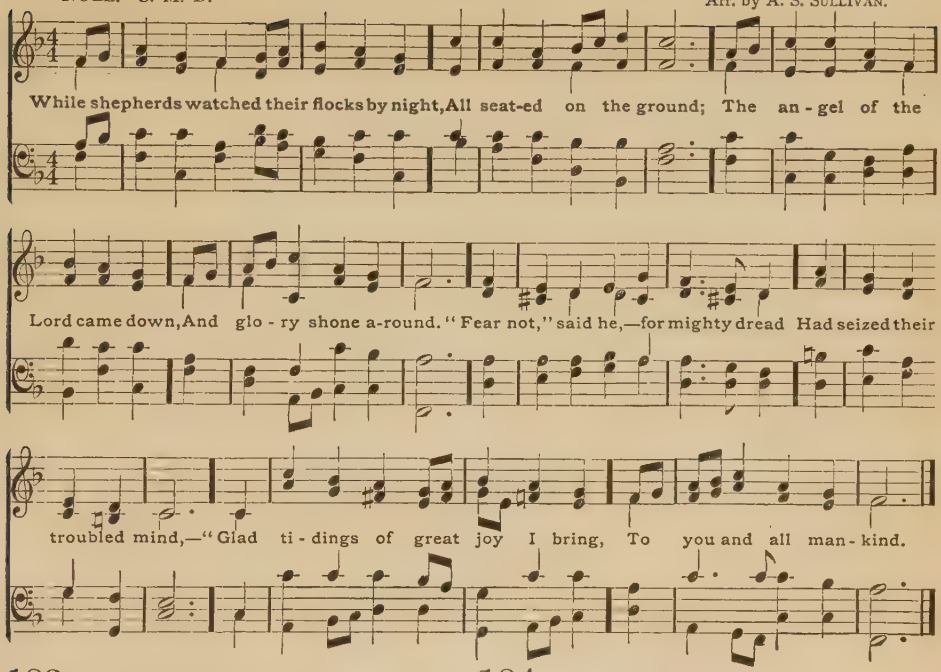
4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

Edwin H. Sears.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. ARR. FR. HÄNDEL.


While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground; The an - gel
of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.

NOEL. C. M. D. Arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN.


While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground; The an-gel of the
Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round. "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread Had seized their
troubled mind,—"Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind.

183 *Bethlehem Song.*

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground;
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

2 "To you, in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign;—
The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

Nahum Tate.

184 *Angels' music.*

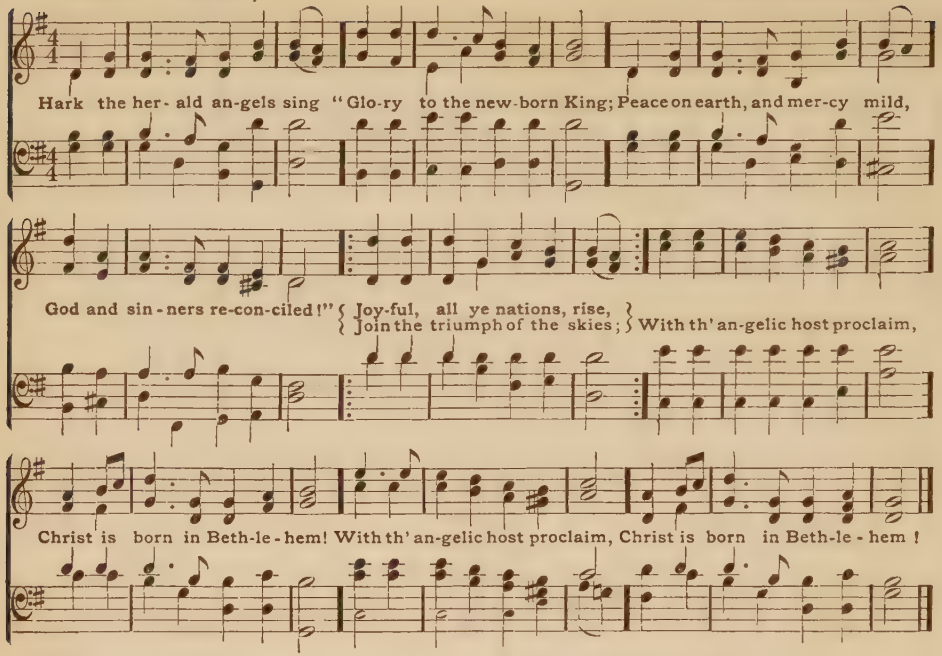
CALM on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Dayspring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

3 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realms of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

Edwin H. Sears.

HERALD ANGELS. 7s. D. Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.


Hark the her- ald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild,
God and sin-ners re-con-ciled!" { Joy-ful, all ye nations, rise, } { Join the triumph of the skies; } With th' an-gelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Beth-le-hem! With th' an-gelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!

185 *The Nativity.*

HARK! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Vailed in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Immanuel!

3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings:
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Charles Wesley.

186 *"The Christ of God."*

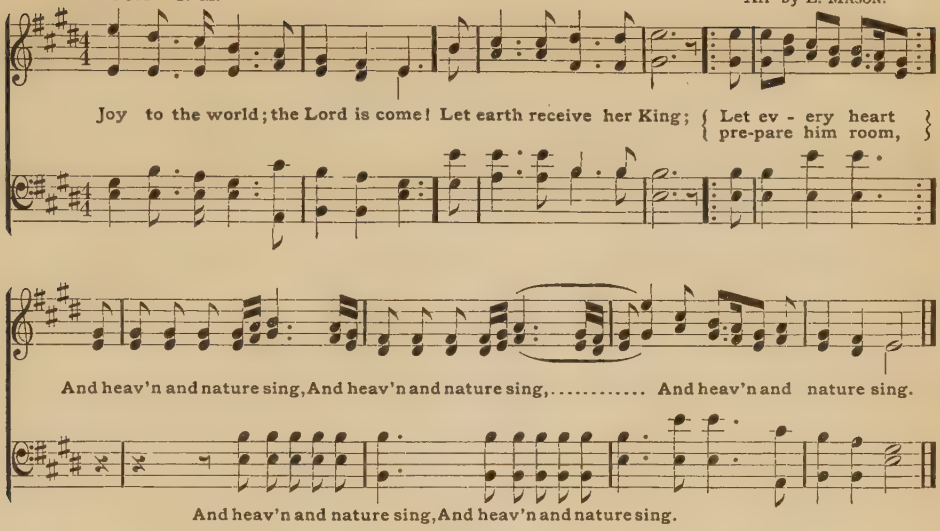
HE has come! the Christ of God
Left for us his glad abode;
Stooping from his throne of bliss,
To this darksome wilderness.
He has come! the Prince of Peace;
Come to bid our sorrows cease;
Come to scatter with his light
All the shadows of our night.

2 He the mighty King has come!
Making this poor earth his home;
Come to bear our sin's sad load;
Son of David, Son of God!
He has come, whose name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race;
Left for us his glad abode;
Son of Mary, Son of God!

3 Unto us a child is born!
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn,
Among all the morns of time,
Half so glorious in its prime.
Unto us a Son is given!
He has come from God's own heaven,
Bringing with him from above
Holy peace and holy love.

Horatius Bonar.

ANTIOCH. C. M. Arr by L. MASON.


Joy to the world; the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; { Let ev - ery heart pre-pare him room, }
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, ... And heav'n and nature sing.
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

187 *Psalm 98.*

Joy to the world; the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts.

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188 7s. D. *"All hail the morn!"*

HAIL the night, all hail the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born!
When, amid the wakeful fold,
Tidings good the angels told.
Now our solemn chant we raise
Duly to the Saviour's praise;
Now with carol hymns we bless
Christ the Lord, our righteousness.

2 While resounds the joyful cry,
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, good-will to men!
Gladly we respond, "Amen!"
Thus we greet this holy day,
Pouring forth our festive lay;
Thus we tell, with saintly mirth,
Of Immanuel's wondrous birth.

Anon., 1837.

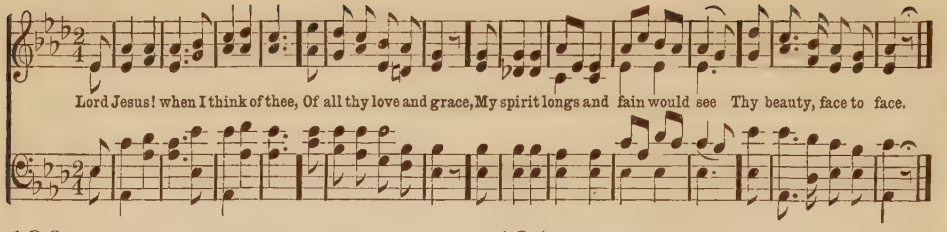
189 7s. D. *Immanuel.*

GOD with us! oh, glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame;
God and man in Christ unite;
Oh, mysterious depth and height!
God with us! the eternal Son
Took our soul, our flesh, and bone;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

2 God with us! but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.
God with us! oh, wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King!

Sarah Slinn.

HUMMEL. C. M. C. ZEUNER.



190 *"The King in his beauty."*

LORD Jesus! when I think of thee,
Of all thy love and grace,
My spirit longs and fain would see
Thy beauty, face to face.

2 And though the wilderness I tread,
A barren, thirsty ground,
With thorns and briars overspread,
Where foes and snares abound;—

3 Yet in thy love such depths I see,
My soul o'erflows with praise—
Contents itself, while, Lord, to thee
A joyful song I raise.

4 My Lord, my Life, my Rest, my Shield,
My Rock, my Food, my Light;
Each thought of thee doth constant yield
Unchanging, fresh delight.

5 My Saviour, keep my spirit stayed,
Hard following after thee;
Till I, in robes of white arrayed,
Thy face in glory see.

James G. Deck.

191 *Christ's earthly path.*

O LORD, we now the path retrace
Which thou on earth hast trod,
To man thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God!

2 Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave;
The very spear that pierced thy side
Drew forth the blood to save.

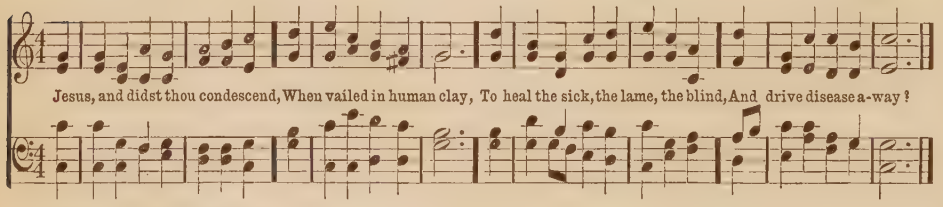
3 Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,
Or suffering, shame, or loss,
Thy path uncheered by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross.

4 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,
We meekly would confess,
How little we, who bear thy name,
Thy mind, thy ways, express.

5 Give us thy meek, thy lowly mind;
We would obedient be,
And all our rest and pleasure find
In fellowship with thee.

James G. Deck.

ST. LEONARD. C. M. H. SMART.



192 *"Our infirmities."*

JESUS, and didst thou condescend,
When vailed in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

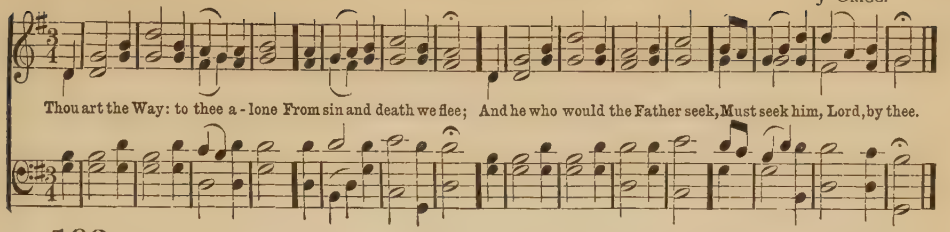
2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me.

3 And didst thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?
Then pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more.

4 Didst thou regard thy servant's cry,
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord, oh, save my soul!
For thou alone canst save.

Mrs. Amelia Wakeford.

GRIGG. C. M. J GRIGG.



193 *"Way, Truth, and Life."*

THOU art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

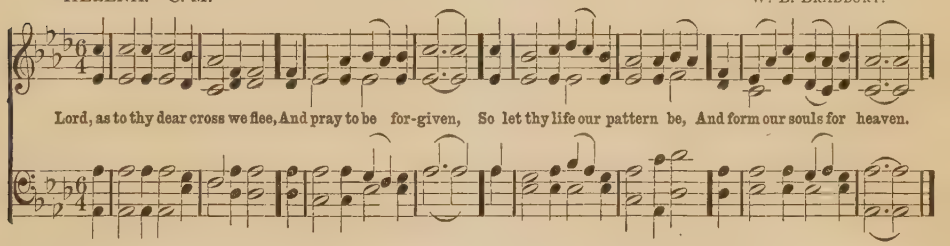
2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane.

HELENA. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



194 *Pattern of Forgiveness.*

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done!"

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

John H. Gurney.

195 *"Shall we forget."*

JESUS! thy love shall we forget,
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?

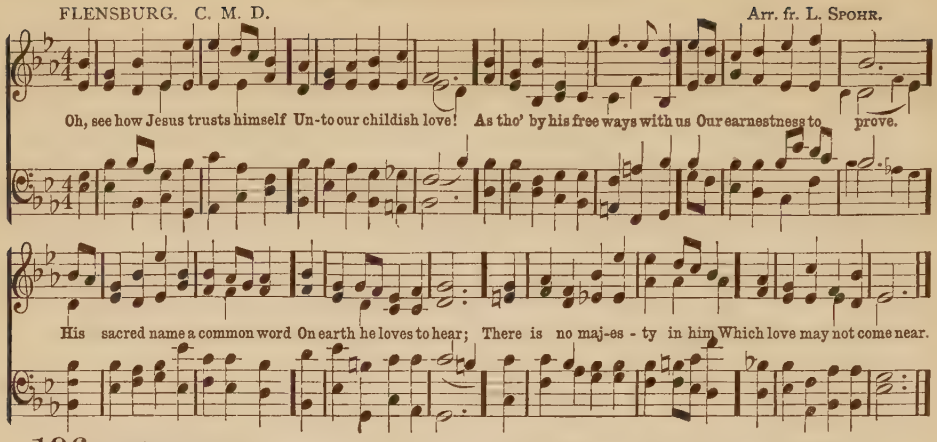
2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy prayer;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?

3 Gethsemane can we forget—
Thy struggling agony
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?

4 Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee, alone on thee;
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—
Thine all the glory be!

5 Life's brightest joys we may forget—
Our kindred cease to love;
But he who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

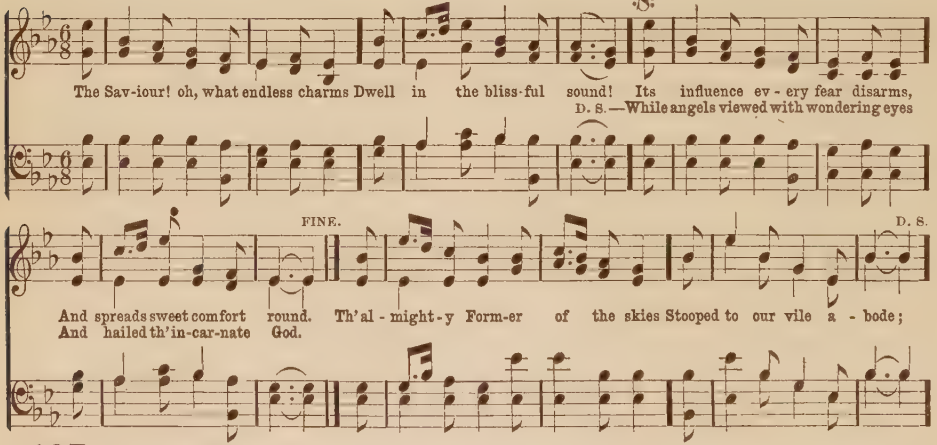
William Mitchell.


FLENSBURG. C. M. D.
Arr. fr. L. Spohr.
Oh, see how Jesus trusts himself Un-to our childish love! As tho' by his free ways with us Our earnestness to prove.
His sacred name a common word On earth he loves to hear; There is no maj-es - ty in him Which love may not come near.

196 "*His free ways.*"

Oh, see how Jesus trusts himself
Unto our childish love!
As though by his free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove.
His sacred name a common word
On earth he loves to hear;
There is no majesty in him
Which love may not come near.

2 The light of love is round his feet,
His paths are never dim;
And he comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to him.
Let us be simple with him then,
Not backward, stiff, nor cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old.

Frederick W. Faber.

ATHENS. C. M. D.
Arr. fr. F. Giardini.
:S:
The Sav-iour! oh, what endless charms Dwell in the bliss-ful sound! Its influence ev - ery fear disarms,
D. S.—While angels viewed with wondering eyes
FINE.
D. S.
And spreads sweet comfort round. Th'al - might-y Form-er of the skies Stooped to our vile a - bode;
And hailed th'in-car-nate God.

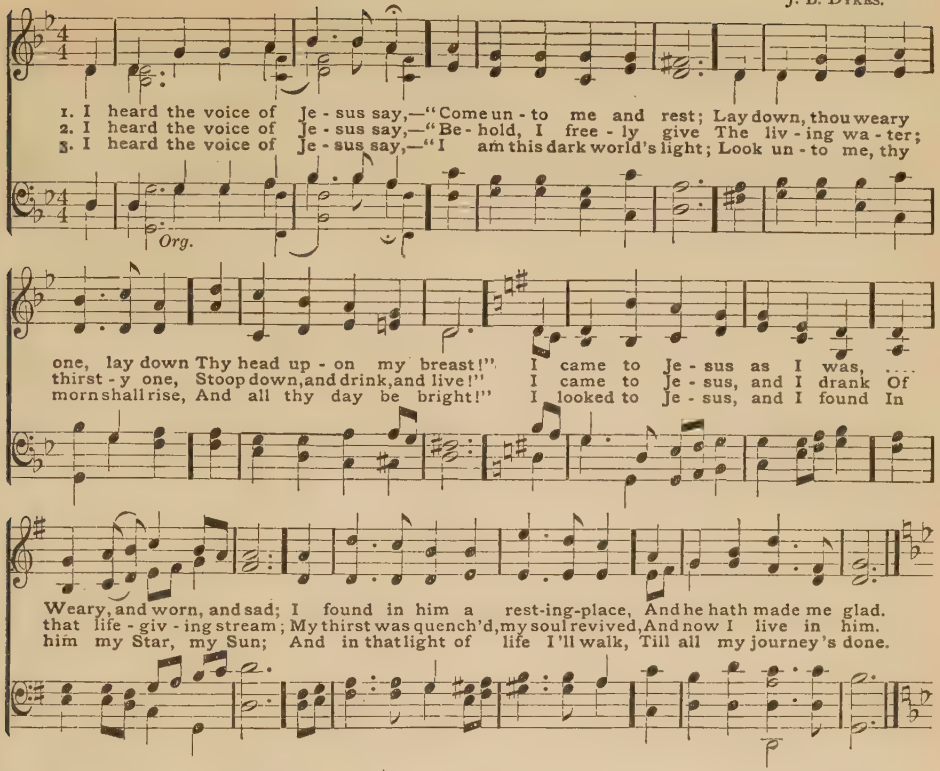
197 *The name "Jesus."*

The Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes
And hailed the incarnate God.

2 Oh, the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.
On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

Anne Steele.

VOX DILECTI. C. M. D. J. B. DYKES.


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou weary
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"I am this dark world's light; Look un - to me, thy
Org.
one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!" I came to Je - sus as I was, ...
thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!" I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of
morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!" I looked to Je - sus, and I found In
Weary, and worn, and sad; I found in him a rest-ing-place, And he hath made me glad.
that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived, And now I live in him.
him my Star, my Sun; And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my journey's done.

198 *The Words of Jesus.*

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,—
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

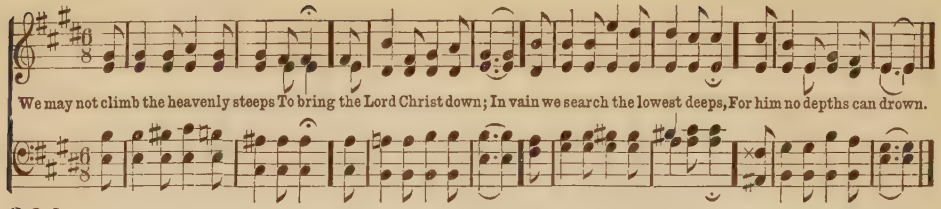
Horatius Bonar.

199 *The Perfect Pattern.*

LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.
As by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

2 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?
Now, Lord! I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee.

John Newton.

SERENITY. C. M. Arr. fr. W. V. Wallace.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down; In vain we search the lowest deeps, For him no depths can drown.

200 *The true Test.*

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

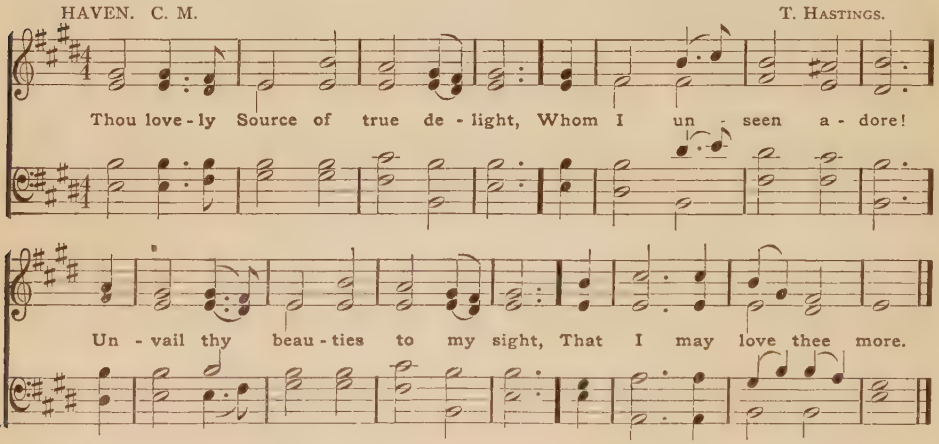
3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine!

John G. Whittier.

HAVEN. C. M. T. Hastings.



201 *Christ in the Word.*

Thou lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unvail thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;—
But in thy sacred word,
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'T is here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

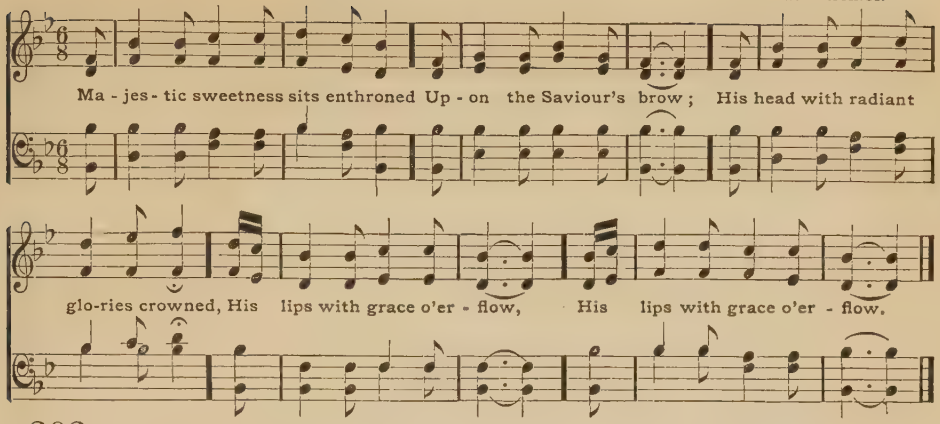
4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light!
Oh, come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love:
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

Anne Steele.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. T. HASTINGS.


Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
glo-ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.

202 *"Altogether Lovely."*

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

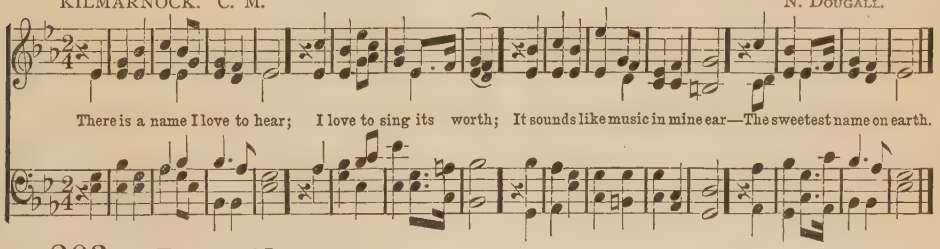
4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

Samuel Stennett.

KILMARNOCK. C. M. N. DOUGALL.



203 *The name of Jesus.*

THERE is a name I love to hear;
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear—
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood—
The sinner's perfect plea.

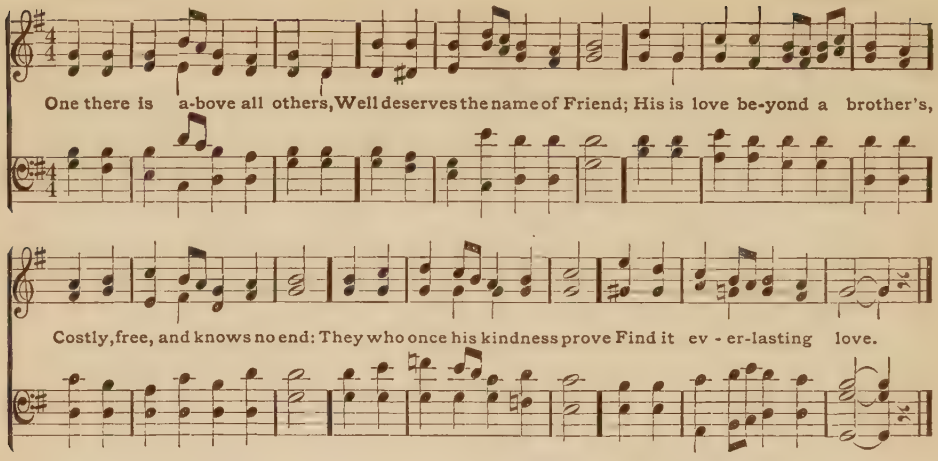
3 It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon his child;
It cheers me through this "little while,"
Through desert, waste, and wild.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my smallest woe—
Who in each sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

5 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a "still small voice,"
To trust, and not to fear.

Frederick Whitfield.

MURIEL. 8s, 7s, 7s. C. GOUNOD.


One there is a-bove all others, Well deserves the name of Friend; His is love be-yond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end: They who once his kindness prove Find it ev - er-lasting love.

204 *"Friend of Sinners."*

ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abasèd,
"Friend of sinners" was his name;
Now above all glories raisèd,
He rejoices in the same;
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Could we bear from one another
What he daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

5 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

John Newton.

205 *Healing the Sick.*

THOU to whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing word replying
To the weary cry of pain;
Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,
Suppliants at thy mercy-seat.

2 Every care and every sorrow,
Be it great, or be it small;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
When, where'er, it may befall;
Lay we humbly at thy feet,
Suppliants round thy mercy-seat.

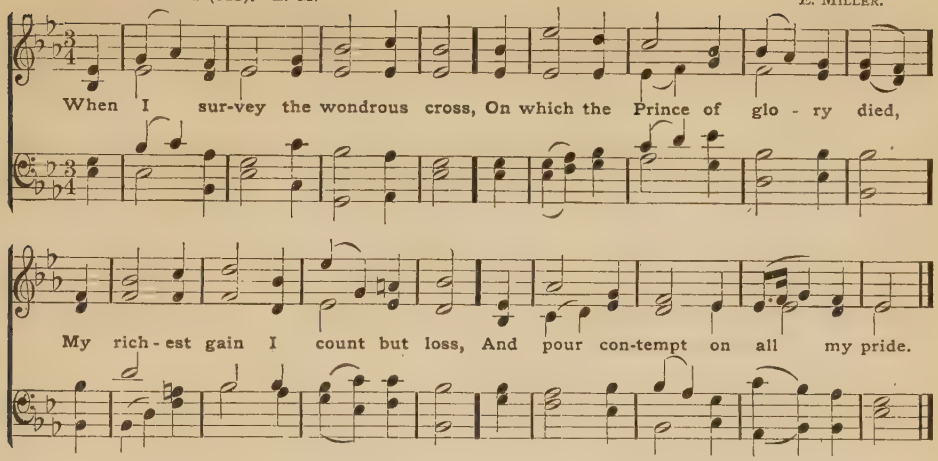
3 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care;
On thy higher help relying,
May we now their burden share:
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants to thy mercy-seat.

4 May each child of thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
Every law of love fulfilling,
Every comfort to impart:
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliants at thy mercy-seat.

5 Then shall sickness, sin, and sadness
To thy healing power yield;
Till the sick and sad in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
Shall the saints together meet,
Pardoned at thy judgment seat!

Godfrey Thring

ROCKINGHAM (OLD). L. M. E. MILLER.


When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

206 "*The wondrous Cross.*"

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

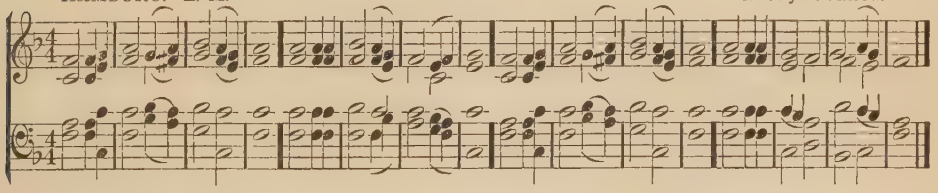
2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

HAMBURG. L. M. Arr. by L. MASON.

207 "*For me.*"

JESUS, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through him enriched might be.

2 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me;
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

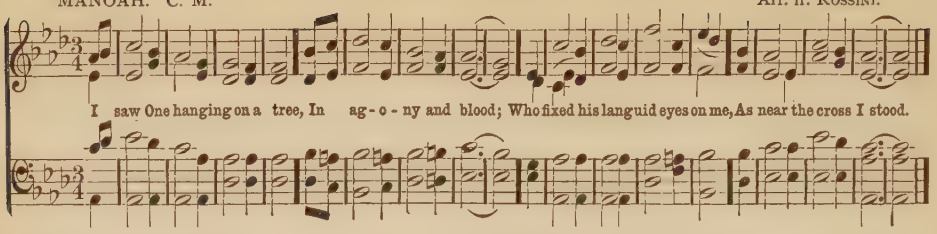
3 The ever-blessèd Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In his own body on the tree.

4 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

5 'T is finished all: the vail is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free:—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to thee!

Horatius Bonar.

MANOAH. C. M. Arr. fr. ROSSINI.



208 *The two Looks.*

I SAW One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood;
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure, never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 Alas! I knew not what I did,—
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain!

4 A second look he gave, that said,
"I freely all forgive:
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."

5 Thus while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too!

John Newton.

209 *"O Christ of God!"*

O JESUS, sweet the tears I shed,
While at thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on thy wounded, fainting head,
And all thy sorrows feel.

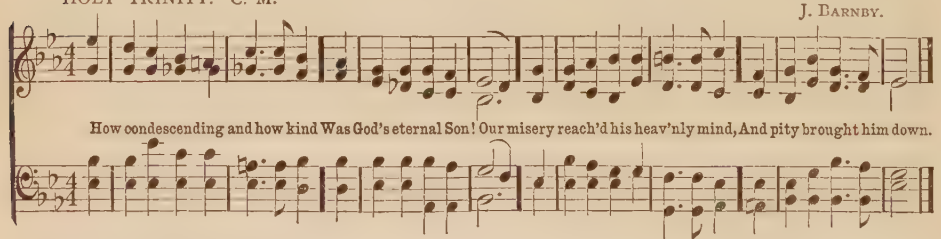
2 My heart dissolves to see thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.

3 I know this cleansing blood of thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me:
For me, for all,—oh, grace divine!—
Who look by faith on thee.

4 O Christ of God, O spotless Lamb,
By love my soul is drawn;
Henceforth, for ever, thine I am;
Here life and peace are born.

5 In patient hope, the cross I'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay;
And thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare,
On thy great judgment-day.

Ray Palmer.

HOLY TRINITY. C. M. J. BARNBY.

210 *"He remembers Calvary."*

HOW CONDESCENDING and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

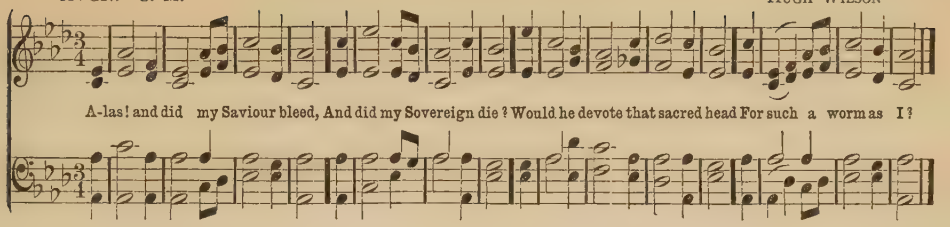
2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There 's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

3 This was compassion, like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

Isaac Watts.

AVON. C. M. HUGH WILSON



211 *"Grace unknown."*

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

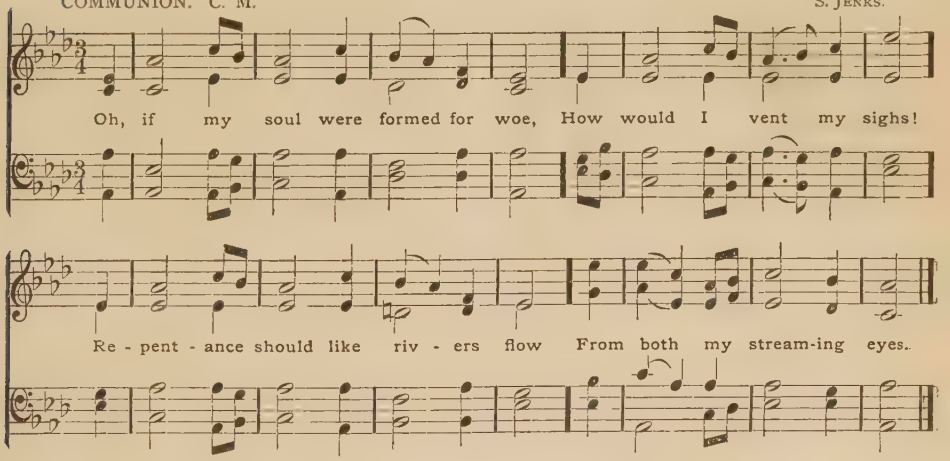
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the great Creator, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.

Isaac Watts.

COMMUNION. C. M. S. JENKS.



212 *Suffered for sin.*

OH, if my soul were formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

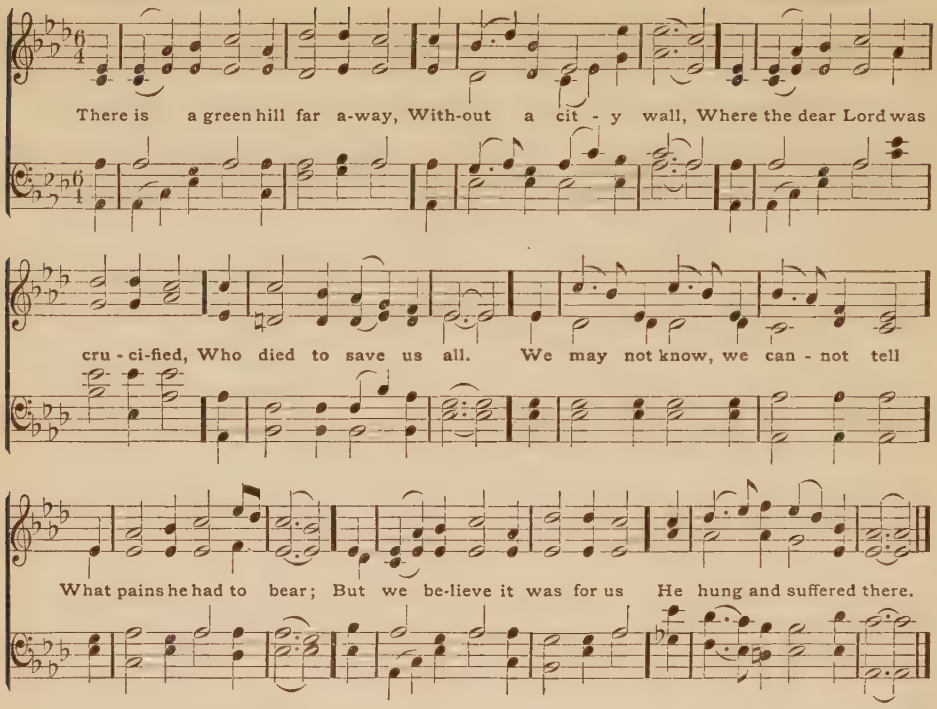
2 'T was for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the curséd tree,
And groaned away a dying life
For thee, my soul! for thee.

3 Oh, how I hate these lusts of mine
That crucified my Lord;
Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer— they shall die;
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 While with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

Isaac Watts.

CONCONE. C. M. D. Arr. fr. CONCONE.

There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was
cru - ci-fied, Who died to save us all. We may not know, we can - not tell
What pains he had to bear; But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there.

213 *Christ dying to save us.*

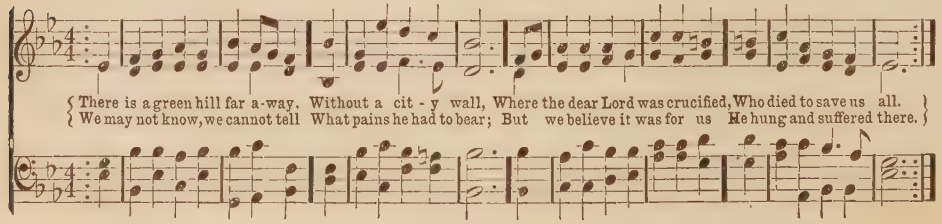
THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.
We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains he had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

2 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

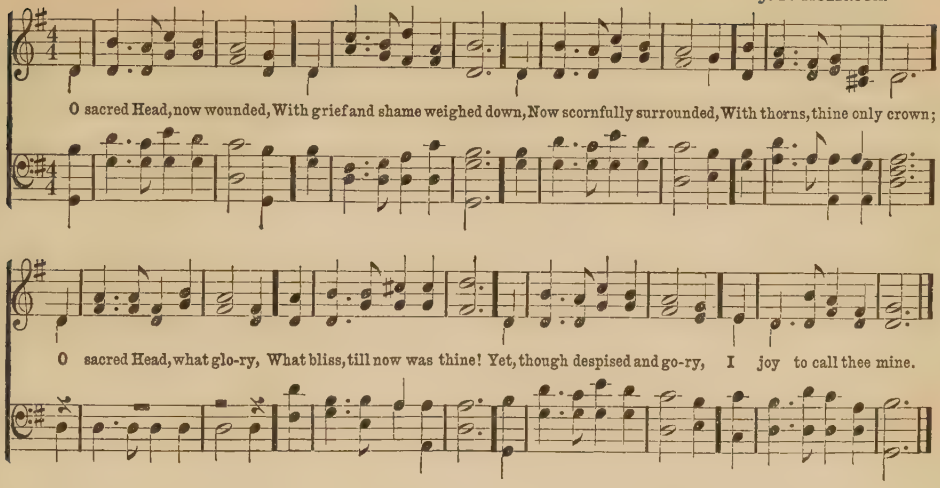
3 Oh, dearly, dearly, has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.
For there 's a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

HORSLEY. C. M. D. W. HORSLEY.


There is a green hill far a-way, Without a cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all.
We may not know, we cannot tell What pains he had to bear; But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.

GERHARDT. 7s, 6s. D. J. P. HOLBROOK.


O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornfully surrounded, With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glo-ry, What bliss, till now was thine! Yet, though despised and go-ry, I joy to call thee mine.

214 *At the Cross.*

O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain;
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'T is I deserved thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow,
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove:
Oh, let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love.

4 Be near when I am dying,
Oh, show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through thy love.

J. W. Alexander, tr.

215 *"All-Forgiving!"*

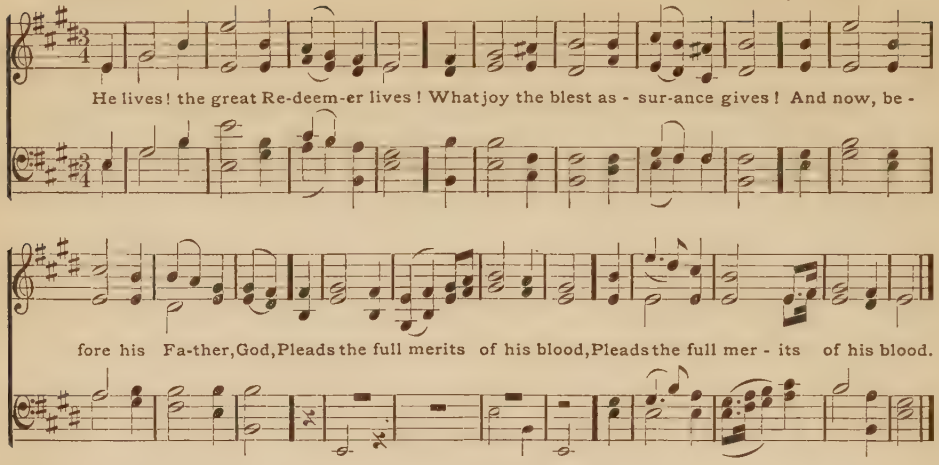
LIFE of the world! I hail thee;
Hail, Jesus, Saviour dear!
I to thy cross could yield me,
Might I to thee be near.
Thyself, in all thy fullness,
My Lord, to me impart:
To thee I come as with me,
Yea, find thee in my heart.

2 Look on me, All-Forgiving!
Low at thy feet I bow:
Oh, all-divine thou seemest,
As I behold thee now!
I clasp with tender passion,
Thy feet, so pierced for us,
The cruel wounds deep graven,
O'erwhelmed to see thee thus!

3 While here with thee I linger,
Take me, dear Saviour mine!
Oh, draw me to thee closer,
And make me wholly thine;
Say, "Be thou saved, O sinner!"
And gladly at thy call,
On thy sure word relying,
To thee I give my all.

Ray Palmer, tr.

ROTHWELL. L. M. Arr. by L. Mason.


He lives! the great Re-deem-er lives! What joy the blest as - sur-ance gives! And now, be -
fore his Fa-ther, God, Pleads the full merits of his blood, Pleads the full mer - its of his blood.

216 *Christ, our Advocate.*

He lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

Anne Steele.

217 *"Behold the Way!"*

Jesus, my All, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I 'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I 'll go for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long had been
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the Way!"

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am,
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell, to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I 'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

John Cennick.

218 *Atonement made.*

Now to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honors given;
He saves from hell,—we bless his name,—
He guides our wandering feet to heaven.

2 'T was his own purpose that began
To rescue rebels doomed to die:
He gave us grace in Christ, his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

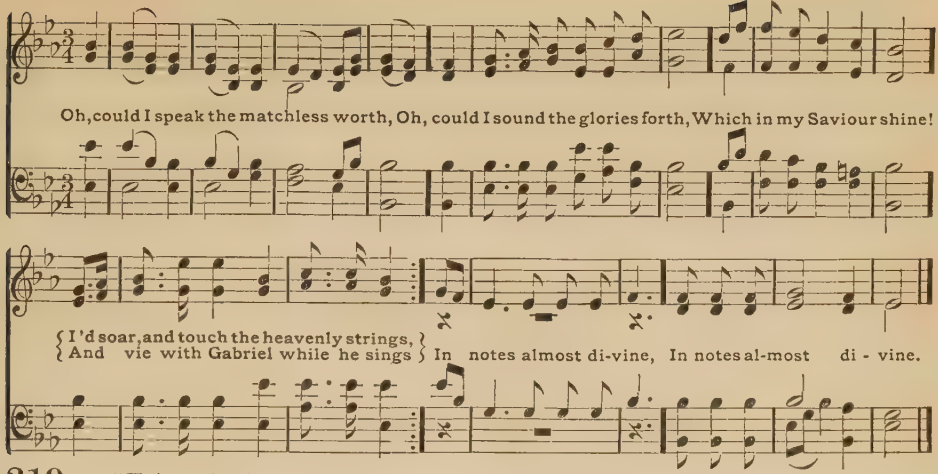
3 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

4 He dies; and in that dreadful night
Doth all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, he brings our heaven to light,
And takes possession of the joy.

Isaac Watts.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.


Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost di-vine, In notes al-most di - vine.

219 *"He is precious."*

OH, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley.

220 *Head of the Church.*

O BLESSED Jesus, Lamb of God,
Who hast redeemed us with thy blood,
From sin and death and shame;
With joy and praise thy people see
The crown of glory worn by thee,
And worthy thee proclaim.

2 Head of the church: thou sittest there,
Thy bride shall all thy glory share,—
Thy fullness, Lord, is ours:
Our life thou art—thy grace sustains,
Thy strength in us the victory gains
O'er sin and Satan's powers.

3 Soon shall the day of glory come,
Thy bride shall reach the Father's home,
And all thy beauty see;
And, oh, what joy to see thee shine,
To hear thee own us, Lord, as thine,
And ever dwell with thee!

James G. Deck.

221 *"Complete in him."*

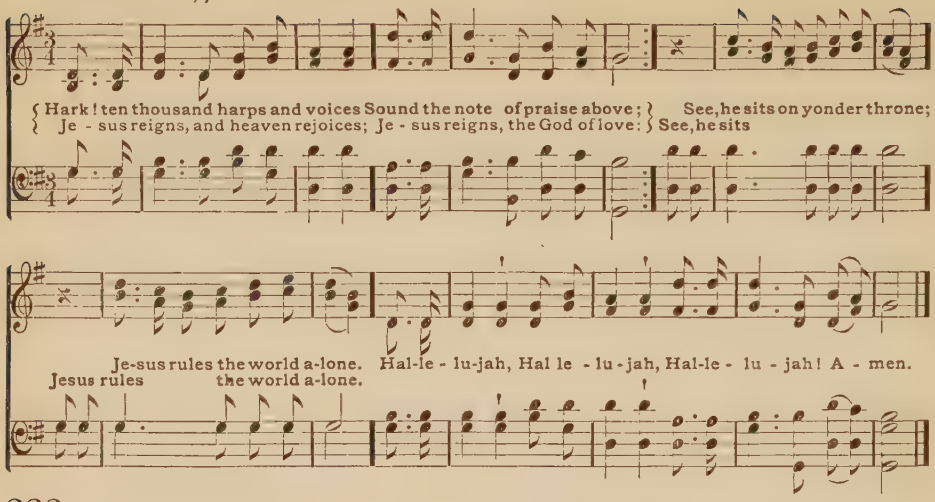
COME join, ye saints, with heart and voice,
Alone in Jesus to rejoice,
And worship at his feet;
Come, take his praises on your tongues,
And raise to him your thankful songs,
"In him ye are complete!"

2 In him, who all our praise excels,
The fullness of the Godhead dwells,
And all perfections meet:
The head of all celestial powers,
Divinely theirs, divinely ours;—
"In him ye are complete!"

3 Still onward urge your heavenly way,
Dependent on him day by day,
His presence still entreat;
His precious name for ever bless,
Your glory, strength, and righteousness,—
"In him ye are complete!"

Samuel Medley.

HARWELL. 8s, 7s. D. LOWELL MASON.


Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above;
Je - sus reigns, and heaven rejoices; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
See, he sits
Je-sus rules the world a-lone.
Jesus rules the world a-lone.
Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men.

222 *"Jesus reigns."*

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory! reign for ever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;—
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

3 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
Then, with golden harps, we 'll sing,—
"Glory, glory to our King!"

Thomas Kelly.

223 *We live in Him.*

SEE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph!
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, his chariot,
To his heavenly palace gate!
Hark! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He, who on the cross did suffer,
He, who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled his foes.

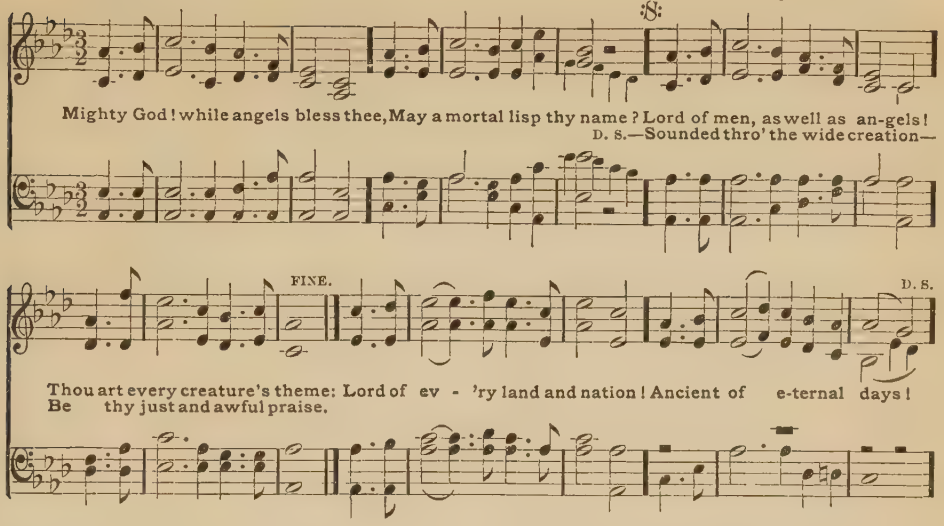
3 Thou hast raised our human nature,
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord! in thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

4 Lift us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations,
Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where he sits enthroned in glory,
In the heavenly citadel.

5 So at last, when he appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles',
Flocking round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
And may meet him in the air—
Rise to realms where he is reigning,
And may reign for ever there.

C. Wordsworth.

AUTUMN. 8s, 7s. D. Arr. by G. F. Root.


Mighty God! while angels bless thee, May a mortal lisp thy name? Lord of men, as well as an-gels!
D. S.—Sounded thro' the wide creation—
FINE.
D. S.
Thou art every creature's theme: Lord of ev - 'ry land and nation! Ancient of e-ternal days!
Be thy just and awful praise.

224 *Christ is God.*

MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels!
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation—
Be thy just and awful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand, beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;—
Blessèd be thy gentle reign.

3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright, though vailed in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue! such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die:—

4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives!—
Flow, my praise! for ever flow:
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return and reign for ever;—
Be the kingdom all thine own!

Robert Robinson.

225 *"Lo, Jehovah!"*

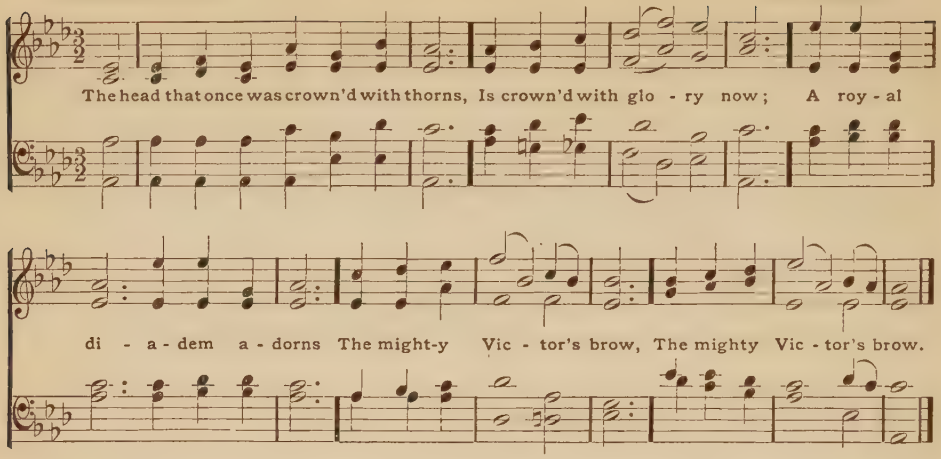
CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee;
Thee our Saviour! thee our God!
From his throne his beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
In his word his light arises,
Brightest beams of truth and grace;
Bind, oh, bind your sacrifices,
In his courts your offerings place.

3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne;
Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

William Goode.

NEWBOLD. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.


The head that once was crown'd with thorns, Is crown'd with glo - ry now; A roy - al
di - a - dem a - dorns The might-y Vic - tor's brow, The mighty Vic - tor's brow.

226 *"Crowned with honor."*

THE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

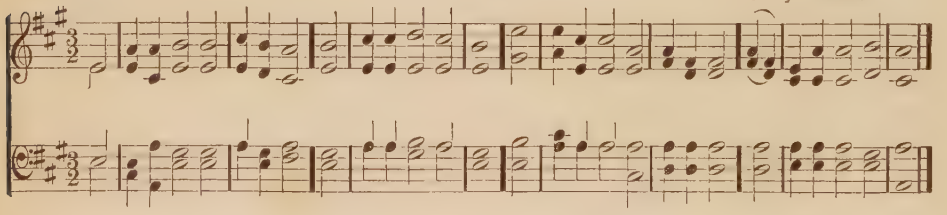
2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is his by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;—

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

Thomas Kelly.

AZMON. C. M. Arr. by L. MASON.



227 *"Worthy the Lamb!"*

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

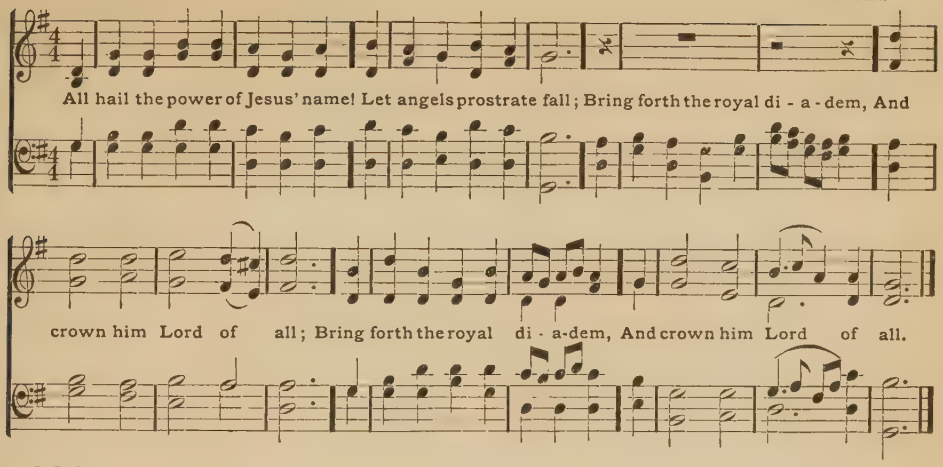
2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine!

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

Isaac Watts.

CORONATION. C. M. O. HOLDEN.

All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And
crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

228 *"Lord of all."*

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

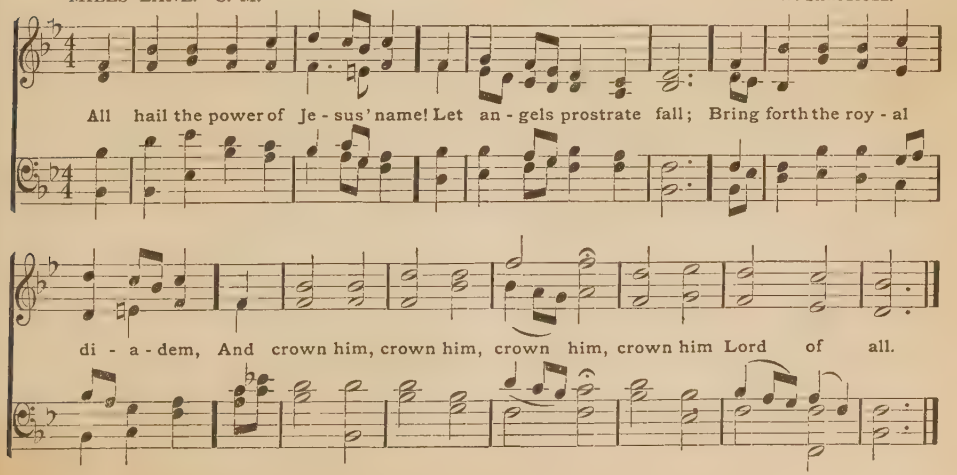
4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

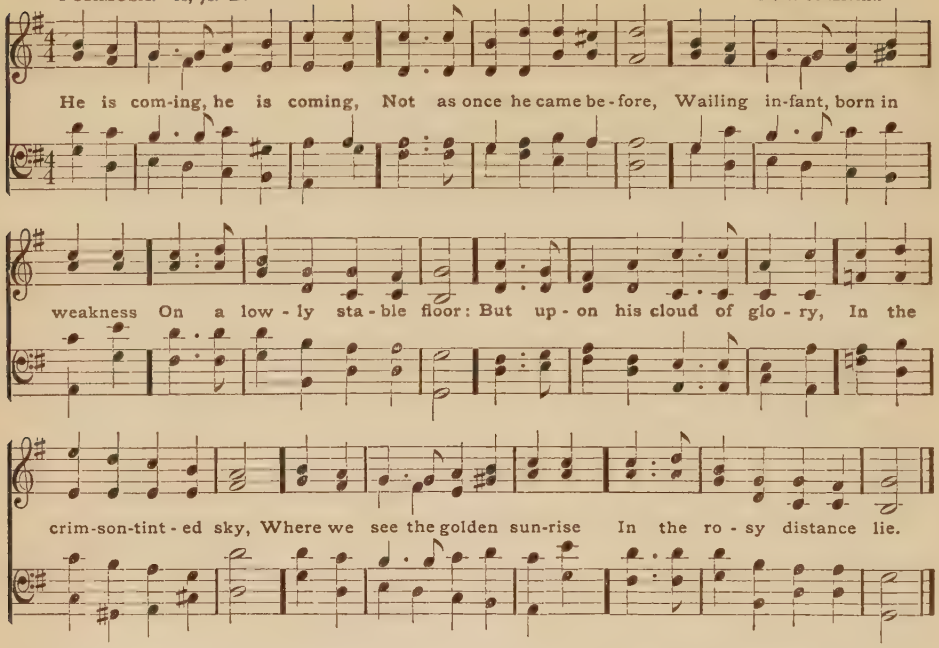
6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet.

MILES LANE. C. M. W. SHRUBSOLE.


All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

FORMOSA. 8s, 7s. D. A. S. SULLIVAN.


He is com-ing, he is coming, Not as once he came be-fore, Wailing in-fant, born in
weakness On a low-ly sta-ble floor: But up-on his cloud of glo-ry, In the
crim-son-tint-ed sky, Where we see the golden sun-rise In the ro-sy distance lie.

229 *The Judgment.*

HE is coming, he is coming,
Not as once he came before,
Wailing infant, born in weakness
On a lowly stable floor:
But upon his cloud of glory,
In the crimson-tinted sky,
Where we see the golden sunrise
In the rosy distance lie.

2 He is coming, he is coming,
Not in pain, and shame, and woe,
With the thorn-crown on his forehead,
And the blood-drops trickling slow;
But with diadem upon him,
And the sceptre in his hand,
And the dead all ranged before him,
Raised from death, hell, sea, and land.

3 He is coming, he is coming,
Not as once he wandered through
All the hostile land of Judah,
With his followers poor and few:
But with all the holy angels
Waiting round his judgment-seat,
And the chosen twelve apostles
Sitting crowned at his feet.

4 He is coming, he is coming;
Let his lowly first estate,
And his tender love, so teach us
That in faith and hope we wait,
Till in glory eastward burning,
Our redemption draweth near;
And we see the sign in heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

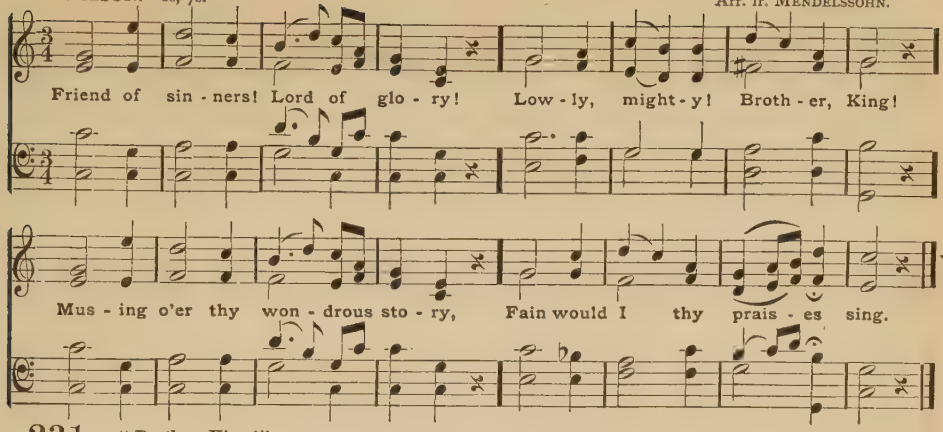
230 *"Desire of the Nations."*

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy precious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley.

WILSON. 8s, 7s. Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.



231 *"Brother, King!"*

FRIEND of sinners! Lord of glory!
Lowly, mighty! Brother, King!
Musing o'er thy wondrous story,
Fain would I thy praises sing.

2 Friend to help us, comfort, save us,
In whom power and pity blend,
Praise we must the grace which gave us
Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend.

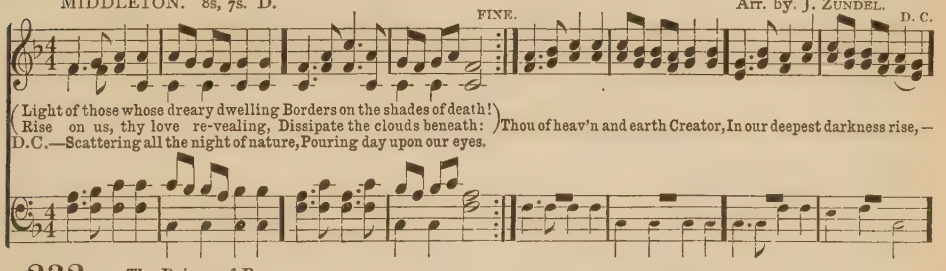
3 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,
Faithful, tender, constant, kind!
Friend who at all times receives us,
Friend who came the lost to find!

4 Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
Loving until life shall end,
Then conferring bliss entrancing,
Still in heaven the sinner's Friend.

5 Oh, to love and serve thee better!
From all evil set us free;
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter,
Be each thought conformed to thee.

Newman Hall.

MIDDLETON. 8s, 7s. D. Arr. by. J. ZUNDEL.


FINE.
D. C.
Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thy love re-vealing, Dissipate the clouds beneath:
Thou of heav'n and earth Creator, In our deepest darkness rise, —
D.C.—Scattering all the night of nature, Pouring day upon our eyes.

232 *The Prince of Peace.*

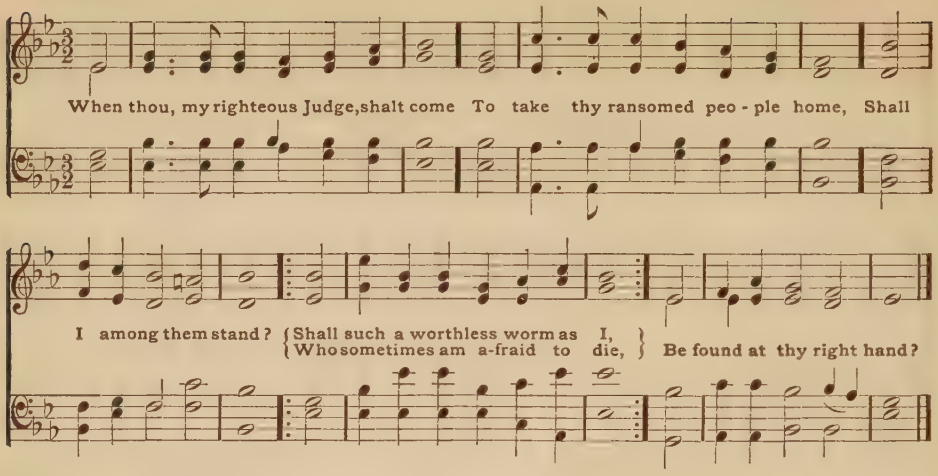
LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
Thou of heaven and earth Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,—
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come and manifest thy favor
To the ransomed, helpless race;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour!
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley.

MERIBAH. C. P. M. LOWELL MASON.


When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take thy ransomed peo - ple home, Shall
I among them stand? {Shall such a worthless worm as I, {Who sometimes am a-fraid to die, } Be found at thy right hand?

233 *The Tribunal.*

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I 'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Lady Huntington.

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234 7s, 6s. D. *Isaiah 52 : 1.*

AWAKE, awake, O Zion,
Put on thy strength divine,
Thy garments bright in beauty,
The bridal dress be thine:
Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored;
Meek Bride all fair and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

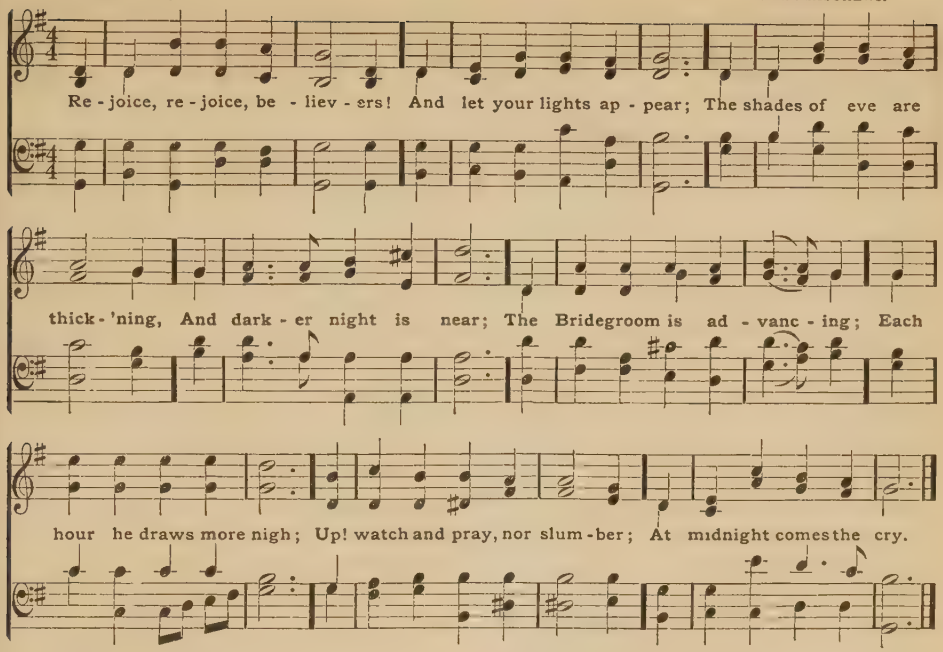
2 From henceforth pure and spotless,
All glorious within,
Prepared to meet the Bridegroom,
And cleansed from every sin;
With love and wonder smitten,
And bowed in guileless shame,
Upon thy heart be written
The new mysterious name.

3 The Lamb who bore our sorrows,
Comes down to earth again;
No sufferer now, but victor,
For evermore to reign:
To reign in every nation,
To rule in every zone,
Oh, world-wide coronation,
In every heart a throne.

4 Awake, awake, O Zion,
Thy bridal day draws nigh,
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on high.
The sun uprises slowly,
But keep thy watch and ward:
Fair Bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

Benjamin Gough.

CHENIES. 7s, 6s. D. T. R. MATTHEWS.


Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear; The shades of eve are
thick - 'ning, And dark - er night is near; The Bridegroom is ad - vanc - ing; Each
hour he draws more nigh; Up! watch and pray, nor slum - ber; At midnight comes the cry.

235 *"Your lamps trimmed."*

REJOICE, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The shades of eve are thickening,
And darker night is near;
The Bridegroom is advancing;
Each hour he draws more nigh;
Up! watch and pray, nor slumber;
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Your vessels filled with oil;
Wait calmly your deliverance
From earthly pain and toil;
The watchers on the mountains
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go, meet him, as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, thou sun so looked-for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with thee.

Jane Borthwick, tr.

236 *The Lamb's Bridal.*

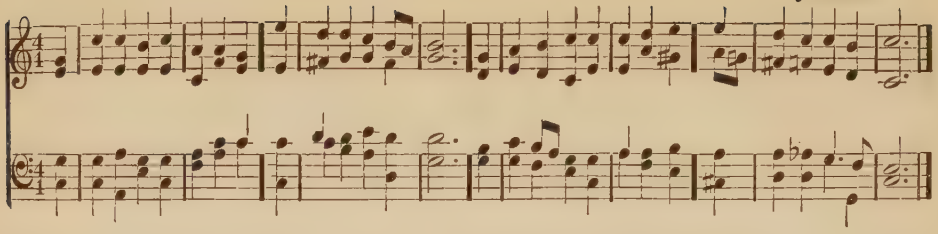
THE marriage feast is ready,
The marriage of the Lamb,
He calls the faithful children
Of faithful Abraham:
Now from the golden portals
The sounds of triumph ring;
The triumph of the Victor,
The marriage of the King.

2 Nor sigh nor sorrow enter
Where Jesus leads them in;
Nor death may cross the threshold,
Nor pain, nor fear, nor sin:
Now shades of night and darkness
Are past and fled away,
Before the radiant brightness
Of everlasting day.

3 No tear-drops stain that threshold,
No weeping eyes are there;
For God hath wiped all tear-drops,
And God hath stilled all care:
The sunlight of the Presence,
The bright Shechinah-flame,
Lights up the bridal banquet
Of God and of the Lamb.

Gerard Moultrie.

ROGET. C. M. J. BARNBY.



237 *Day of Pentecost.*

WHEN God, of old, came down from heaven,
In power and wrath he came;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gales at morning prime,
Hovered his holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light a glorious crown
On every sainted head.

4 Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
Winged with the sinner's doom;
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth
Proclaiming life to come.

John Keble.

238 *Giver of grace.*

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
Inspire these souls of thine;
Till every heart which thou hast made
Be filled with grace divine.

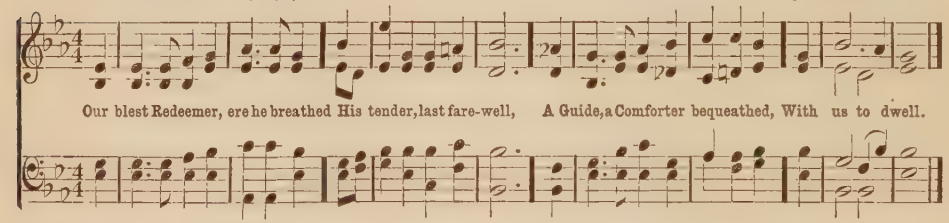
2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

3 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

4 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived.

N. Tate, tr.

ST. CUTHBERT. 8s, 6s, 4s. J. B. DYKES.



239 *The Promise.*

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
And viewless, too.

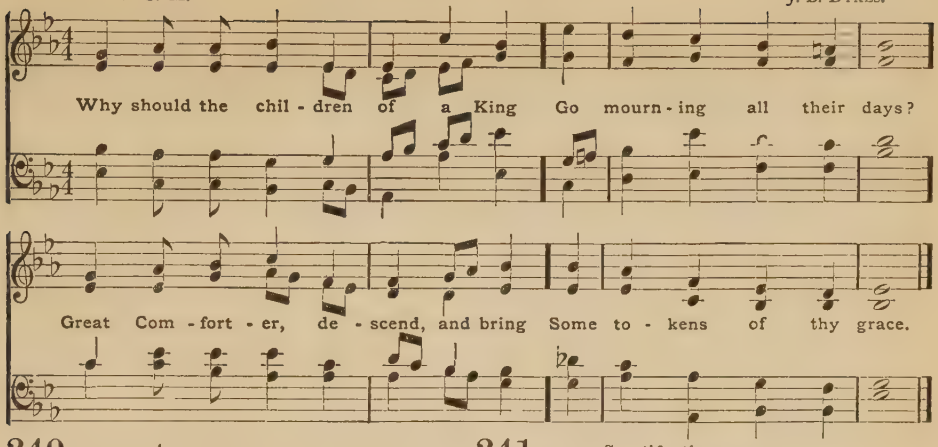
3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Is his alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace!
Our weakness pitying see;
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee!

Harriet Auber.

ELVET. C. M. J. B. DYKES.



240 *Assurance.*

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

Isaac Watts.

241 *Sanctification.*

ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Revive the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

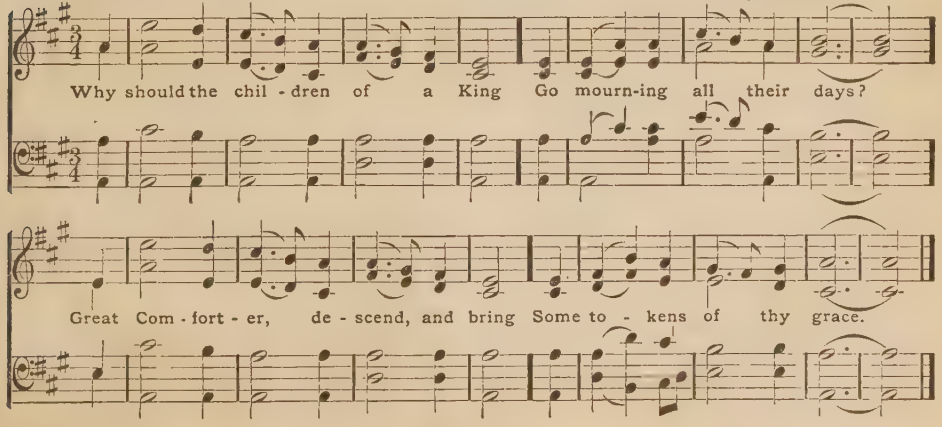
2 'T is thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'T is thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, with humble, holy heart,
May worship only thee.

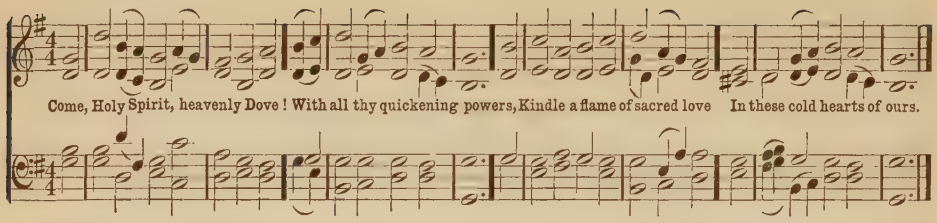
4 Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, from death and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

Thomas Cotterill.

BOARDMAN. C. M. Arr. by GEO. KINGSLEY.



STEPHENS. C. M. W. JONES.



242 *Invocation.*

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

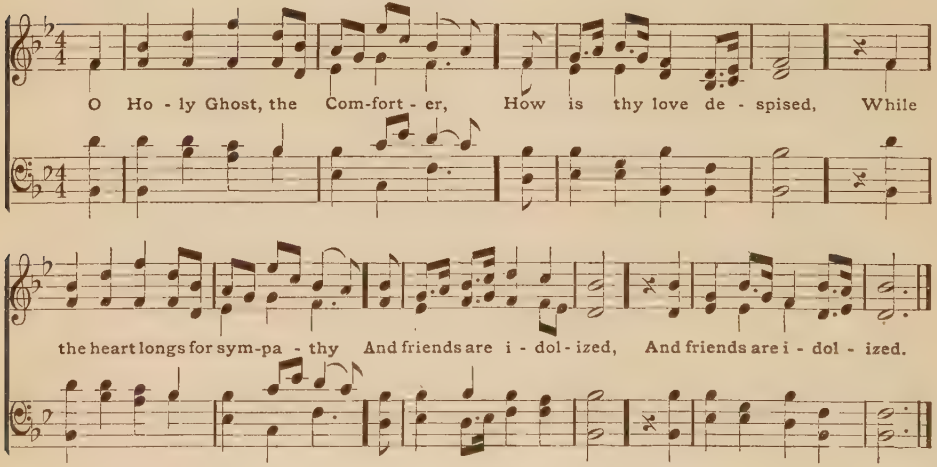
2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate- -
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts.

CHESTER. C. M. T. HASTINGS.

O Ho - ly Ghost, the Com-fort - er, How is thy love de - spised, While
the heart longs for sym-pa - thy And friends are i - dol - ized, And friends are i - dol - ized.

243 *The Comforter's love.*

O HOLY Ghost, the Comforter,
How is thy love despised,
While the heart longs for sympathy
And friends are idolized.

2 O Spirit of the living God,
Brooding with dove-like wings
Over the helpless and the weak
Among created things!

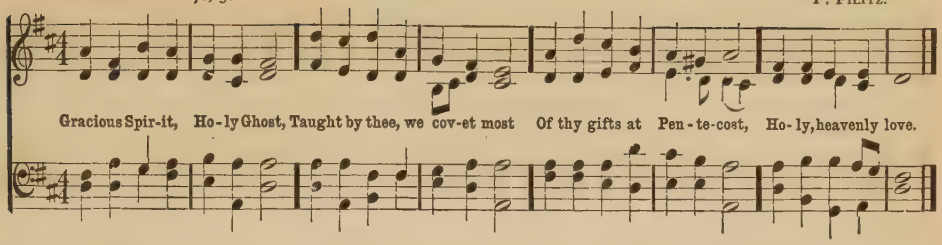
3 Where should our feebleness find strength,
Our helplessness a stay,
Didst thou not bring us hope and help,
And comfort, day by day?

4 Great are thy consolations, Lord,
And mighty is thy power,
In sickness and in solitude,
In sorrow's darkest hour.

5 Oh, if the souls that now despise
And grieve thee, heavenly Dove,
Would seek thee, and would welcome thee,
How would they prize thy love!

Mrs. Jane E. Saxby.

CAPETOWN. 7s, 5s. F. Filitz.



244 *Heavenly Love.*

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by thee, we covet most
Of thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
Without heavenly love.

3 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love, than death itself more strong:
Give us heavenly love.

4 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay:
Give us heavenly love.

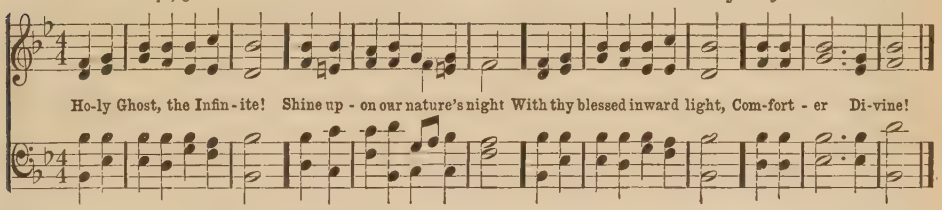
5 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright:
Give us heavenly love.

6 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

7 From the overshadowing
Of thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

C. Wordsworth.

TREVES. 7s, 5s. Arr. by H. J. Gauntlett.



245 *"Comforter Divine!"*

Holy Ghost, the Infinite!
Shine upon our natures night
With thy blessèd inward light,
Comforter Divine!

2 We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint: thy strength afford;
Lost,—until by thee restored,
Comforter Divine!

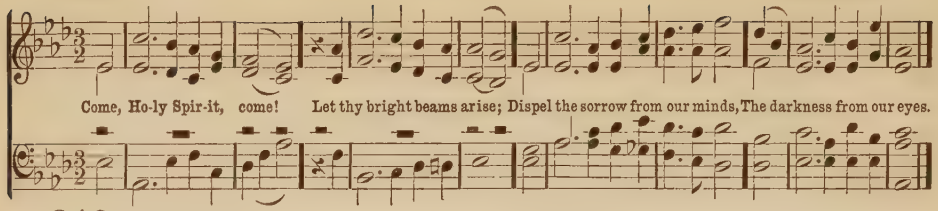
3 Like the dew, thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!

4 In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine!

5 In us "Abba, Father," cry,—
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,—
Comforter Divine!

6 Search for us the depths of God;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of thine abode,
Comforter Divine!

George Rawson.

HAYDN. S. M. Arr. fr. HAYDN.

246 *Giver of Grace.*

COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

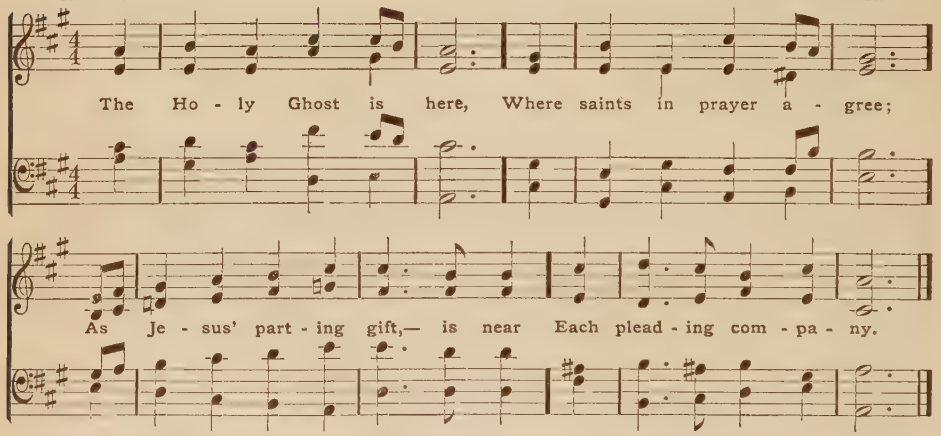
3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.

Joseph Hart.

ARMES. S. M. P. ARMES.



247 *Jesus' parting Gift.*

THE Holy Ghost is here,
Where saints in prayer agree;
As Jesus' parting gift,—is near
Each pleading company.

2 Not far away is he,
To be by prayer brought nigh,
But here in present majesty
As in his courts on high.

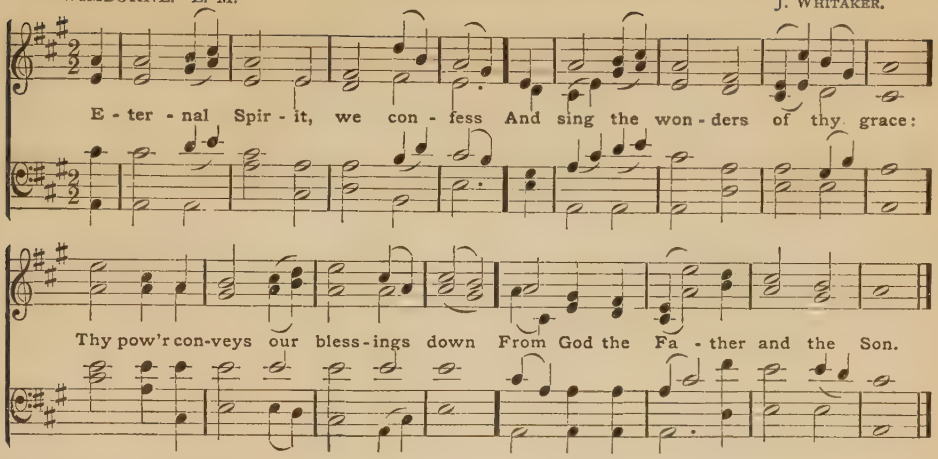
3 He dwells within our soul,
An ever welcome guest;
He reigns with absolute control,
As monarch in the breast.

4 Our bodies are his shrine,
And he the indwelling Lord;
All hail, thou Comforter divine,
Be evermore adored!

5 Obedient to thy will,
We wait to feel thy power,
O Lord of life, our hopes fulfill,
And bless this hallowed hour.

Charles H. Spurgeon.

WIMBORNE. L. M. J. WHITAKER.


E - ter - nal Spir - it, we con - fess And sing the won - ders of thy grace:
Thy pow'r con-veys our bless-ings down From God the Fa - ther and the Son.

248 *"Inward Teachings."*

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace:
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
All our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

Isaac Watts.

249 *"Veni, Creator!"*

COME, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace, and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Great Comforter! to thee we cry;
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
Send sweet anointing from above!

3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

Edward Caswall, tr.

250 *"The book unfold."*

COME, blessèd Spirit! source of light!
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night—
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes, display
The glorious truths thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Thy book unfold, and loose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

Benjamin Beddome.

251 *Spirit of grace.*

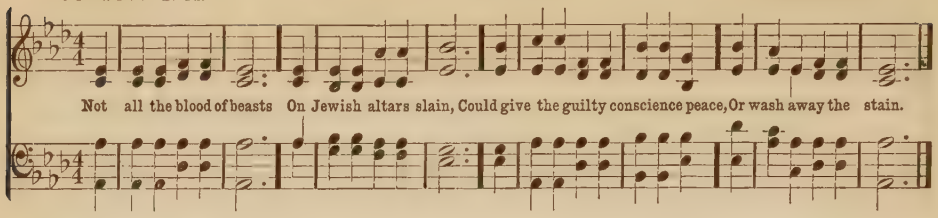
COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love:
Oh, turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.

2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of contrite sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 Oh, let a holy flock await
In crowds around thy temple-gate!
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

Philip Doddridge.

GORTON. S. M. Arr. fr. BEETHOVEN.



252 *"No other name."*

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

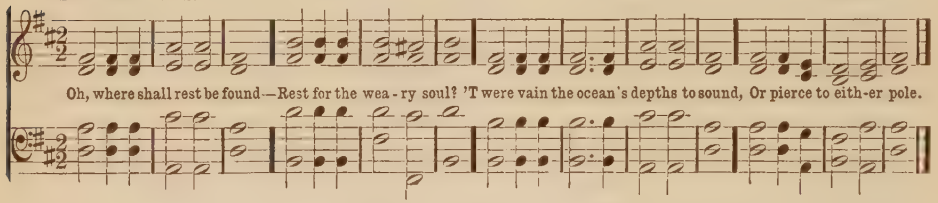
3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his dying love.

Isaac Watts.

SHAWMUT. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



253 *Deut. 30: 19.*

OH, where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

James Montgomery.

254 *A Physician wanted.*

AND wilt thou hear, O Lord,
Thy suppliant people's cry?
And pardon, though thy book record
Our crimes of crimson dye?

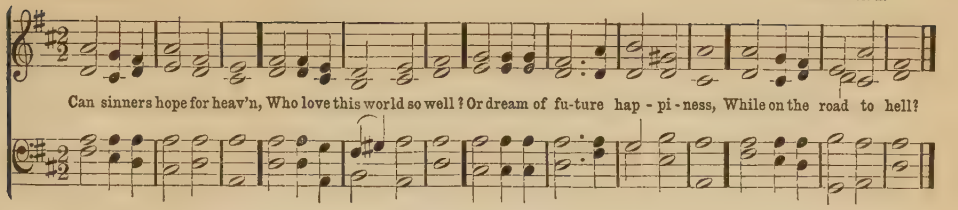
2 So deep are they engraved,—
So terrible their fear:
The righteous scarcely shall be saved,
And where shall we appear?

3 Let us make all things known
To him who all things sees:
That so his blood may yet atone
For our iniquities.

4 O thou, Physician blest,
Make clean the guilty soul;
And us, by many a sin oppressed,
Restore, and keep us whole!

John M. Neale, tr.

PRAYER. S. M. L. MARSHALL.



255 *Pardon and Purity.*

CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future happiness,
While on the road to hell?

2 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallowed tongue?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbor wrong?

3 Thy grace, O God, alone,
Good hope can e'er afford!
The pardoned and the pure shall see
The glory of the Lord.

Benjamin Beddome.

256 *"All downward."*

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God—
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God shall raise his head,
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

Isaac Watts.

257 *"Jesus only."*

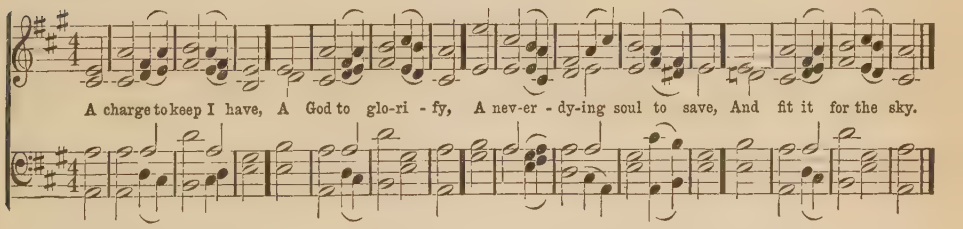
NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul:
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

Horatius Bonar.

IOWA. S. M. A. CHAPIN.



258 *Probation.*

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

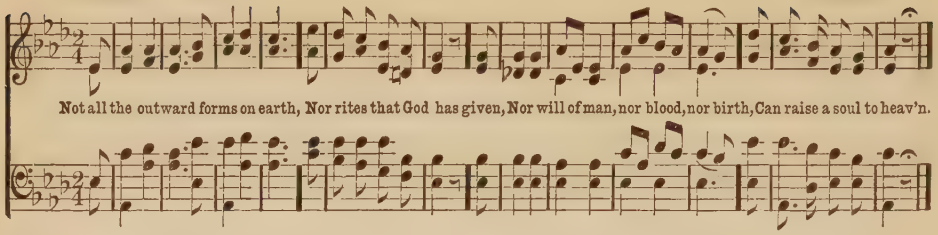
2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Charles Wesley.

HUMMEL. C. M. C. ZEUNER.



259 *Utter helplessness.*

NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

Isaac Watts.

260 *The Soul ruined.*

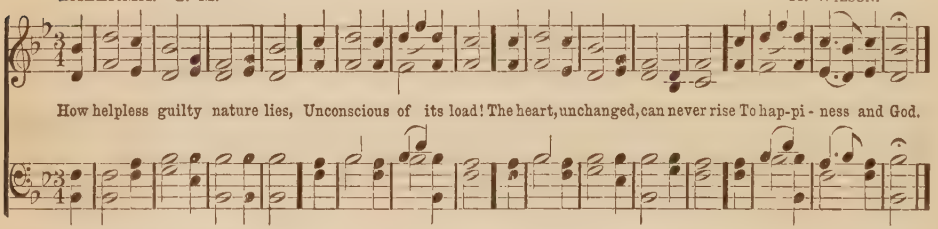
HOW SAD our state by nature is!
Our sin—how deep it stains!
And Satan holds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there 's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a pardoning Lord."

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord:
Oh, help my unbelief!

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Saviour and my All.

Isaac Watts.

BALERMA. C. M. H. WILSON.

261 *The load of Sin.*

HOW HELPLESS guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, almighty Spirit! thine,
To form the heart anew.

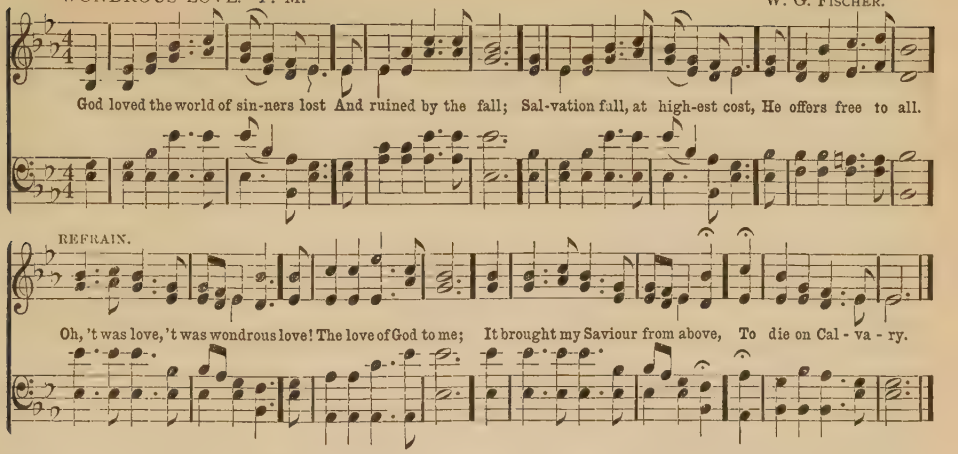
3 'T is thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'T is thine alone to give.

5 Oh, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord! be thine.

Anne Steele.

WONDROUS LOVE. P. M. W. G. FISCHER.


God loved the world of sin-ners lost And ruined by the fall; Sal-vation full, at high-est cost, He offers free to all.
REFRAIN.
Oh, 't was love, 't was wondrous love! The love of God to me; It brought my Saviour from above, To die on Cal - va - ry.

262 *The seeking love of God.*

GOD loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.
REF.—Oh, 't was love, 't was wondrous love!
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

2 Ev'n now by faith I claim him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by his death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.—REF.

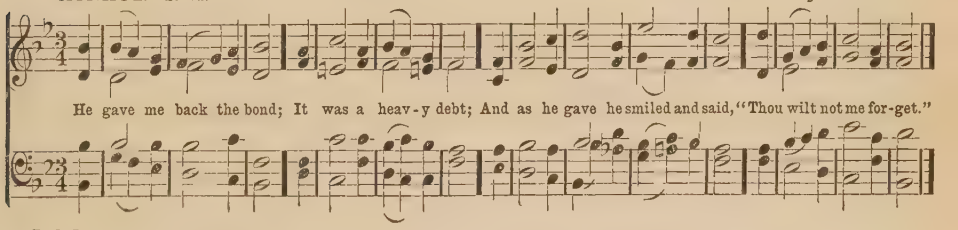
3 Love brings the glorious fullness in,
And to his saints makes known
The blessèd rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.—REF.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.—REF.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King.—REF.

Mrs. M. M. Stockton.

AYNHOE. S. M. J. NARES.



263 *The Canceled Bond.*

HE gave me back the bond;
It was a heavy debt;
And as he gave he smiled and said,
"Thou wilt not me forget."

2 He gave me back the bond;
The seal was torn away;
And as he gave he smiled and said,
"Think thou of me alway."

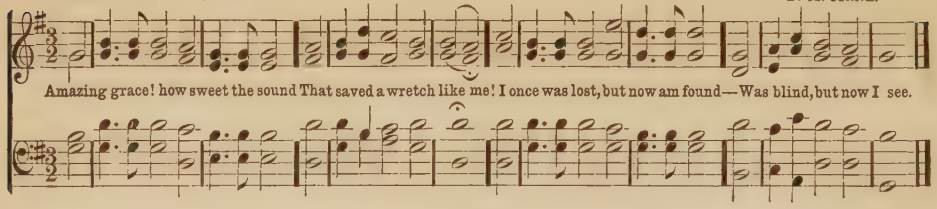
3 That bond I still will keep,
Although it canceled be,
It tells me of the love of him
Who paid the debt for me.

4 I look on it and smile;
I look again and weep;
That record of his love for me
I will for ever keep.

5 It is a bond no more;
But it shall ever tell
All that I owed was fully paid
By my Immanuel.

Sabine.

ARLINGTON. C. M. T. A. ARNE.



264 *"Amazing grace."*

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the vail
A life of joy and peace.

5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

John Newton.

265 *Zech. 13: 1.*

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

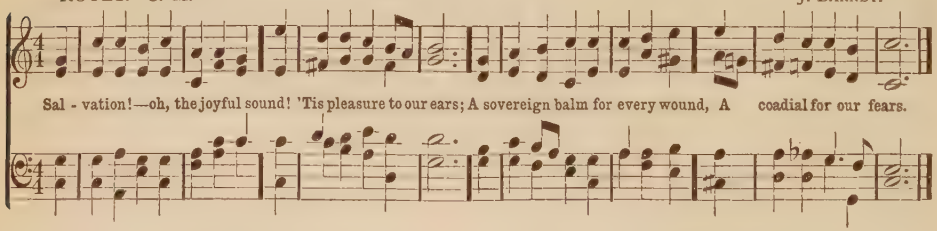
3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I 'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper.

ROGET. C. M. J. BARNBY.



266 *"Salvation."*

SALVATION!—oh, the joyful sound!
'T is pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

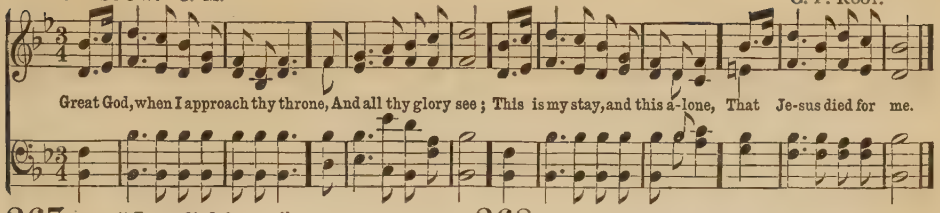
2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;—
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Isaac Watts.

GLASGOW. C. M. G. F. ROOT.



267 *"Jesus died for me."*

GREAT God, when I approach thy throne,
And all thy glory see;
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.

2 How can a soul condemned to die,
Escape the just decree?
Helpless, and full of sin am I,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,
Oh, how can I get free?
No peace can all my efforts gain,
But Jesus died for me.

4 And, Lord, when I behold thy face,
This must be all my plea;
Save me by thy almighty grace,
For Jesus died for me.

W. H. Bathurst.

268 *Divine compassion.*

JESUS,—and didst thou leave the sky,
To bear our griefs and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan and die,
For thy rebellious foes?

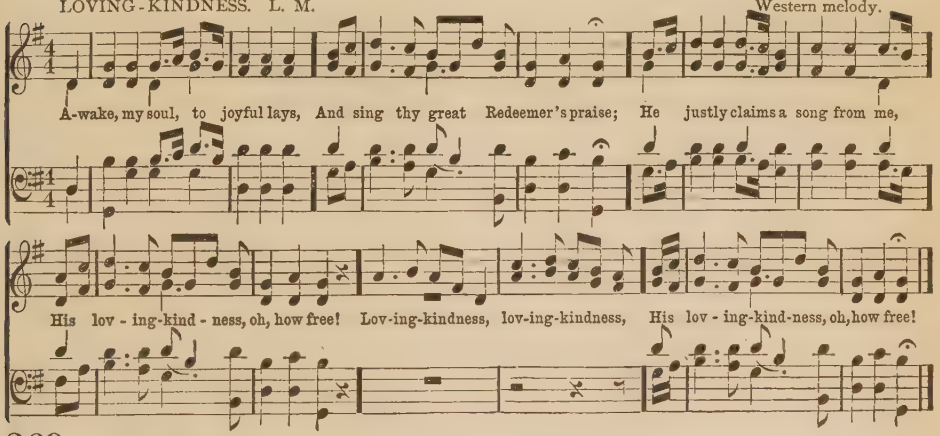
2 Well might the heavens with wonder view
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine!

3 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control?
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,
And melt that stubborn soul.

4 Oh! may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,
Thy righteous rule obey.

Anne Steele.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M. Western melody.


A-wake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me,
His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how free! Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!

269 *Loving-kindness.*

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

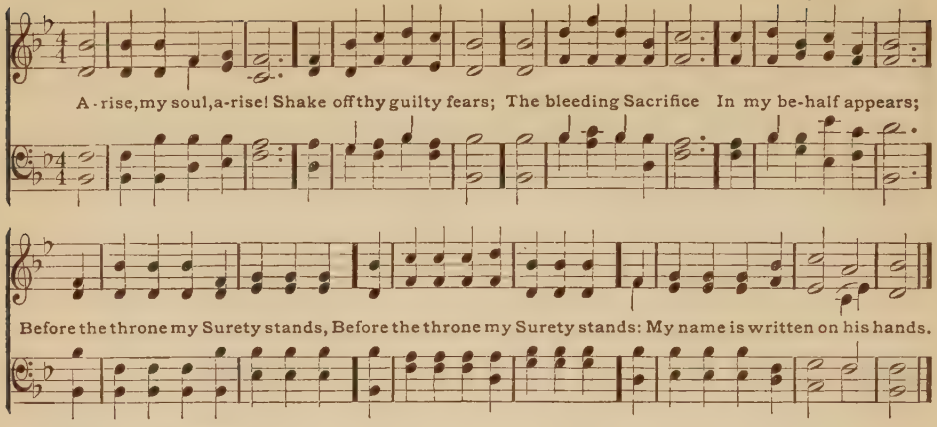
2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

Samuel Medley.

LENOX. H. M. J. EDSON.


A-rise, my soul, a-rise! Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sacrifice In my be-half appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands, Before the throne my Surety stands: My name is written on his hands.

270 *Our Surety.*

ARISE, my soul, arise!
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands:
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

Charles Wesley.

271 *Year of Jubilee.*

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;—
The gladly solemn sound;—
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley.

272 *"The Cross alone."*

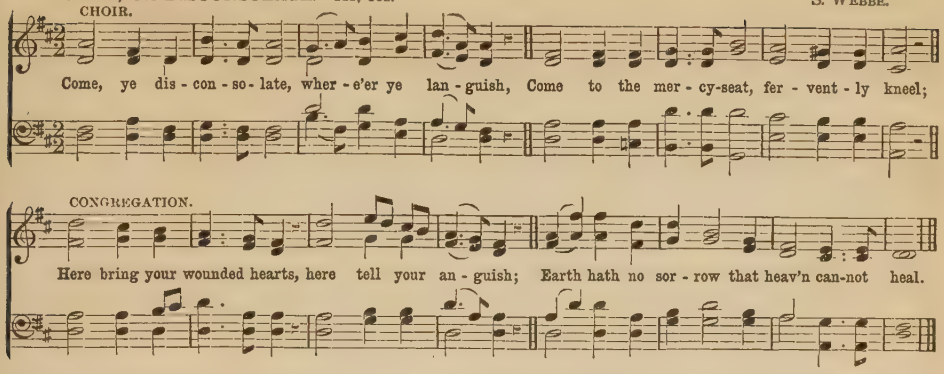
YE saints, your music bring,
Attuned to sweetest sound,
Strike every trembling string,
Till earth and heaven resound;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

2 The cross, the cross alone,
Subdued the powers of hell;
Like lightning from his throne
The prince of darkness fell;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

3 The cross hath power to save
From all the foes that rise;
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

Andrew Reed.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s, 10s. S. WEBBE.


CHOIR.
Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the mer - cy-seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;
CONGREGATION.
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish; Earth hath no sor - row that heav'n can-not heal.

273 *"Here speaks the Comforter."*

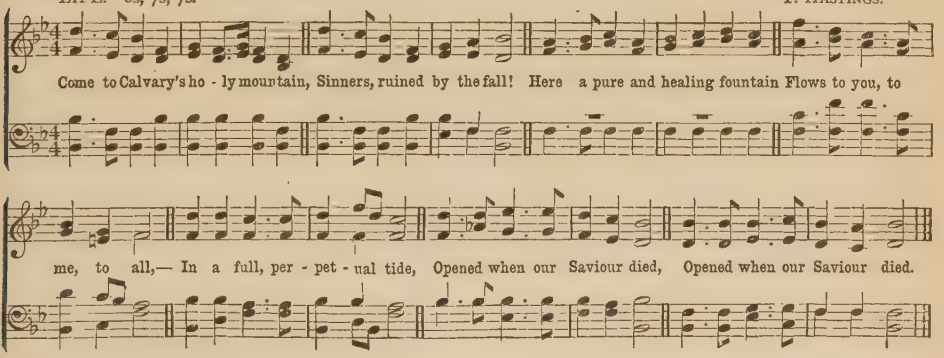
COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying—
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love: come, ever knowing
Earth hath no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore.

LIFE. 8s, 7s, 7s. T. HASTINGS.

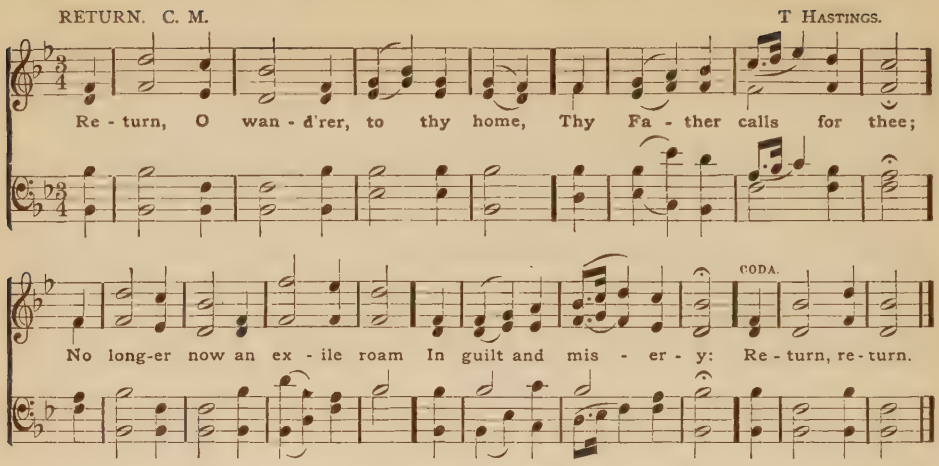

Come to Calvary's ho - ly mountain, Sinners, ruined by the fall! Here a pure and healing fountain Flows to you, to
me, to all,— In a full, per - pet - ual tide, Opened when our Saviour died, Opened when our Saviour died.

274 *A fountain opened.*

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall!
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,—
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind!
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more—

3 He that drinks shall live for ever;
'T is a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful; God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.

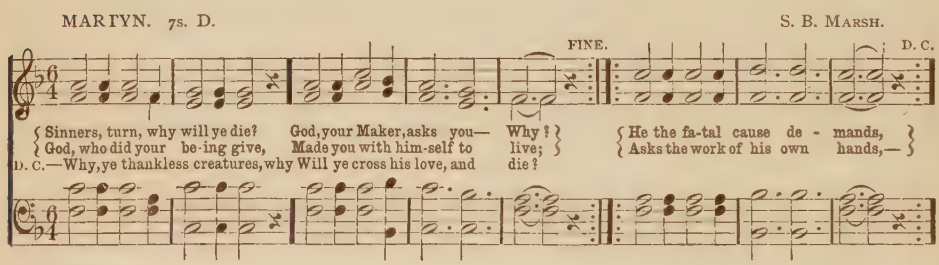
James Montgomery.

RETURN. C. M.
T HASTINGS.
Re - turn, O wan - d'rer, to thy home, Thy Fa - ther calls for thee;
CODA.
No long-er now an ex - ile roam In guilt and mis - er - y: Re - turn, re - turn.

275 *"Return, return!"*

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery:
Return, return.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'T is Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come,"
Oh, now for refuge flee:
Return, return.

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'T is madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day:
Return, return. *Thomas Hastings.*


MARTYN. 7s. D.
S. B. MARSH.
FINE.
D. C.
Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you— Why?
God, who did your be-ing give, Made you with him-self to live;
D. C.—Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross his love, and die?
He the fa-tal cause de - mands,
Asks the work of his own hands,—

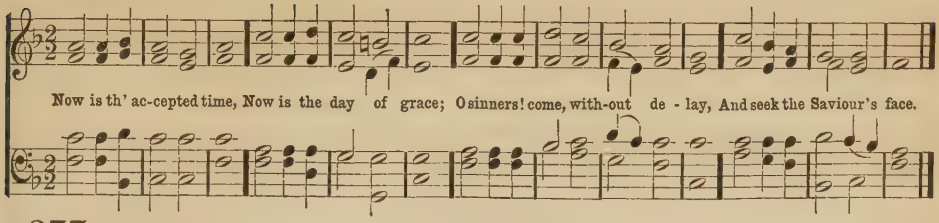
276 *Ezekiel 33 : 11.*

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you—Why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you—Why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners! why,
Will ye grieve your God, and die?
Charles Wesley.

DETROIT. S. M. E. P. HASTINGS.



277 *The accepted time.*

Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
O sinners! come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels spread their wings,
And bear the news above.

John Dobell.

278 *"Sinner, come!"*

The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come:"
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

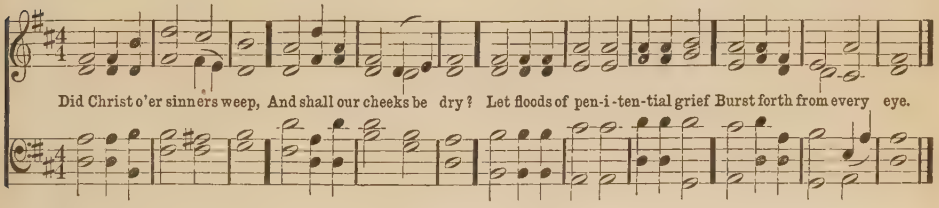
2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yea, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Delares, I "quickly come;"
Lord, even so! we wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

H. U. Onderdonk.

OWEN. S. M. J. E. SWEETSER.



279 *Weeping for sinners.*

Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome.

280 *The call of love.*

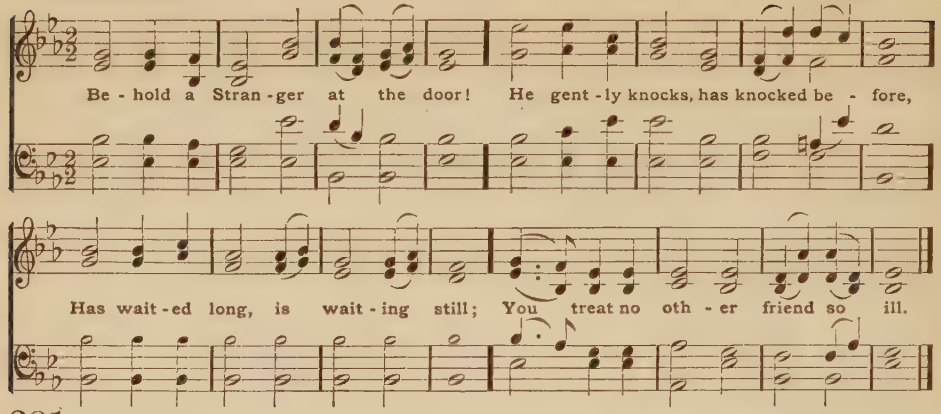
And canst thou, sinner! slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God, with tenderness, invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day a Saviour's cleansing blood,
Will wash thy guilt away.

Mrs. Abby B. Hyde.

BERA. L. M. J. E. GOULD.


Be - hold a Stran - ger at the door! He gent - ly knocks, has knocked be - fore,
Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.

281 *"At the door."*

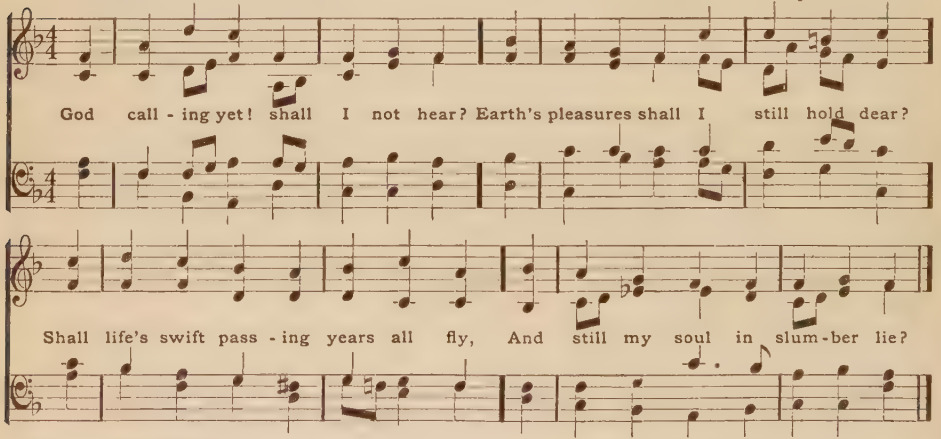
BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need—
The Friend of sinners; yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

Joseph Grigg.

LITLINGTON TOWER. L. M. J. BARNBY.

God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift pass - ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?

282 *"God calling yet."*

GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

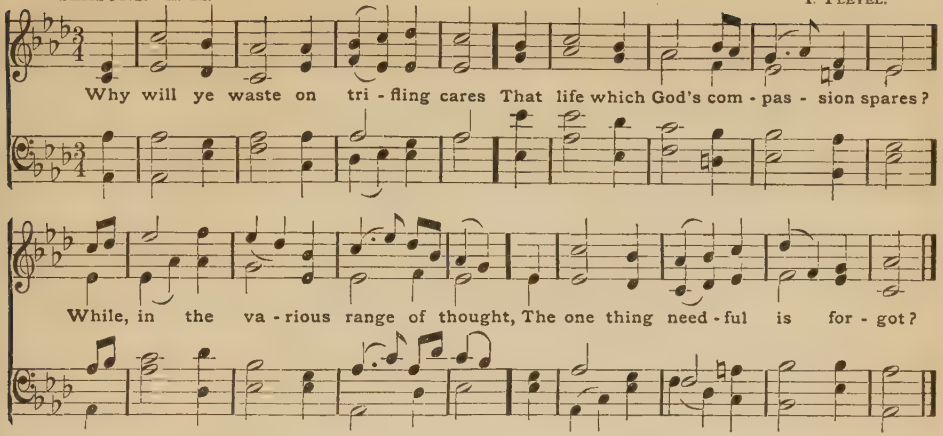
2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Jane Borthwick, tr.

SEASONS. L. M. I. PLEYEL.


Why will ye waste on tri - fling cares That life which God's com - pas - sion spares?
While, in the va - rious range of thought, The one thing need - ful is for - got?

283 *One Thing needful.*

WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

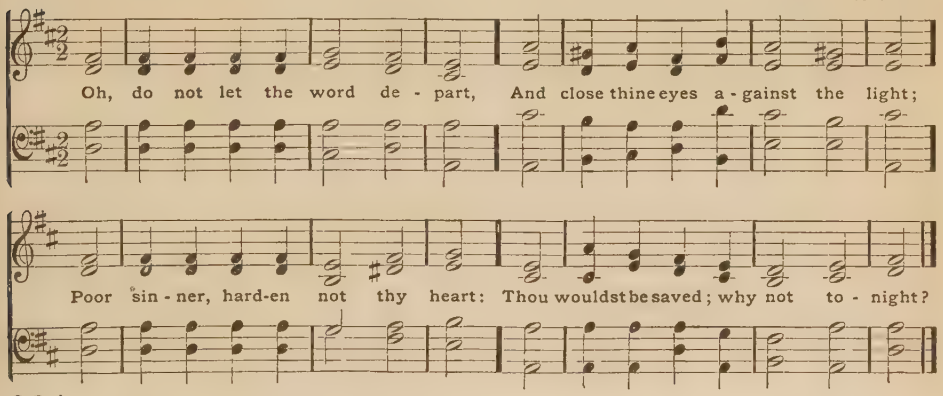
2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart:
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

Philip Doddridge.

ASHWELL. L. M. LOWELL MASON.


Oh, do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a - gainst the light;
Poor sin - ner, hard-en not thy heart: Thou wouldst be saved; why not to - night?

284 *"Why not to-night?"*

OH, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

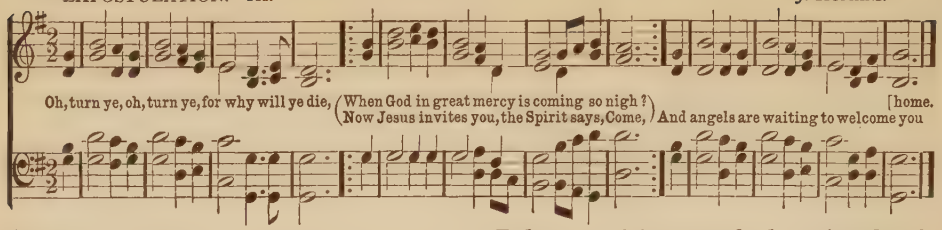
2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time; oh, then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will;
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

4 Our blessèd Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

Mrs. Elizabeth Reed.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s. J. HOPKINS.


Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, (When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,) And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

285 *"Why will ye die?"*

OH, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
Oh, how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'T is you he bids welcome; he bids you come home. *Josiah Hopkins.*

286 *Procrastination.*

DELAY not, delay not; O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded; the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

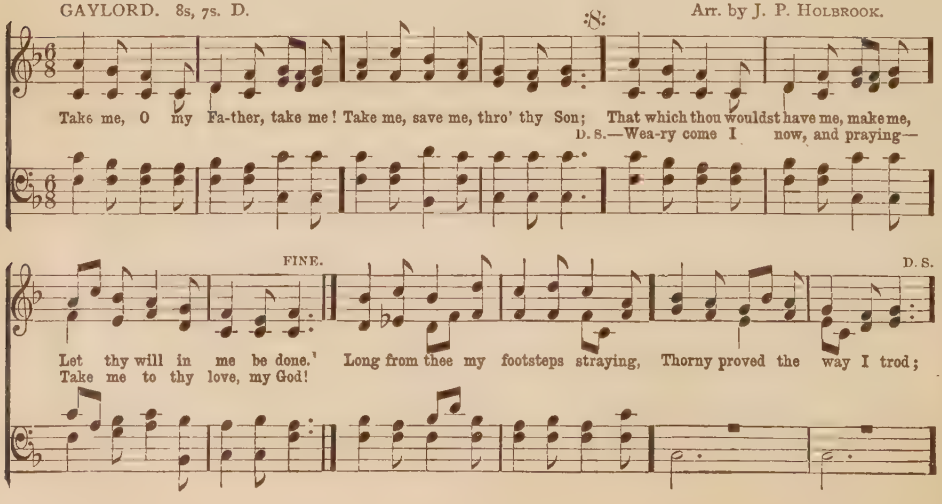
3 Delay not, delay not; the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee his aid? *Thomas Hastings.*

287 *Job 22 : 21.*

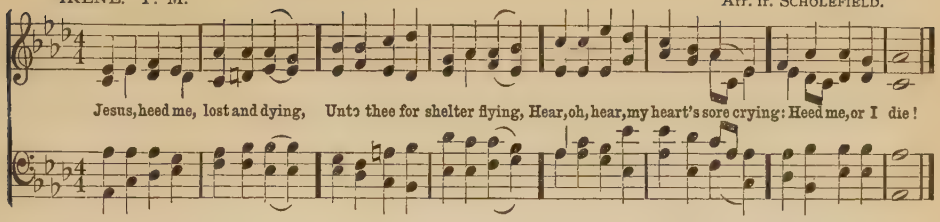
ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path;
Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of death. *William Knox.*

GAYLORD. 8s, 7s. D. Arr. by J. P. HOLBROOK.


Take me, O my Fa-ther, take me! Take me, save me, thro' thy Son; That which thou wouldst have me, make me,
D. S.—Wea-ry come I now, and praying—
FINE.
D. S.
Let thy will in me be done.' Long from thee my footsteps straying, Thorny proved the way I trod;
Take me to thy love, my God!

IRENE. P. M. Arr. fr. SCHOLEFIELD.



288 *The Penitent's Plea.*

JESUS, heed me, lost and dying,
Unto thee for shelter flying,
Hear, oh, hear, my heart's sore crying:
Heed me, or I die!

2 All my sin and sorrow feeling,
Come I, as the leper, kneeling;
Come to thee for help and healing,
Heal me, or I die!

3 Naught have I to plead of merit,
Naught but curse do I inherit;
By thy gracious, quickening Spirit
Save me, or I die!

4 Not my tears of deep contrition
Can secure one sin's remission,
Helpless, hopeless my condition:
Help me, or I die!

5 Far away my dead works flinging,
Nothing owning, nothing bringing,
Only to thy mercy clinging:
Bless me, or I die!

6 By thy cross, where hope is beaming,
By its crimson fountain streaming,
Flowing for the world's redeeming:
Cleanse me, or I die!

7 So my soul shall praise thee ever,
For the love which changes never,
From which not ev'n death can sever:
Saved no more to die.

R. M. Offord.

289 *"The footsteps of the flock."*

JESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,
Who thy Father's flock dost keep,
Safe we wake and safe we sleep,
Guarded still by thee.

2 In thy promise firm we stand,
None can pluck us from thy hand,
Speak—we hear—at thy command,
We will follow thee.

3 By thy blood our souls were bought,
By thy life salvation wrought,
By thy light our feet are taught,
Lord, to follow thee.

4 Father, draw us to thy Son,
We with joy will follow on,
Till the work of grace is done,
And from sin set free.—

5 We in robes of glory dressed,
Join the assembly of the blest,
Gathered to eternal rest,
In the fold with thee.

Cooke.

---

290 8s, 7s. D. *"Take me."*

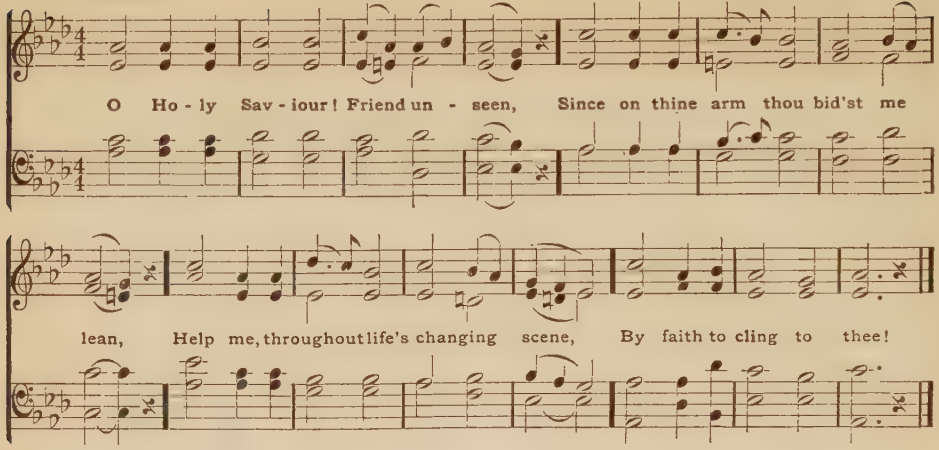
TAKE me, O my Father, take me!
Take me, save me, through thy Son;
That which thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let thy will in me be done.
Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to thy love, my God!

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At thy feet, O Father, falling,
To thy household take me in.
Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer—
Gift unworthy love like thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bare our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee;
Father, take me! all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest!

Ray Palmer.

FLEMMING. 8s, 6s. Arr. fr. FLEMMING.


O Ho - ly Sav - iour! Friend un - seen, Since on thine arm thou bid'st me
lean, Help me, throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to thee!

291 *Clinging to Christ.*

O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

2 Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss;
My joy, my recompense be this,
Each hour to cling to thee!

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee.

4 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

5 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

Charlotte Elliott.

292 *"Plead for me."*

O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That thou wilt plead for me.

2 When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And, fainting, I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh, plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

Charlotte Elliott.

293 *"A will resigned."*

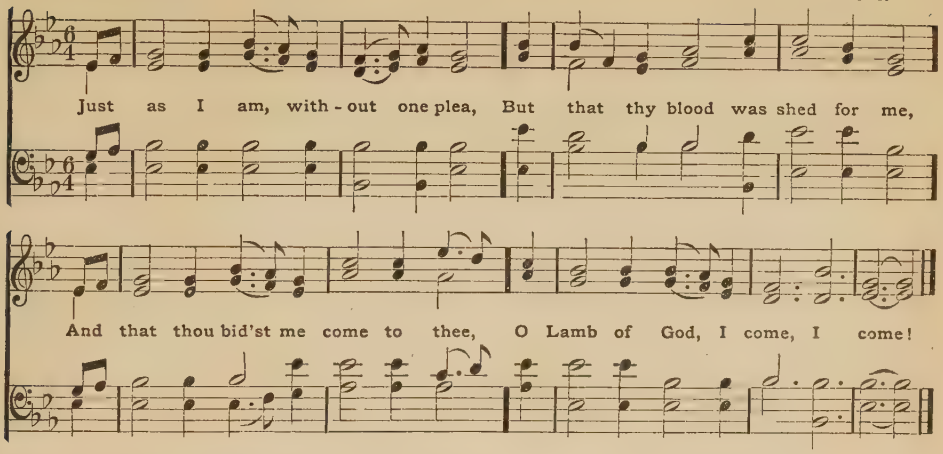
I ASK not now for gold to gild,
With mocking shine, an aching frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled—
I ask not now for fame.

2 But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known;
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to thine own.

3 In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thoughts I scan;
I only feel how weak I am,
How poor and blind is man.

4 And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see;
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto thee.

John G. Whittier.

WOODWORTH. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.

294 *"Lamb of God."*

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

295 *"Be merciful, O God."*

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God hath been merciful to me!

Cornelius Elven.

296 *Psalm 51.*

SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

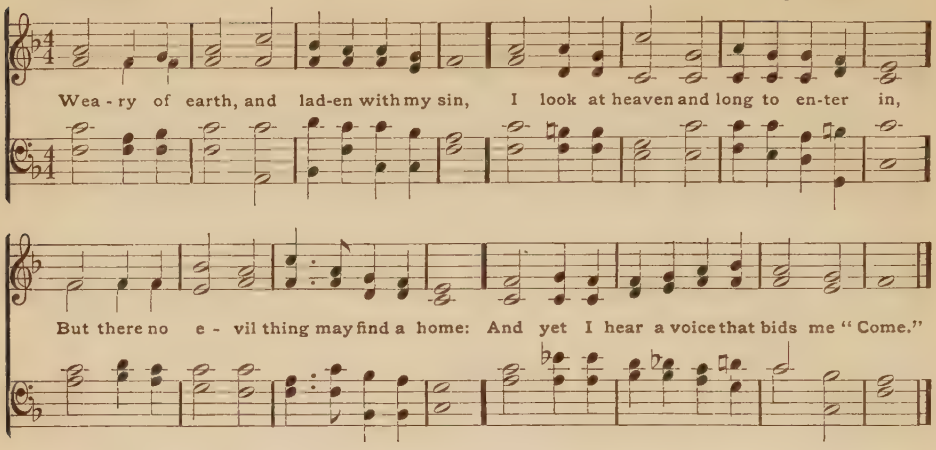
3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord! should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts.

LANGRAN. 10s. J. LANGRAN.


Wea - ry of earth, and lad-en with my sin, I look at heaven and long to en-ter in,
But there no e - vil thing may find a home: And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

297 *"The voice of Jesus."*

WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 'T was he who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.

Samuel J. Stone.

298 *"Thine all the merit."*

O JESUS Christ the righteous! live in me,
That, when in glory I thy face shall see,
Within the Father's house, my glorious dress
May be the garment of thy righteousness.

2 Then thou wilt welcome me, O righteous Lord,
Thine all the merit, mine the great reward;
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down,
Thine the thorn-plaited, mine the righteous crown.

3 Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe;
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

Samuel J. Stone, alt.

299 *"Jesus died."*

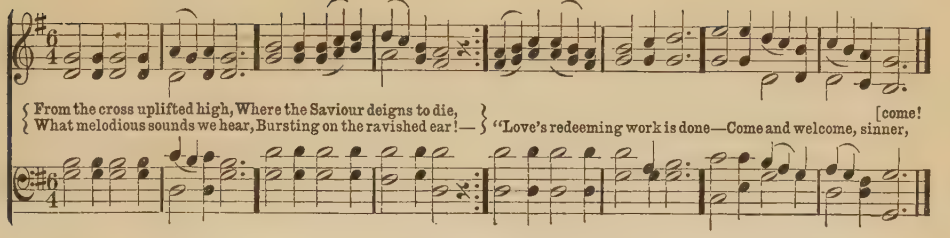
LORD, I am come! thy promise is my plea,
Without thy word I durst not venture nigh!
But thou hast called the burdened soul to thee,
A weary, burdened soul, O Lord, am I!

2 Bowed down beneath a heavy load of sin,
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint I come to thee for rest.

3 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place;
I know no force can tear me from thy side;
Unmoved, I then may all accusers face,
And answer every charge, with—"Jesus died."

John Newton.

HALLE. 7s, 6l. Arr. by T. HASTINGS.


From the cross uplifted high, Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear, Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done—Come and welcome, sinner, come!

300 *"Come and welcome."*

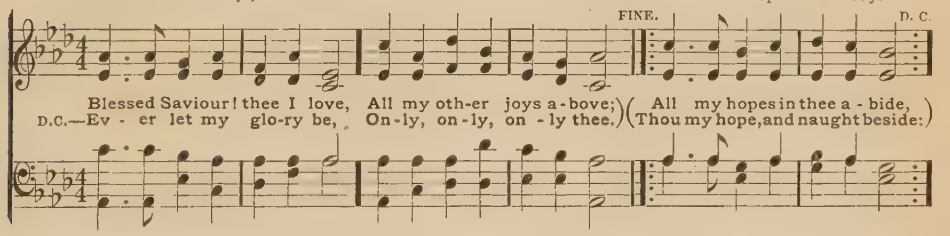
FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 "Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend!
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

Thomas Haweis.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s, 6l. Spanish Melody.


FINE.
D. C.
Blessed Saviour! thee I love, All my oth-er joys a-bove;
All my hopes in thee a-bide,
D.C.—Ev - er let my glo-ry be, On-ly, on-ly, on-ly thee.
Thou my hope, and naught beside:

301 *"Only thee."*

BLESSED Saviour! thee I love,
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in thee abide,
Thou my hope, and naught beside:
Ever let my glory be,
Only, only, only thee.

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,—
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

3 Blesséd Saviour, thine am I,
Thine to live, and thine to die;
Height, or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be
Only, only, only thee.

George Duffield.

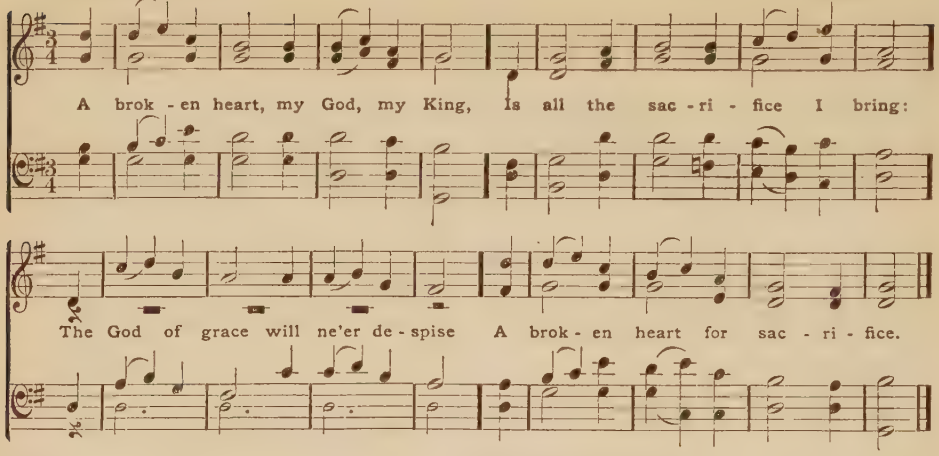
302 *"I am thine."*

JESUS, Master, whose I am,
Purchased thine alone to be,
By thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me;
Let my heart be all thine own,
Let me live to thee alone.

2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer.
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesus, Master, I am thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at thy feet I fall,
Oh, be thou my All in all.

Frances R. Havergal.

WARNER. L. M. Arr. by GEO. KINGSLEY.

303 *Psalm 51.*

A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I 'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

Isaac Watts.

304 *"Thou hast died."*

JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.

2 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

3 What can I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost,—but thou hast died!

Charles Wesley.

305 *"Look unto me."*

SEE a poor sinner, dearest Lord,
Whose soul, encouraged by thy word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And then would look,—and look again.

2 Ah! bring a wretched wanderer home,
Now to thy footstool let me come,
And tell thee all my grief and pain,
And wait and look,—and look again!

3 Take courage, then, my trembling soul;
One look from Christ will make thee whole:
Trust thou in him, 't is not in vain,
But wait and look,—and look again!

Samuel Medley.

306 *Philippians 3: 7–10.*

NO MORE, my God! I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

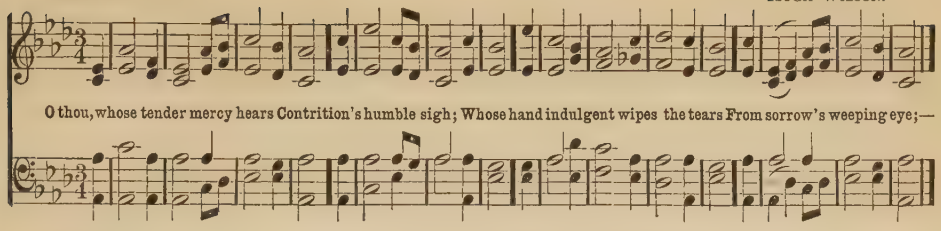
2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count but loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes,—and I must, and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Isaac Watts.

AVON. C. M. HUGH WILSON.



307 "Return."

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
The sense of joy divine.

Anne Steele.

308 "Remember me."

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me!

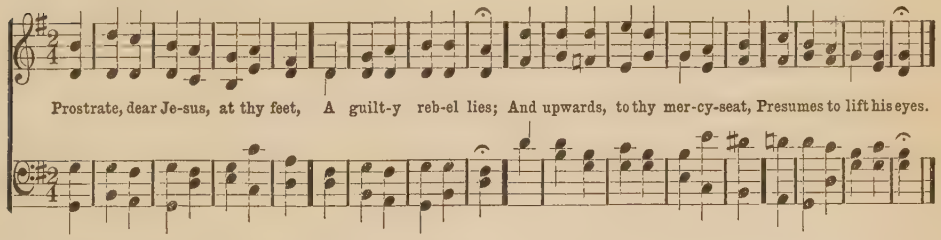
2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Thus, Lord, remember me!

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day—
Dear Lord, remember me!

4 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree:
Be this the prayer of my last breath:
Now, Lord, remember me!

Thomas Haweis.

CRENIM. C. M. R. R. CHOPE.



309 *Deep Penitence.*

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards, to thy mercy-seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Let not thy justice frown me hence;
Oh, stay the vengeful storm;
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

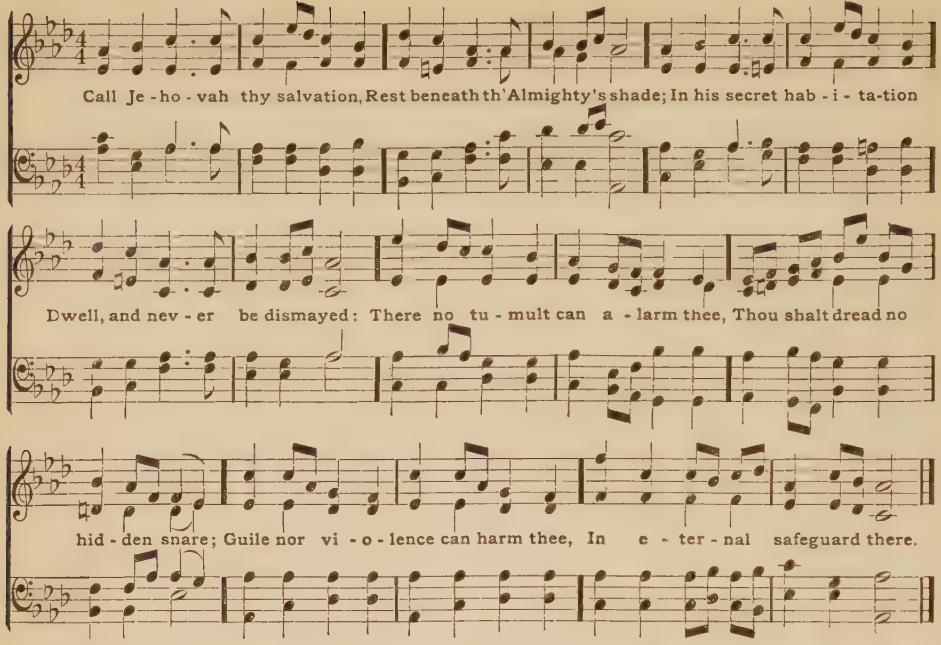
3 If tears of sorrow could suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should, from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless currents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive,
Then justice will approve the word,
That bids the sinner live.

Samuel Stennett.

MANSFIELD. 8s, 7s. D. Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.


Call Je - ho - vah thy salvation, Rest beneath th'Almighty's shade; In his secret hab - i - ta-tion
Dwell, and nev - er be dismayed: There no tu - mult can a - larm thee, Thou shalt dread no
hid - den snare; Guile nor vi - o - lence can harm thee, In e - ter - nal safeguard there.

310 *Psalm 91.*

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword, at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence;
In the depth of midnight, blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
He will shield thee from above;
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here, for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

James Montgomery.

311 *"Finish thy new creation."*

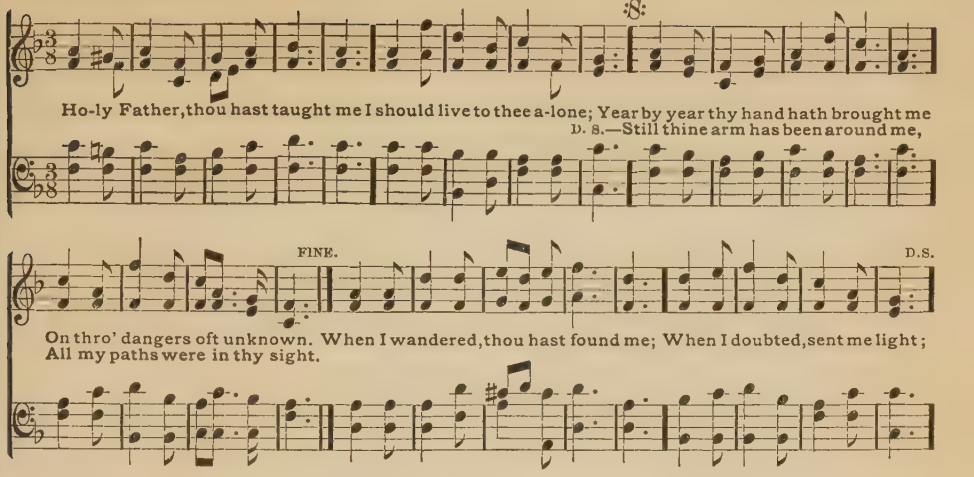
LOVE divine, all love excelling,—
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest:
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley.

TRISTE. 8s, 7s. D. J. P. HOLBROOK.


Ho-ly Father, thou hast taught me I should live to thee a-lone; Year by year thy hand hath brought me
D. S.—Still thine arm has been around me,
FINE.
D.S.
On thro' dangers oft unknown. When I wandered, thou hast found me; When I doubted, sent me light;
All my paths were in thy sight.

312 *"Keep me ever."*

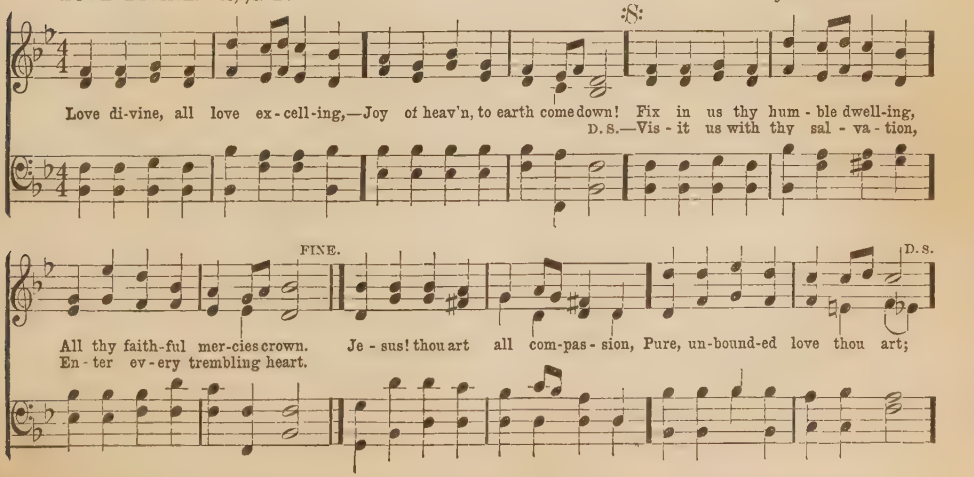
HOLY FATHER, thou hast taught me
I should live to thee alone;
Year by year thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered, thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light;
Still thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in thy sight.

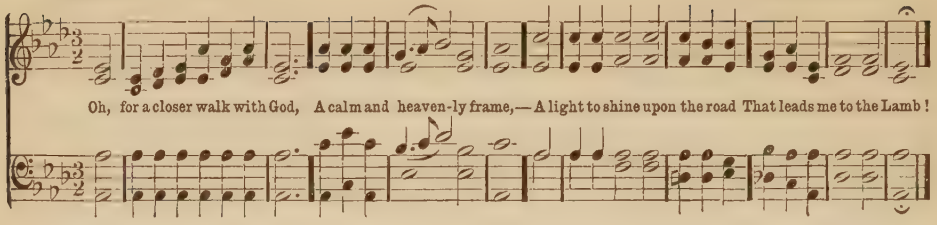
2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in thy protection,
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy direction,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.

John M. Neale.

LOVE DIVINE. 8s, 7s. D. JOHN ZUNDEL.


Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing,—Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us thy hum-ble dwell-ing,
D. S.—Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion,
FINE.
D.S.
All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown. Je-sus! thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art;
En-ter ev-ery trembling heart.

HERMON. C. M. LOWELL MASON.

313 *The closer walk.*

Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,—
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

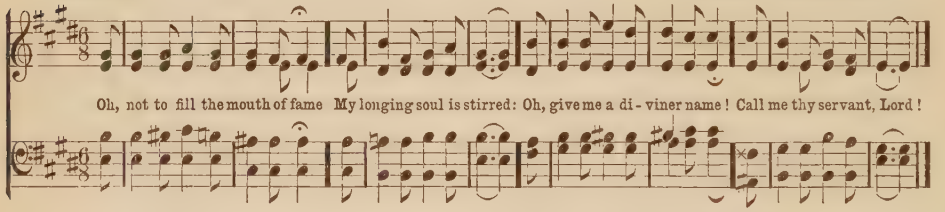
4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper.

SERENITY. C. M. ARR. FR. W. V. WALLACE.



314 *Greatness in Service.*

Oh, not to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred:
Oh, give me a diviner name!
Call me thy servant, Lord!

2 No longer would my soul be known
As uncontrolled and free;
Oh, not mine own, oh, not mine own!
Lord, I belong to thee!

3 Thy servant,—me thy servant choose;
Naught of thy claim abate!
The glorious name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate.

4 In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
This is the name for me!
The same sweet style and title given
Through all eternity.

Thomas H. Gill.

315 *"Trembleth at my word."*

Oh, for that tenderness of heart,
That bows before the Lord;
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word.

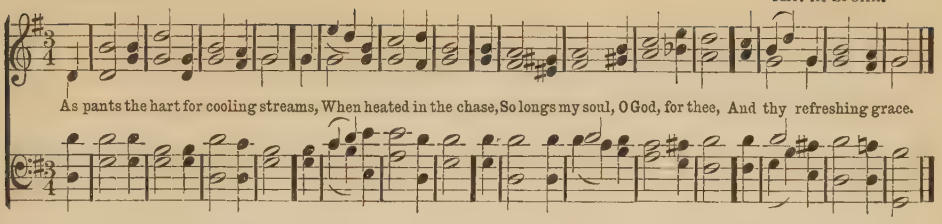
2 Oh, for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That sense of guilt which, trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow!

3 Saviour! to me, in pity give,
For sin, the deep distress;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace.

4 Oh, fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above,—
Thyself to me reveal.

Charles Wesley.

CHERITH. C. M. Arr. fr. SPOHR.



316 *Psalm 42.*

As PANTS the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God—the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord! wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Henry F. Lyte.

317 *"I shall be with Him."*

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

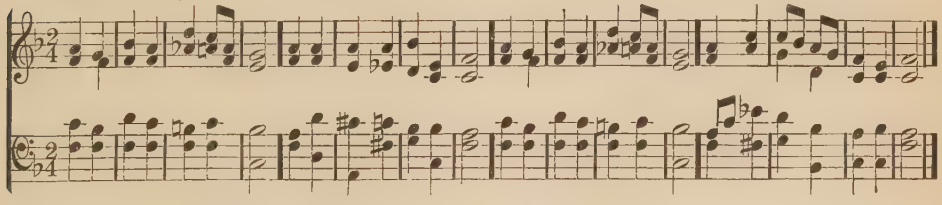
3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
No one into his kingdom comes,
But through his opened door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet,
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!

5 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Richard Baxter.

SEYMOUR. 7s. Arr fr. VON WEBER.



318 *"My repentings are kindled."*

DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

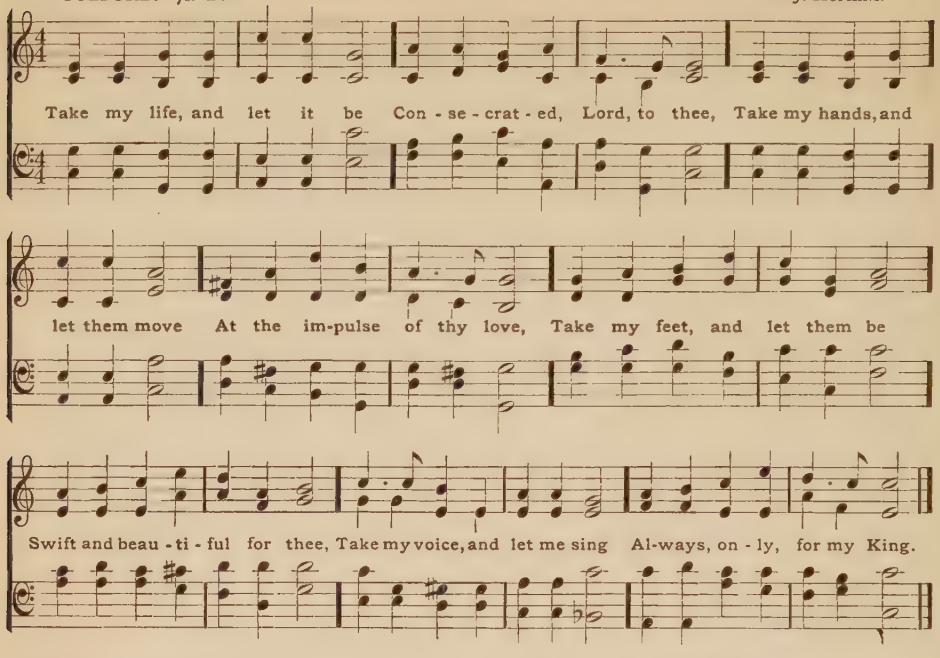
2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face:
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands!
God is love! I know, I feel:
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Charles Wesley.

CULFORD. 7s. D. E. J. HOPKINS.


Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee, Take my hands, and
let them move At the im-pulse of thy love, Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee, Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.

319 *All for Jesus.*

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee,
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love,
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee,
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

2 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee,
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise,
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

3 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is thine own!
It shall be thy royal throne.
Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all, for thee!

Frances R. Havergal.

320 *A hard heart.*

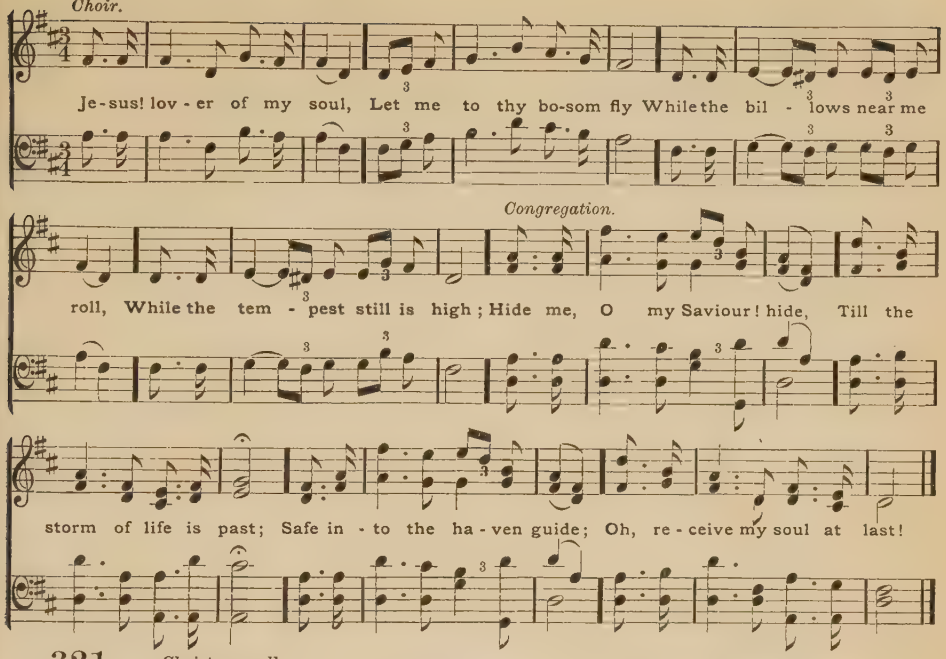
OH, this soul, how dark and blind!
Oh, this foolish, earthly mind!
Oh, this froward, selfish will,
Which refuses to be still!
Oh, these ever-roaming eyes,
Upward that refuse to rise!
Oh, these wayward feet of mine,
Found in every path but thine!

2 Oh, this stubborn, prayerless knee,
Hands so seldom clasped to thee,
Longings of the soul, that go
Like the wild wind, to and fro!
To and fro, without an aim,
Turning idly whence they came,
Bringing in no joy, no bliss,
Only adding weariness!

3 Giver of the heavenly peace!
Bid, oh, bid these tumults cease;
Minister thy holy balm;
Fill me with thy Spirit's calm:
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Leave me not in sin to stay;
Bearer of the sinner's guilt,
Lead me, lead me, as thou wilt.

Horatius Bonar.

REFUGE. 7s. D. J. P. HOLBROOK.


Choir.
Je-sus! lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly While the bil - lows near me
Congregation.
roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour! hide, Till the
storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!

321 *Christ, our all.*

JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!

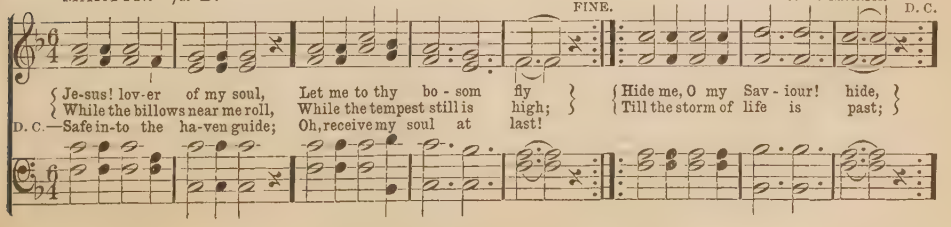
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

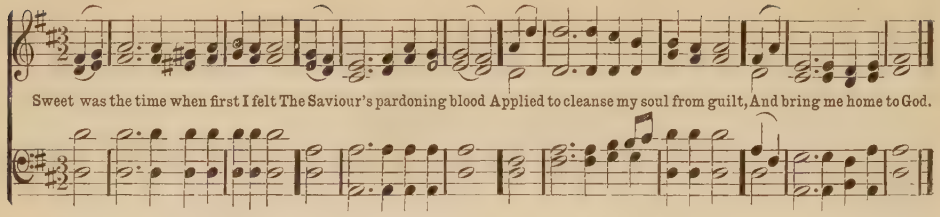
4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

MARTYN. 7s. D. S. B. MARSH.


FINE.
D. C.
{ Je-sus! lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly } { Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide, }
{ While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high; } { Till the storm of life is past; }
D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide; Oh, receive my soul at last!

COOLING. C. M. A. J. Abbey.


Sweet was the time when first I felt The Saviour's pardoning blood Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

322 *"Where is the blessedness."*

Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening shade prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

John Newton.

323 *"What hourly dangers!"*

Alas! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, oh, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

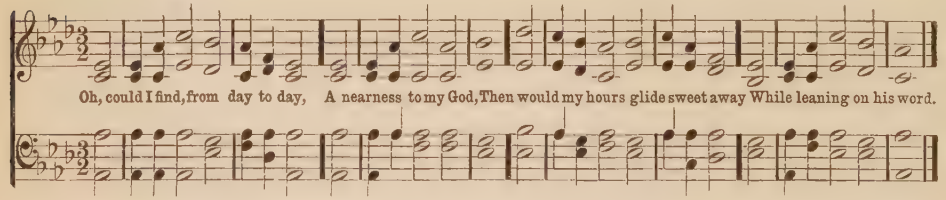
3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Oh, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee!
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

Anne Steele.

EVAN. C. M. W. H. Havergal.



324 *"Nearer to thee."*

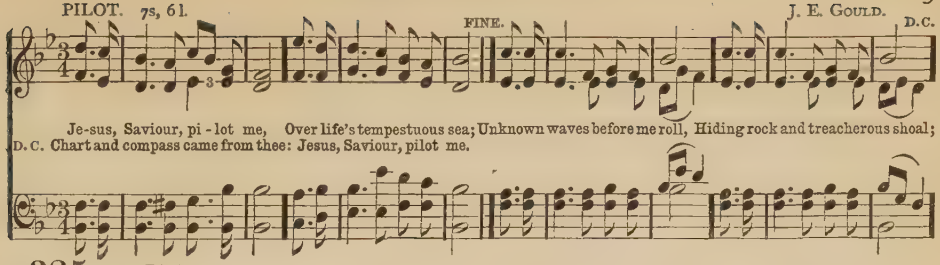
Oh, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I 'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

Benjamin Cleveland.


PILOT. 7s, 6l.
J. E. GOULD.
FINE.
D.C.
Je-sus, Saviour, pi - lot me, Over life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
D. C. Chart and compass came from thee: Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

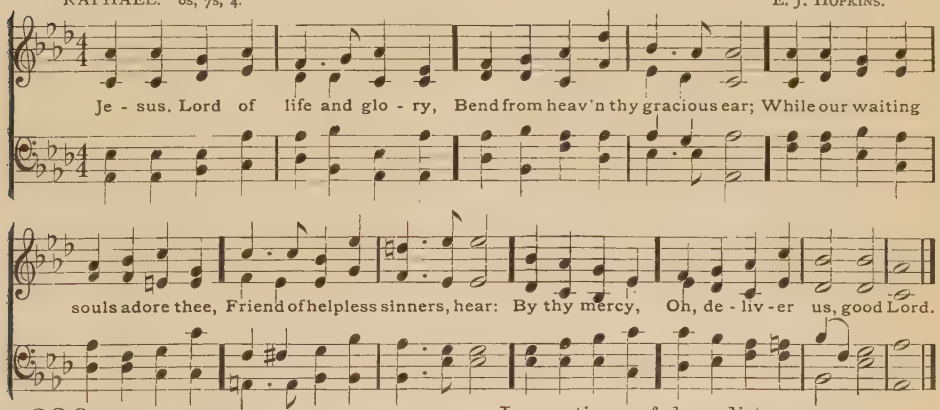
325 *Life's Sea.*

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

Edward Hopper.


RAPHAEL. 8s, 7s, 4.
E. J. HOPKINS.
Je - sus, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from heav'n thy gracious ear; While our waiting
souls adore thee, Friend of helpless sinners, hear: By thy mercy, Oh, de - liv - er us, good Lord.

326 *The Litany.*

JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:
By thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

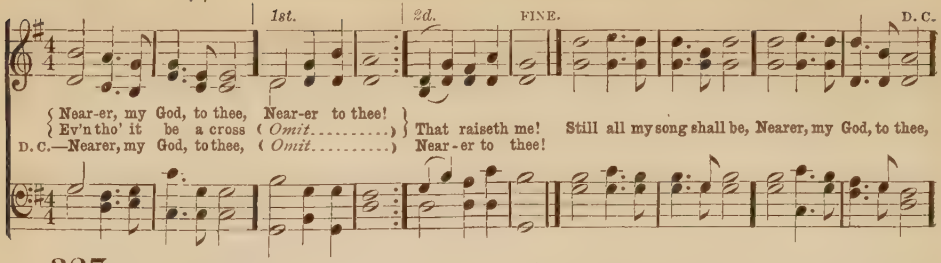
3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

5 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment-day,
May our souls, on thee relying,
Find thee still our Hope and Stay:
By thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

James J. Cummins.

BETHANY. 6s, 4s. LOWELL MASON.


1st.
2d.
FINE.
D. C.
{ Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!
{ Ev'n tho' it be a cross (Omit.....) That raiseth me!
D. C.—Nearer, my God, to thee, (Omit.....) Near-er to thee!
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee,

327 *Genesis 28: 10–22.*

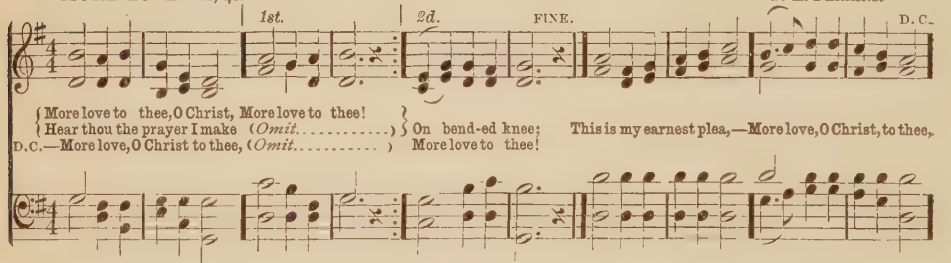
NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
Ev'n though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven:
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I 'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Mrs. S. F. Adams.

MORE LOVE. 6s, 4s. T. E. PERKINS.

1st.
2d.
FINE.
D. C.
{ More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee!
{ Hear thou the prayer I make (Omit.....) On bend-ed knee;
D. C.—More love, O Christ to thee, (Omit.....) More love to thee!
This is my earnest plea,—More love, O Christ, to thee,

328 "*More love.*"

MORE love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

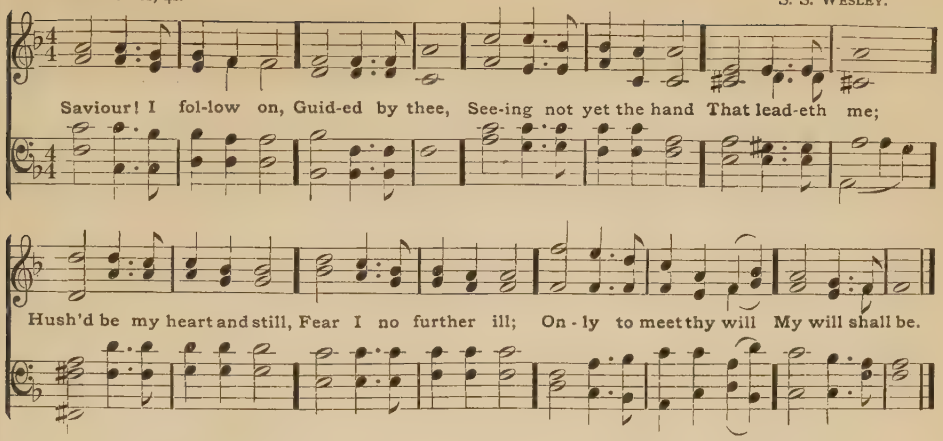
2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,—
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise,
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

Mrs. E. P. Prentiss.

EDEN. 6s, 4s. S. S. WESLEY.


Saviour! I fol-low on, Guid-ed by thee, See-ing not yet the hand That lead-eth me;
Hush'd be my heart and still, Fear I no further ill; On - ly to meet thy will My will shall be.

329 "*A way they knew not.*"

SAVIOUR! I follow on,
Guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill;
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

3 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent—
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught.

4 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand,
Ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me!

Charles S. Robinson.

330 "*Something for thee.*"

SAVIOUR, thy dying love
Thou gavest me:
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from thee:
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring thee now,
Something for thee.

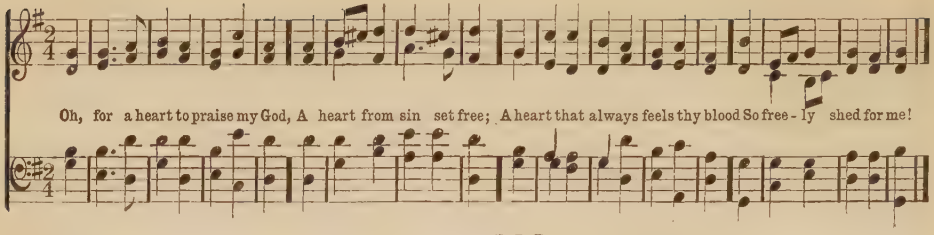
2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for thee.

4 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for thee:
And when thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for thee.

Sylvanus D. Phelps.

FARRANT. C. M. R. FARRANT.



331 *"A clean heart."*

OH, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
An image, Lord! of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of Love.

Charles Wesley.

332 *Thanks for victory.*

OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

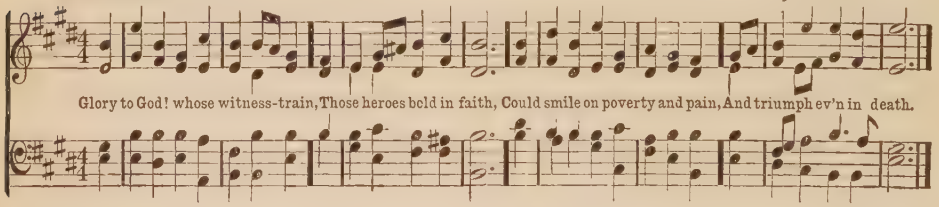
3 Jesus—the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'T is music to my ravished ears;
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven;
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

Charles Wesley.

KORNTHAL. C. M. J. G. FRECH.



333 *Martyr-faith.*

GLORY to God! whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph ev'n in death.

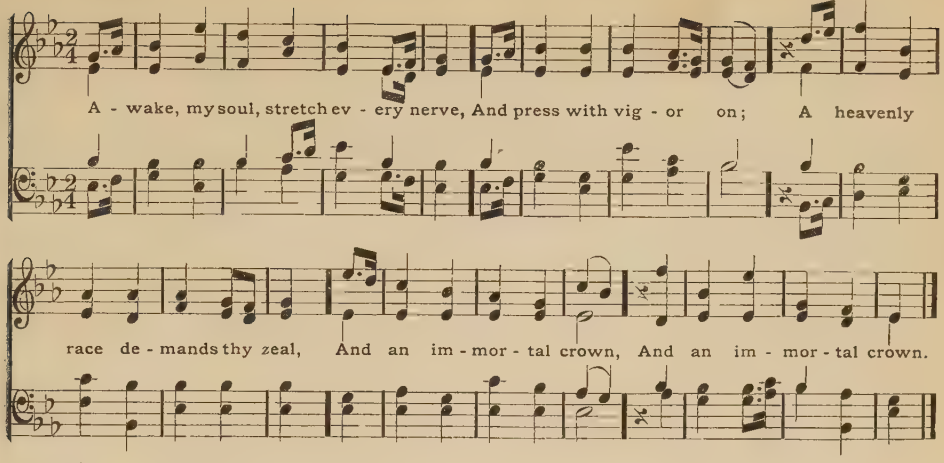
2 Oh, may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood,
When, in the power of cruel men,
They poured their willing blood.

3 God whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smooth the wave,
For such as love his name.

4 Lord! if thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

Moravian, tr.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. Arr. fr. HÄNDEL.


A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heavenly
race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.

334 *The Race.*

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high,
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge.

335 *The Warfare.*

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts.

336 *"I'm not ashamed."*

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

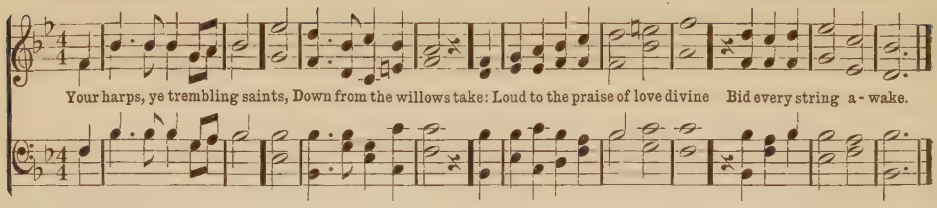
2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts.

ALEXANDER. S. M. CHARLES ZEUNER.



337 *Our salvation near.*

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

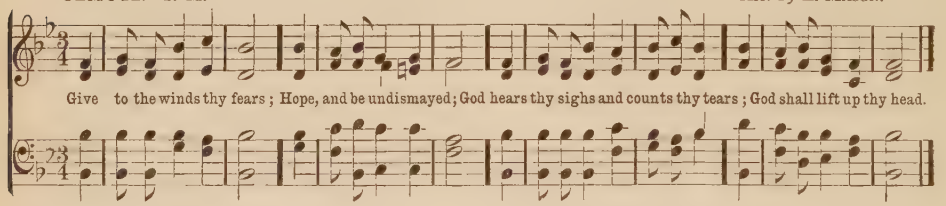
3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
Who stays himself on thee;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

A. M. Toplady.

OLMUTZ. S. M. Arr. by L. MASON.

338 *"Be of good courage."*

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work has wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

John Wesley, tr.

339 *"Weigh not thy life."*

MY soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown;
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

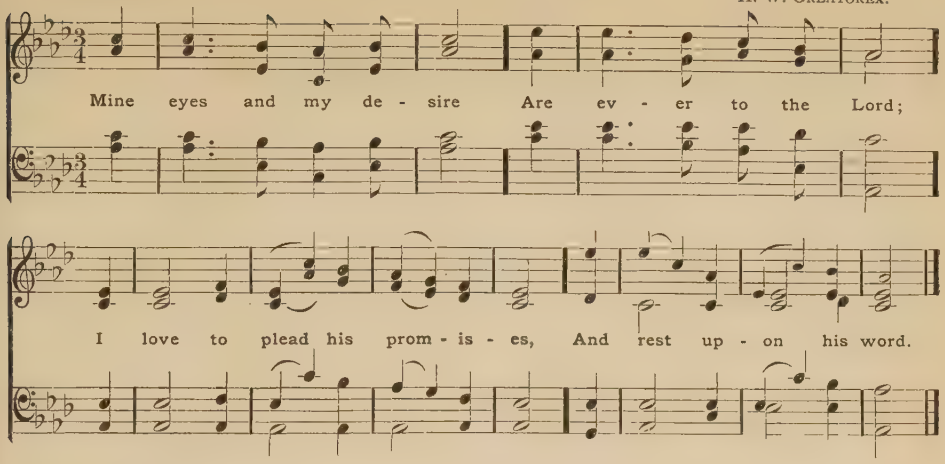
2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfill;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

Leonard Swain.

LEIGHTON. S. M. H. W. GREATOREX.



340 *Psalm 25.*

MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 Lord, turn to thee my soul;
Bring thy salvation near:
When will thy hand release my feet
From sin's destructive snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

4 Oh, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame!
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

5 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

Isaac Watts.

341 *Psalm 60.*

ARISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.

2 We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King!
We follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light;
'T will serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight.

5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

Thomas Kelly.

342 *Psalm 31.*

MY spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

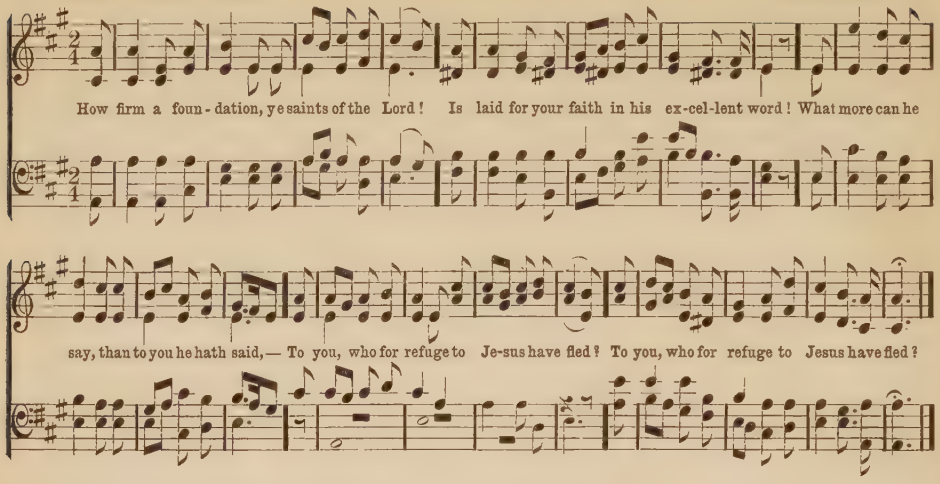
2 In thee I place my trust;
On thee I calmly rest:
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,—
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

Henry F. Lyte.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s. M. PORTUGAL.


How firm a foun-dation, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he
say, than to you he hath said,— To you, who for refuge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

343 *"Fear Not."*

How FIRM a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,—
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

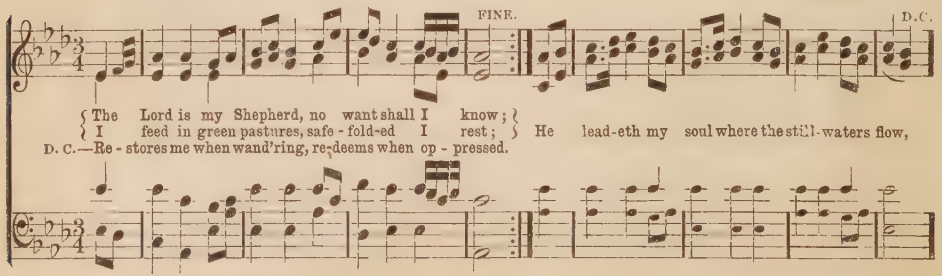
3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

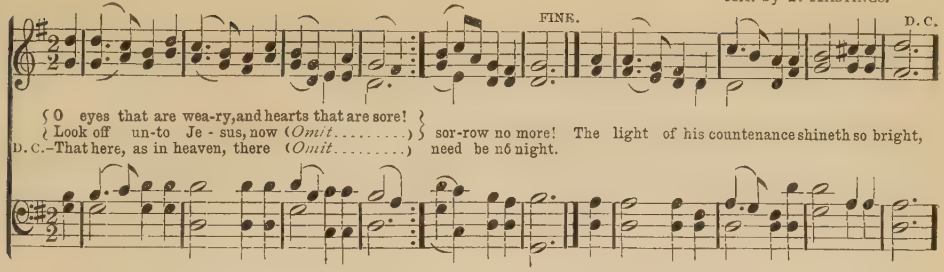
4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "Ev'n down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

George Keith.

CANA. 11s. GEO. KINGSLEY.

FINE.
D.C.
The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-fold-ed I rest;
He lead-eth my soul where the still-waters flow,
D. C.—Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.

GOSHEN. 11s. Arr. by T. HASTINGS.

FINE.
D. C.
O eyes that are wea-ry, and hearts that are sore!
Look off un-to Je - sus, now (Omit.....) sor-row no more! The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
D. C.—That here, as in heaven, there (Omit.....) need be no night.

344 *"Looking unto Jesus."*

O EYES that are weary, and hearts that are sore!
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are you troubled," he saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They bear me away in his presence to be:
I see him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
Shall know how his love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

John N. Darby.

345 *Psalm 23.*

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

James Montgomery.

346 *"Faint, yet pursuing."*

THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our Leader, his word is our stay;
Tho' suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,
The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?

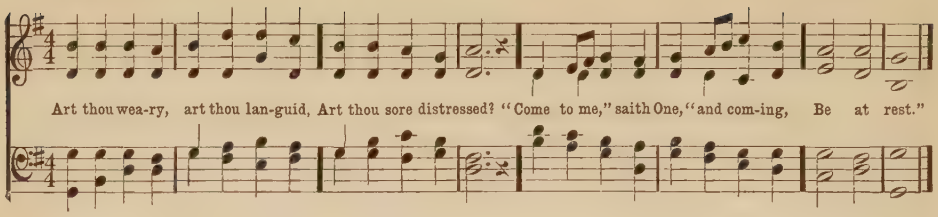
2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
The weak, and oppressed—he will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter?—our help is in God!

3 And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly he feeds!
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So, faint yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home!

John N. Darby.

STEPHANOS. P. M. W. H. MONK.



347 *Our Master.*

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?—
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?—
"Yea, a crown, in very surety;
But of thorns."

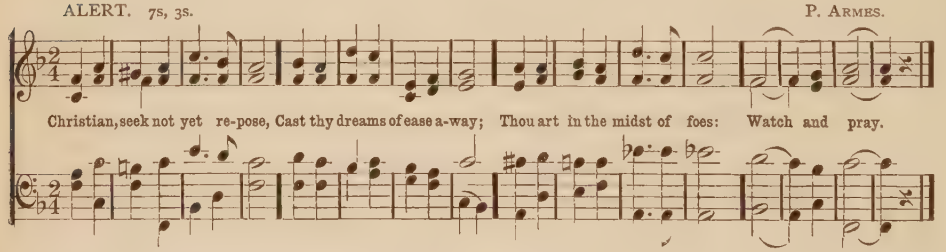
4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?—
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?—
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?—
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?—
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes." *John M. Neale*, tr.

ALERT. 7s, 3s. P. ARMES.



348 *Watch and pray.*

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for their unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

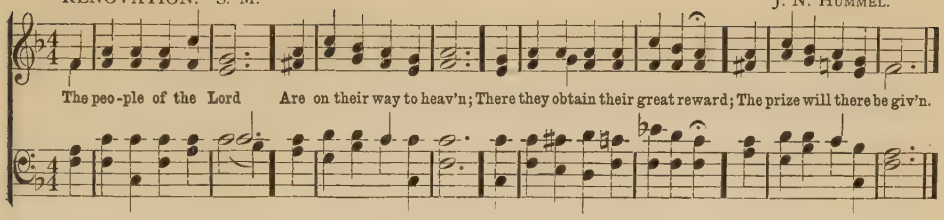
3 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with warning voice exclaim,—
Watch and pray.

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord;
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his word,
Watch and pray.

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray. *Charlotte Elliott.*

RENOVATION. S. M. J. N. HUMMEL.



349 *Christian Pilgrims.*

THE people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven;
There they obtain their great reward;
The prize will there be given.

2 'T is conflict here below;
'T is triumph there, and peace:
On earth we wrestle with the foe;
In heaven our conflicts cease.

3 'T is gloom and darkness here;
'T is light and joy above;
There all is pure, and all is clear;
There all is peace and love.

4 There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care:
The victors there divide the spoil;
They sing and triumph there.

5 Then let us joyful sing:
The conflict is not long:
We hope in heaven to praise our King
In one eternal song.

Thomas Kelly.

350 *"Jehovah Jireh."*

I STAND on Zion's mount,
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can thrust me down.

2 The lofty hills and towers,
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be leveled low in dust—
Their very names shall die.

3 The vaulted heavens shall fall,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens, the Rock
Of my salvation stands!

Joseph Swain.

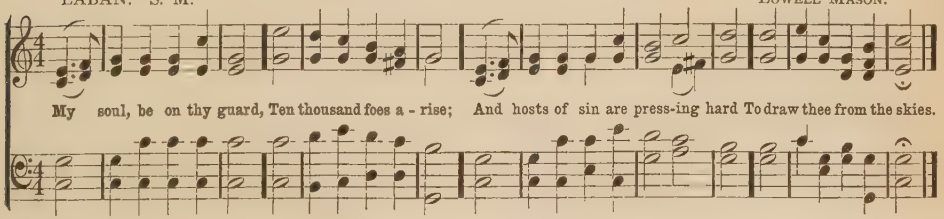
351 *"Goeth forth weeping."*

THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come, at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

George Burgess.

LABAN. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



352 *"Watch."*

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

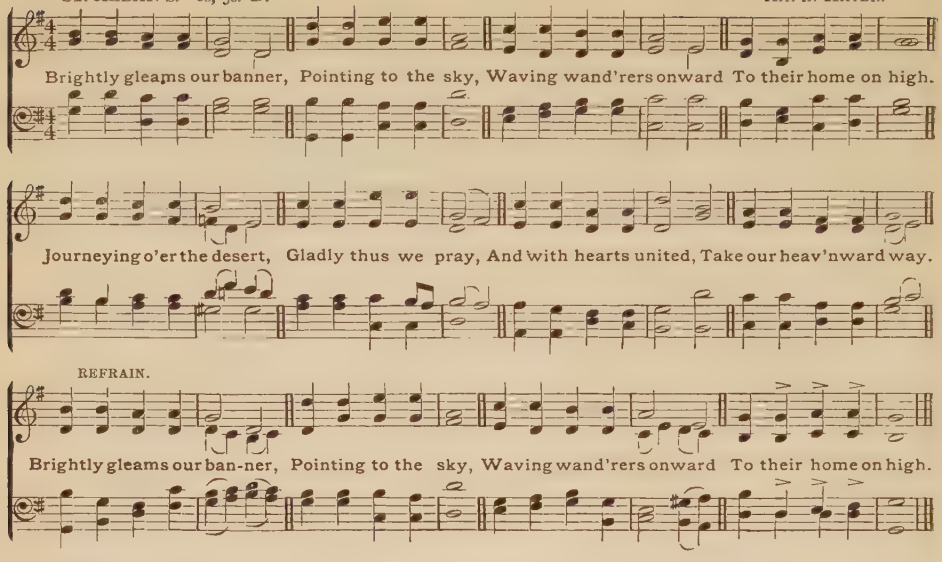
2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He 'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

George Heath.

ST. ALBAN'S. 6s, 5s. D. Arr. fr. HAYDN.


Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rers onward To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert, Gladly thus we pray, And with hearts united, Take our heav'nward way.
REFRAIN.
Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rers onward To their home on high.

353 "*Jehovah Nissi.*"

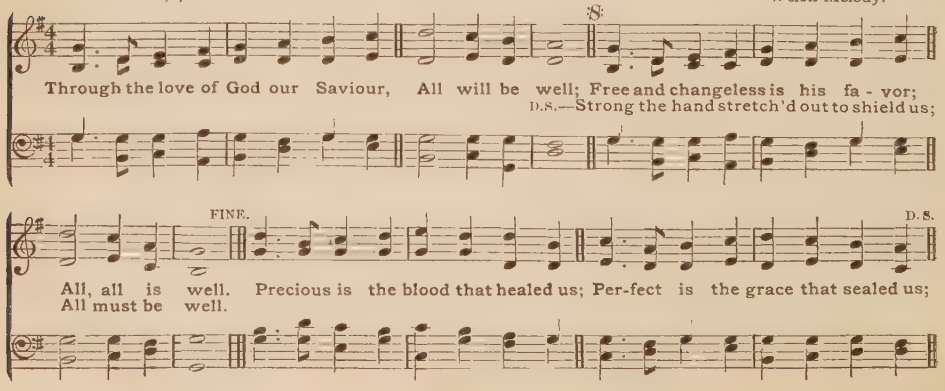
BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united,
Take our heavenward way.—REF.

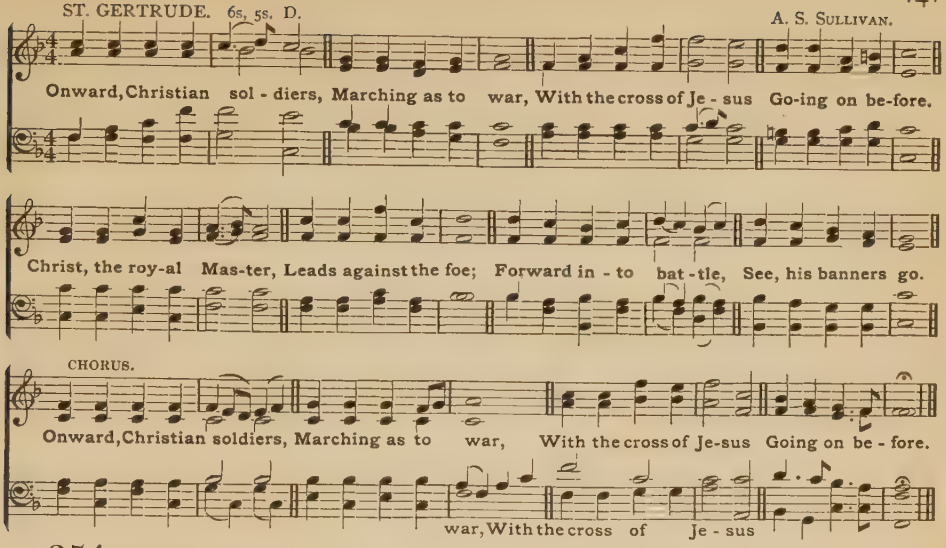
2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See thy children meet;
Often have we left thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—REF.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower;
Pardon thou and save us
In the last dread hour.—REF.

Thomas J. Potter.

WALES. 8s, 4s. Welsh Melody.


Through the love of God our Saviour, All will be well; Free and changeless is his fa - vor;
D.S.—Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us;
FINE.
D. S.
All, all is well. Precious is the blood that healed us; Per-fect is the grace that sealed us;
All must be well.


ST. GERTRUDE. 6s, 5s. D.
A. S. SULLIVAN.
Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.
Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, his banners go.
CHORUS.
Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Going on be - fore.
war, With the cross of Je - sus

354 "*Fight the good fight.*"

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go.—CHO.

2 Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—CHO.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—CHO.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—CHO.

S. Baring-Gould.

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355 8s, 4s. "*All is well.*"

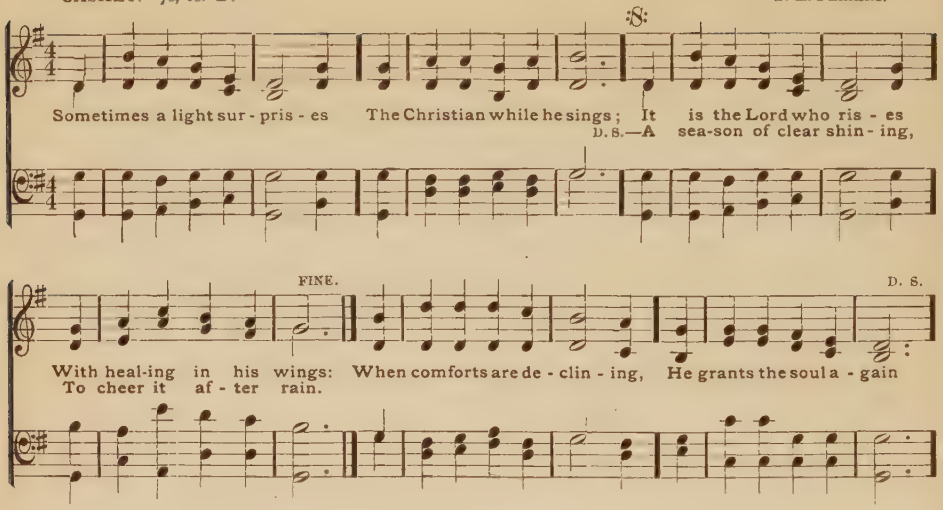
THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is his favor;
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us;
Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well:
Ours is such a full salvation;
All, all is well.
Happy still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

Mrs. Mary B. Peters.

CASKEY. 7s, 6s. D. T. E. PERKINS.


:S:
Sometimes a light sur - pris - es The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord who ris - es
D. S.—A sea-son of clear shin - ing,
FINE.
D. S.
With heal-ing in his wings: When comforts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain
To cheer it af - ter rain.

356 *Matthew 6: 25–34.*

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bring us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper.

357 *Perfect peace.*

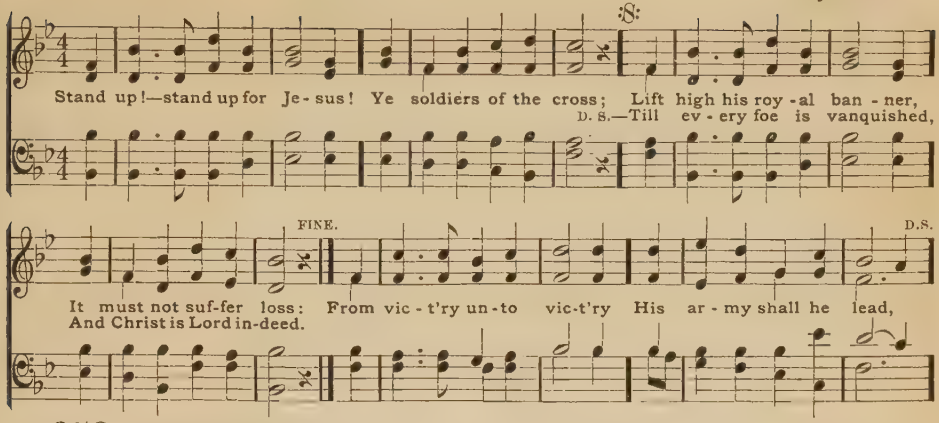
IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring.

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D. G. J. WEBB.


Stand up!—stand up for Je-sus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his roy-al ban-ner,
D. S.—Till ev-ery foe is vanquished,
FINE.
D.S.
It must not suf-fer loss: From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry His ar-my shall he lead,
And Christ is Lord in-deed.

358 *"Having done all, stand."*

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

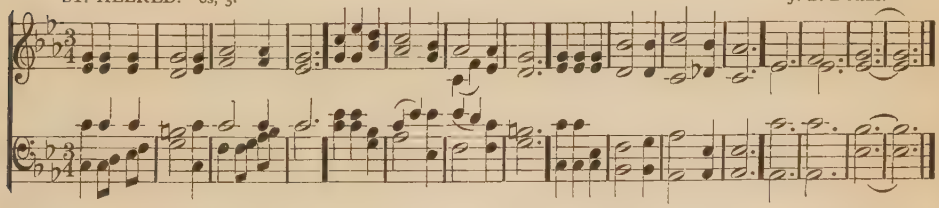
2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

George Duffield.

ST. AËLRED. 8s, 3. J. B. DYKES.



359 *"Peace, be still."*

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did thine anxious servants keep,
But thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

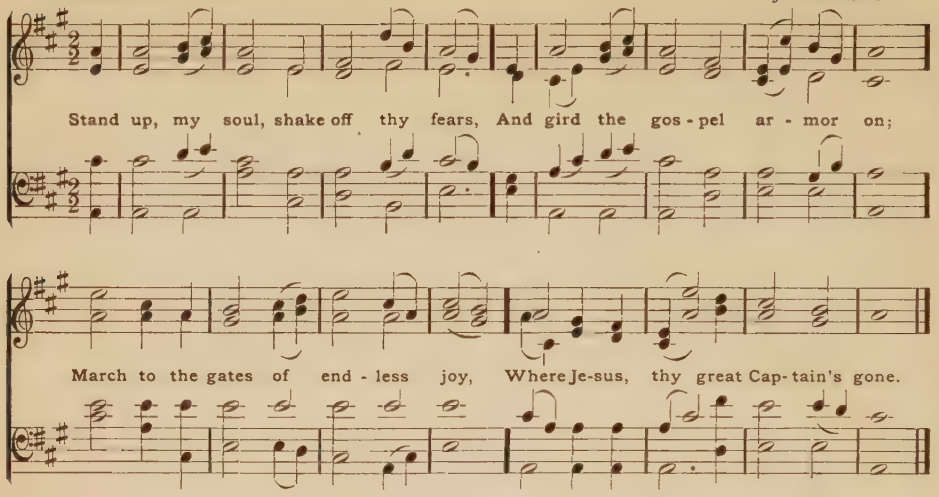
2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"Oh, save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

Godfrey Thring.

WIMBORNE. L. M. J. WHITAKER.


Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on;
March to the gates of end - less joy, Where Je-sus, thy great Cap- tain's gone.

360 *Ephesians 6: 14.*

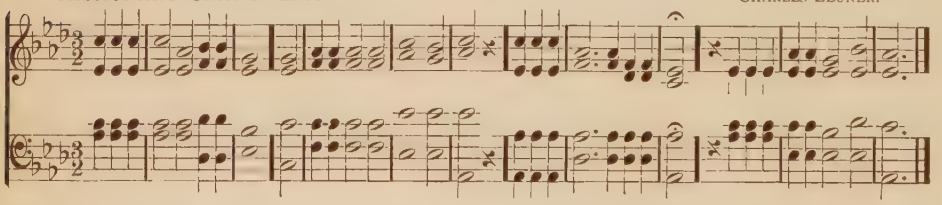
STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Isaac Watts.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. CHARLES ZEUNER.

361 *Isaiah 40: 28–31.*

AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on!

2 True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint—

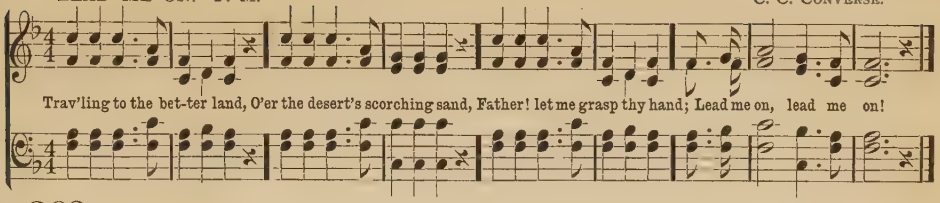
3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road!

Isaac Watts.

LEAD ME ON. P. M. C. C. CONVERSE.



362 *"Lead me on."*

TRAVELING to the better land,
O'er the desert's scorching sand,
Father! let me grasp thy hand;
Lead me on, lead me on!

2 When at Marah, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter water sweet;
Lead me on!

3 When the wilderness is drear,
Show me Elim's palm-grove near,
And her wells, as crystal clear:
Lead me on!

4 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher:
Lead me on!

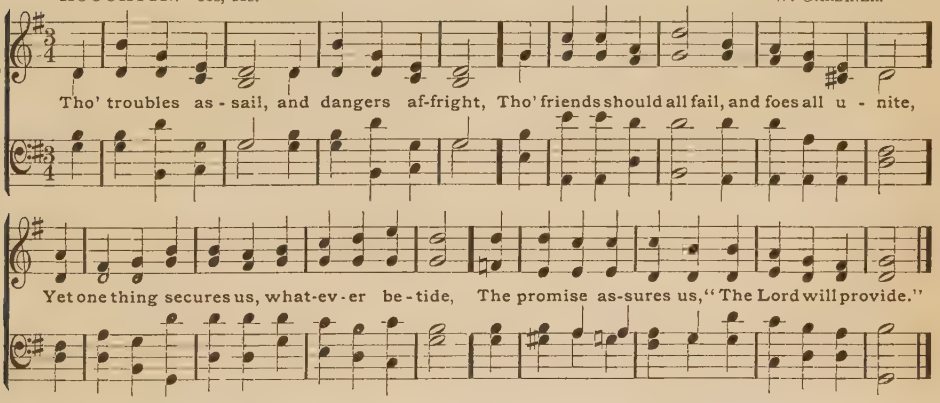
5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then, transported with the sight,
Lead me on!

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink:
Lead me on!

7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on, lead me on!

Anon., 1876.

HOUGHTON. 10s, 11s. W. GARDINER.


Tho' troubles as - sail, and dangers af-fright, Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all u - nite,
Yet one thing secures us, what-ev-er be-tide, The promise as-sures us, "The Lord will provide."

363 *The Lord will provide.*

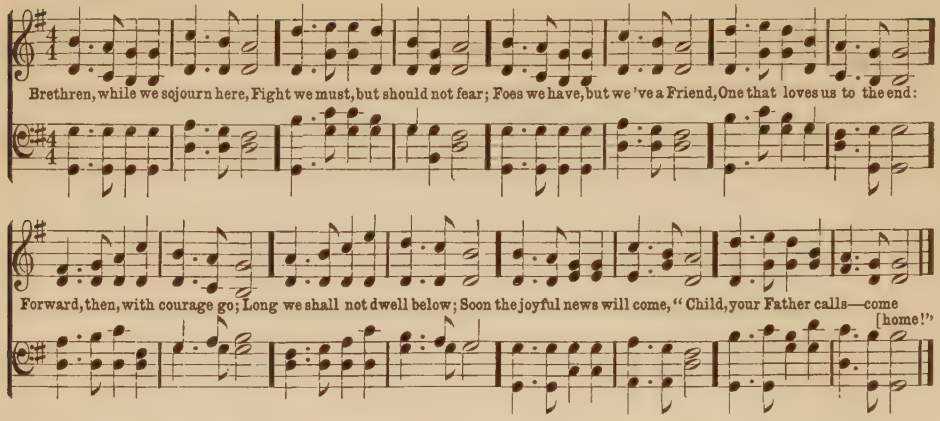
THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

2 The birds, without barn or store-house, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 't is written, "The Lord will provide."

3 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

John Newton.

MESSIAH. 7s. D. Arr. by G. KINGSLEY.


Brethren, while we sojourn here, Fight we must, but should not fear; Foes we have, but we 've a Friend, One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go; Long we shall not dwell below; Soon the joyful news will come, "Child, your Father calls—come home!"

364 *"Come home."*

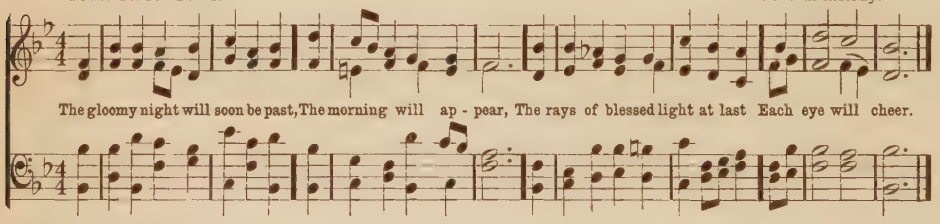
BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we 've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part:
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

Joseph Swain.

MORNING. P. M. German melody.



365 *The Morning Star.*

THE gloomy night will soon be past,
The morning will appear,
The rays of blessèd light at last
Each eye will cheer.

2 Thou bright and morning Star, thy light
Will to our joy be seen;
Thou, Lord, wilt meet our longing sight;
No cloud between.

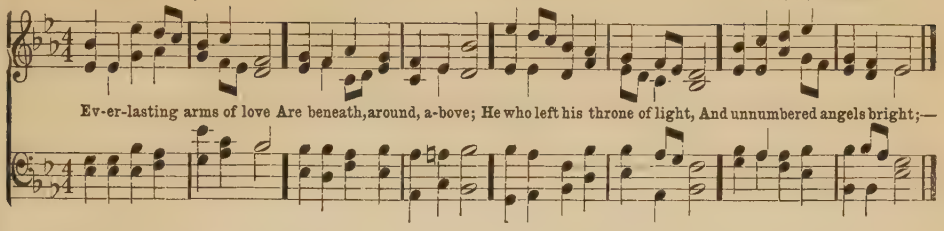
3 Thy love sustains us on our way
While pilgrims here below;
Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day,
Thy grace bestow.

4 But oh! the more we learn of thee
And thy rich mercy prove,
The more we long thy face to see,
And know thy love.

5 Then shine, thou bright and morning Star,
Dispel the dreary gloom;
Oh, take from sin and grief afar
Thy people home.

Samuel P. Tregelles.

THEODORA. 7s. Arr. fr. HÄNDEL.



366 *"The everlasting arms."*

EVERLASTING arms of love
Are beneath, around, above;
He who left his throne of light,
And unnumbered angels bright;—

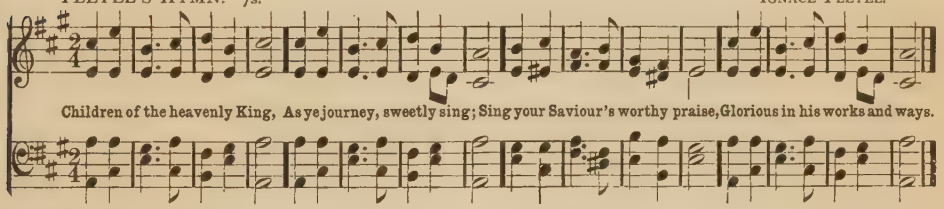
2 He who on the accursèd tree
Gave his precious life for me;
He it is that bears me on,
His the arm I lean upon.

3 All things hasten to decay,
Earth and sea will pass away;
Soon will yonder circling sun
Cease his blazing course to run.

4 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
But the Changeless cannot change:
Gladly will I journey on,
With his arm to lean upon.

John R. Macduff.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. IGNACE PLEYEL.


Children of the heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

367 *Isaiah 35: 8–10.*

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

John Cennick.

368 *Redeeming Love*

NOW BEGIN the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

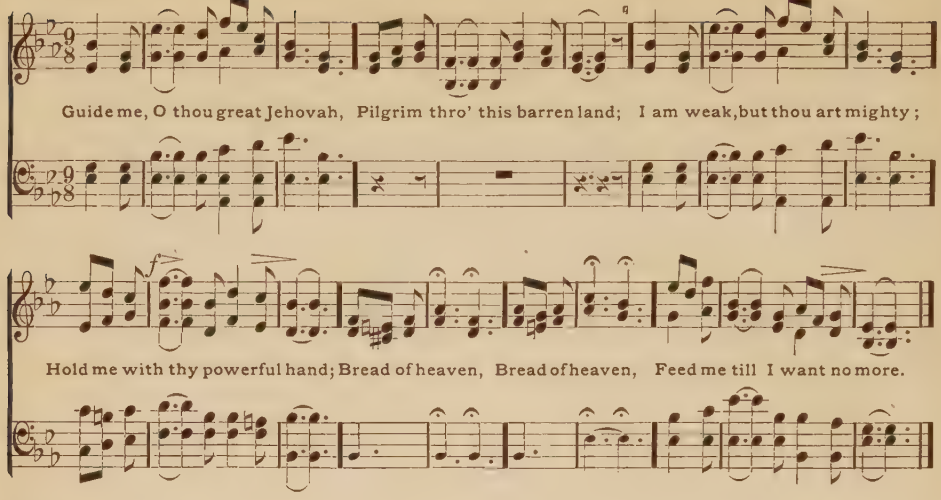
2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Canceled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

John Langford.

SEGUR. 8s, 7s, 4s. J. P. HOLBROOK.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand; Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

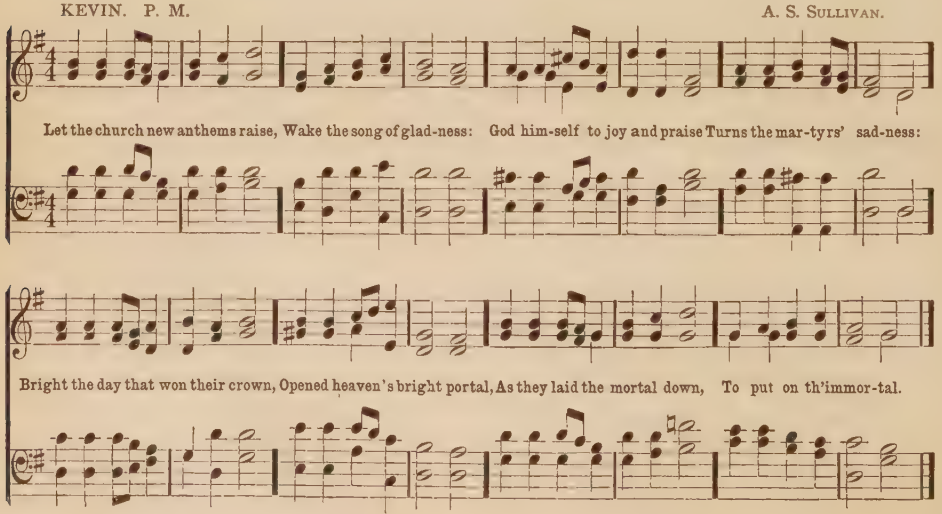
369 *Guidance.*

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

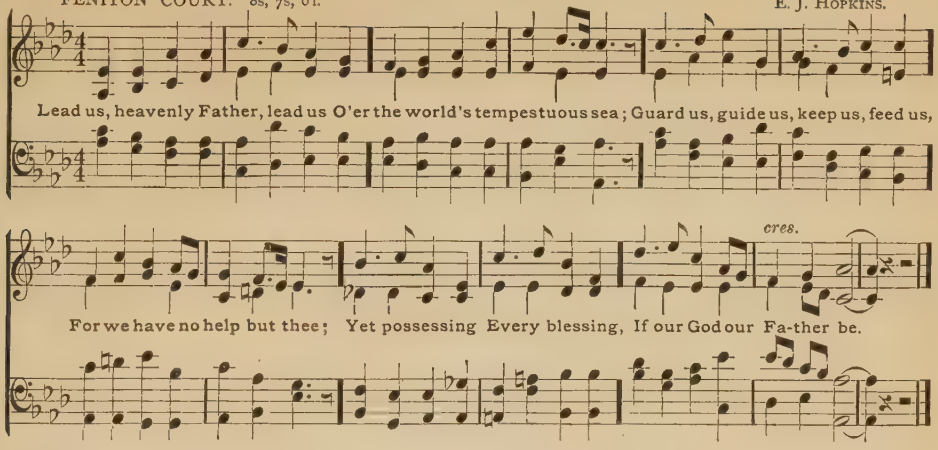
2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's Destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee. *William Williams.*

KEVIN. P. M. A. S. SULLIVAN.


Let the church new anthems raise, Wake the song of glad-ness: God him-self to joy and praise Turns the mar-tyrs' sad-ness:
Bright the day that won their crown, Opened heaven's bright portal, As they laid the mortal down, To put on th'immor-tal.

FENITON COURT. 8s, 7s, 6l. E. J. HOPKINS.


Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us O'er the world's tempestuous sea; Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
cres.
For we have no help but thee; Yet possessing Every blessing, If our God our Fa-ther be.

370 *"Lead us."*

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, Faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston.

371 *"The Pillar Guide."*

SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us,
Without thee we cannot go;
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
Thou hast laid the tyrant low:
Let thy presence
Cheer us all our journey through.

2 When we halt, no track discovering,
Fearful lest we go astray,
O'er our path the pillar hovering,
Fire by night, and cloud by day,
Shall direct us:
Thus we shall not miss our way.

3 When our foes in arms assemble,
Ready to obstruct our way,
Suddenly their hearts shall tremble,
Thou wilt strike them with dismay;
And thy people,
Led by thee, shall win the day.

Thomas Kelly.

---

372 P. M. *"Christian Martyrs."*

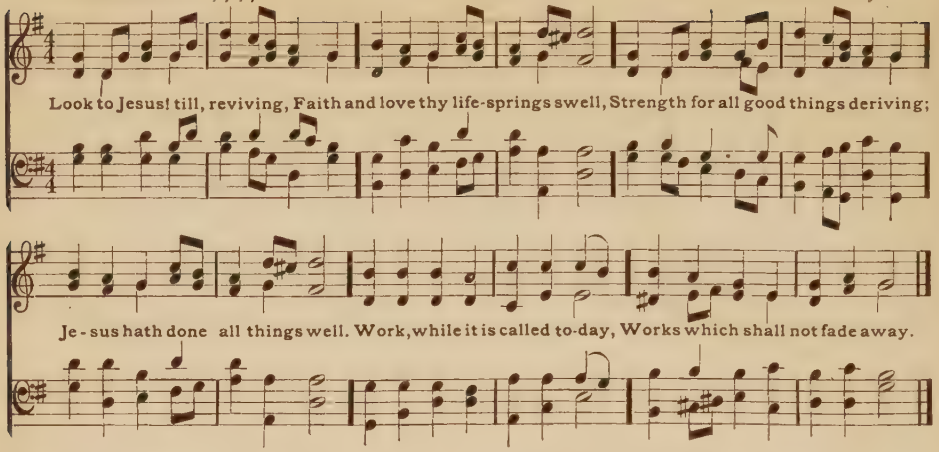
LET the church new anthems raise;
Wake the song of gladness;
God himself to joy and praise
Turns the martyrs' sadness:
Bright the day that won their crown,
Opened heaven's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down
To put on the immortal.

2 Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavor:
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

3 Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Blest who first begin it;
Who will grasp the Land of Life?
Warriors, up and win it!

John M. Neale, tr.

CAERSALEM. 8s, 7s, 7. Welsh melody.


Look to Jesus! till, reviving, Faith and love thy life-springs swell, Strength for all good things deriving;
Je - sus hath done all things well. Work, while it is called to-day, Works which shall not fade away.

373 *"Looking unto Jesus."*

Look to Jesus! till, reviving,
Faith and love thy life-springs swell,
Strength for all good things deriving;
Jesus hath done all things well.
Work, while it is called to-day,
Works which shall not fade away.

2 Look to Jesus, prayerful waking
Where thy feet on roses tread;
Follow, worldly pomp forsaking,
With thy cross, where he hath led.
Baffled shall the tempter flee,
And God's angels come to thee.

3 Look to Jesus, when, dark lowering,
Perils thy horizon dim;
Once from him a band fell cowering;
Calm in tempests, look on him;
Wind and billow, fire and flood,—
Forward! brave by trusting God.

4 Look to Jesus still to shield thee,
When no longer thou may'st live;
In that last need, he will yield thee
Peace the world can never give;
He who finished all for thee
Takes thee, then, with him to be.

Tr. fr. *Swedish.*

374 *"Tried, Precious, Sure."—Isa. 28: 16.*

Through the yesterday of ages,
Jesus, thou hast been the same;
Through our own life's checkered pages,
Still the one dear changeless name;
Well may we in thee confide,
Faithful Saviour, proved and tried.

2 Joyfully we stand and witness
Thou art still to-day the same;
In thy perfect, glorious fitness,
Meeting every need and claim;
Chiefest of ten thousand thou!
Saviour, O most precious, now!

3 Gazing down the far forever,
Brighter glows the one sweet name,
Steadfast radiance paling never,
Jesus, Jesus! still the same;
Evermore thou shalt endure,
Our own Saviour, strong and pure.

Frances R. Havergal.

375 *"Christ, our Head."*

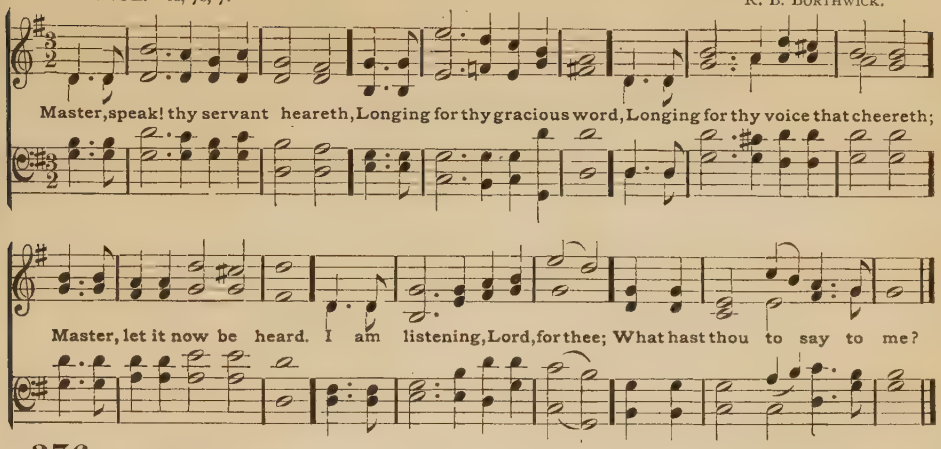
Rise, ye children of salvation,
All who cleave to Christ the Head:
Wake, arise! O mighty nation,
Ere the foe on Zion tread—
He draws nigh, and would defy
All the hosts of God most high.

2 Saints and heroes long before us,
Firmly on this ground have stood:
See their banners waving o'er us—
"Conquerors through the Saviour's blood!"
Ground we hold, whereon of old
Fought the faithful and the bold.

3 When his servants stand before him
Each receiving his reward;
When his saints in light adore him,
Giving glory to the Lord—
Victory! our song shall be,
Like the thunder of the sea!

Tr. fr. *Falckner.*

GRANGE. 8s, 7s, 7. R. B. BORTHWICK.


Master, speak! thy servant heareth, Longing for thy gracious word, Longing for thy voice that cheereth;
Master, let it now be heard. I am listening, Lord, for thee; What hast thou to say to me?

376 *1 Samuel 3 : 10.*

MASTER, speak! thy servant heareth,
Longing for thy gracious word,
Longing for thy voice that cheereth;
Master, let it now be heard.
I am listening, Lord, for thee;
What hast thou to say to me?

2 Often through my heart is pealing
Many another voice than thine;
Many an unwilled echo stealing
From the walls of this thy shrine.
Let thy longed-for accents fall;
Master, speak! and silence all.

3 Master, speak! I do not doubt thee,
Though so tearfully I plead;
Saviour, Shepherd! oh, without thee
Life would be a blank indeed.
But I long for fuller light,
Deeper love and clearer sight.

4 Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the rock!

Frances R. Havergal.

377 *"Jesus only!"*

"JESUS only!" In the shadow
Of the cloud so chill and dim,
We are clinging, loving, trusting,
He with us, and we with him:
All unseen, though ever nigh,
"Jesus only!"—all our cry.

2 "Jesus only!" in the glory,
When the shadows all are flown,
Seeing him in all his beauty,
Satisfied with him alone;
May we join his ransomed throng,
"Jesus only!"—all our song!

Frances R. Havergal.

378 *"He knoweth our frame."*

YES, he knows the way is dreary,
Knows the weakness of our frame,
Knows that hand and heart are weary,
He in all points felt the same.
He is near to help and bless;
Be not weary, onward press.

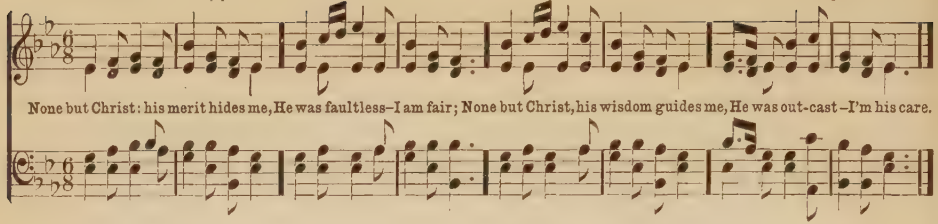
2 Look to him, who once was willing
All his glory to resign,
That, for thee the law fulfilling,
All his merit might be thine.
Strive to follow, day by day,
Where his footsteps mark the way.

3 Look to him, the Lord of Glory,
Tasting death to win thy life;
Gazing on that wondrous story,
Canst thou falter in the strife?
Is it not new life to know
That the Lord hath loved thee so?

4 Look to him, and faith shall brighten,
Hope shall soar, and love shall burn,
Peace once more thy heart shall lighten;
Rise, he calleth thee, return!
Be not weary on thy way;
Jesus is thy strength and stay.

Frances R. Havergal.

BARTIMEUS. 8s, 7s. S. JENKS.


None but Christ: his merit hides me, He was faultless–I am fair; None but Christ, his wisdom guides me, He was out-cast–I'm his care.

379 *None but Jesus.*

NONE but Christ: his merit hides me,
He was faultless—I am fair:
None but Christ, his wisdom guides me,
He was out-cast—I'm his care.

2 None but Christ: his Spirit seals me,
Gives me freedom with control;
None but Christ, his bruising heals me,
And his sorrow soothes my soul.

3 None but Christ: his life sustains me,
Strength and song to me he is;
None but Christ, his love constrains me,
He is mine and I am his.

Mrs. Anne R. Cousin.

380 *"Jesus only."*

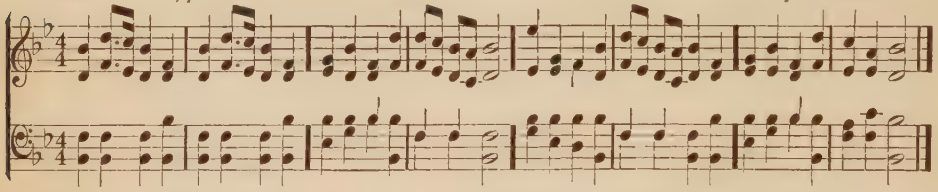
JESUS only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only, when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

3 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

Elias Nason.

WILMOT. 8s, 7s. Arr. by L. MASON.



381 *"With you always."*

ALWAYS with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream—
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

Edwin H. Nevin.

382 *A Living Christ.*

NOW I KNOW the great Redeemer,
Know he lives and spreads his fame;
Lives—and all the heavens adore him;
Lives—and earth resounds his name.

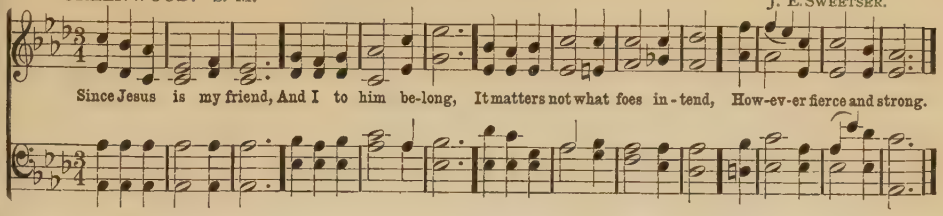
2 My Redeemer lives within me,
Lives—and heavenly life conveys;
Lives—and glory now surrounds me;
Lives—and I his name shall praise.

3 Pardon, peace, and full salvation
From my living Saviour flow;
Light, and life, and consolation,—
All the good I e'er can know.

4 Soon shall I behold my Saviour;
He who lives and reigns above,
Lives—and I shall live for ever,
Live and sing redeeming love!

Richard Burnham.

GREENWOOD. S. M. J. E. SWEETSER.



383 *"Jesus is my friend."*

SINCE Jesus is my friend,
And I to him belong,
It matters not what foes intend,
However fierce and strong.

2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find him near;—

3 How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

4 My heart for gladness springs;
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it smiles and sings,—
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

5 The sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

C. Winkworth, tr.

384 *Unseen, we love.*

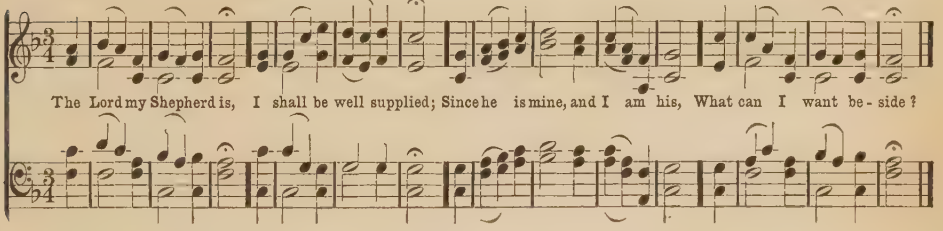
NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name;
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

Isaac Watts.

SEIR. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



385 *Psalm 23.*

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guide me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

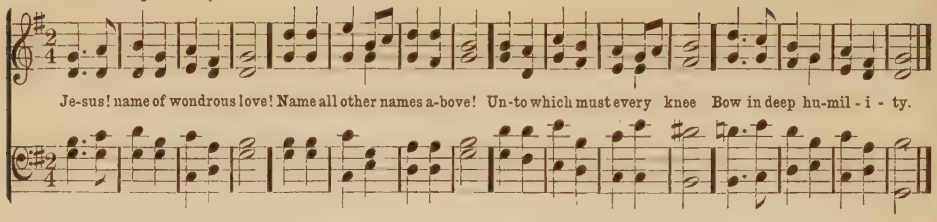
4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

Isaac Watts.

NOMEN JESU. 7s. R. REDHEAD.



386 *The name "Jesus."*

JESUS! name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus! name decreed of old:
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

3 Jesus! name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave—
"Jesus shall his people save."—

4 Jesus! only name that 's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

5 Jesus! name of wondrous love!
Human name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to thee.

William W. How.

387 *"Immanuel."*

SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

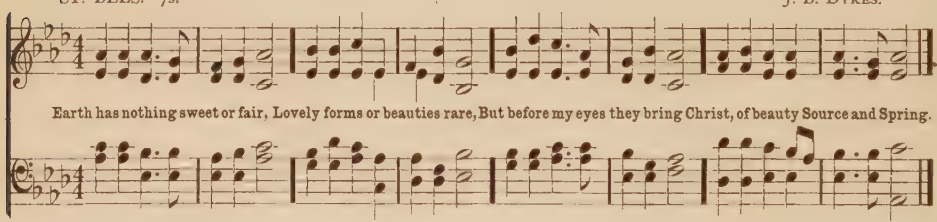
2 When he came, the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high:"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfill,
Bleed and suffer in my room,—
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No; I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour! Shield and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Lord, and Friend—
Every precious name in one!
I will love thee without end.

John Newton.

ST. BEES. 7s. J. B. DYKES.

Earth has nothing sweet or fair, Lovely forms or beauties rare, But before my eyes they bring Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

388 *"Altogether lovely."*

EARTH has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

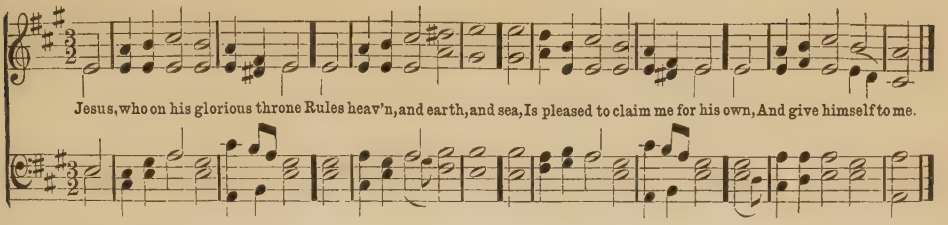
2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

3 When the star-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' light;
Think how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.

4 Come, Lord Jesus! and dispel
This dark cloud in which I dwell,
And to me the power impart
To behold thee as thou art.

Frances E. Cox, tr.

MELODY. C. M. A. CHAPIN.



389 *"To live is Christ."*

JESUS, who on his glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.

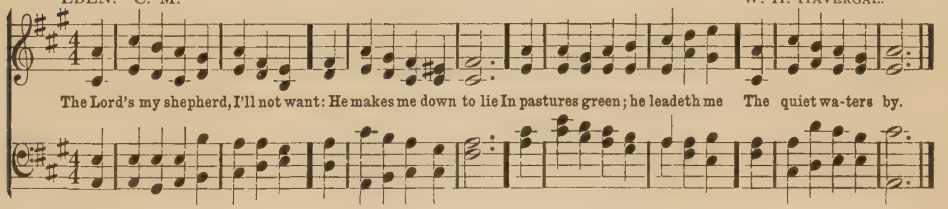
2 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.

3 His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renewed,
And all my wants supplied.

4 For him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for him renown;
Well may I glory in my cross,
While he prepares my crown.

John Newton.

EBEN. C. M. W. H. HAVERGAL.



390 *Psalm 23.*

THE Lord's my shepherd, I 'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table thou hast furnishéd
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Francis Rous.

391 *Christ, our Model.*

O JESUS! King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

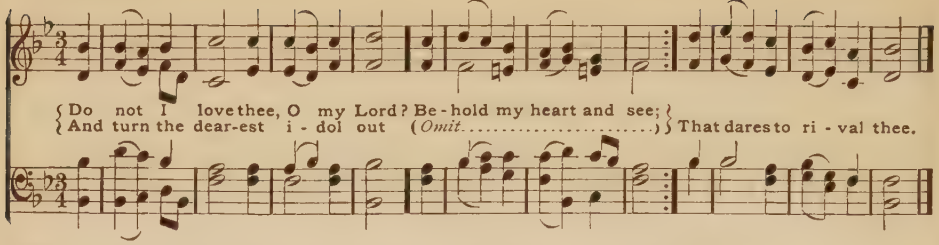
2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire,—

4 May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore;
And, seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless,
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our life express
The image of thine own.

Edward Caswall, tr.

ARMENIA. C. M. S. B. POND.

392 *Loving and Beloved.*

Do NOT I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

5 Thou knowest that I love thee, Lord;
But, oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

Philip Doddridge.

393 *"He is precious."*

BLEST Jesus! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost,—
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Not softest strains can charm my ears,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

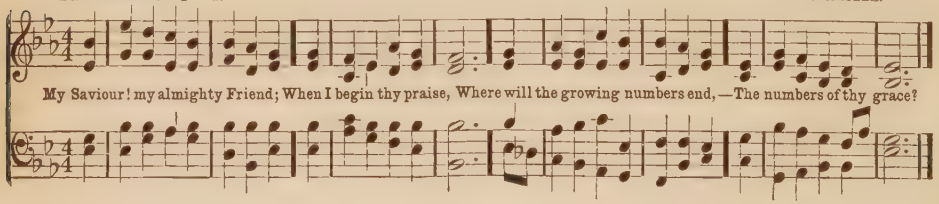
3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee?

4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

5 No; thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy:
For ever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

O. Heginbotham.

ST. PETER. C. M. A. R. REINAGLE.



394 *Psalm 71.*

My Saviour! my almighty Friend;
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,—
The numbers of thy grace?

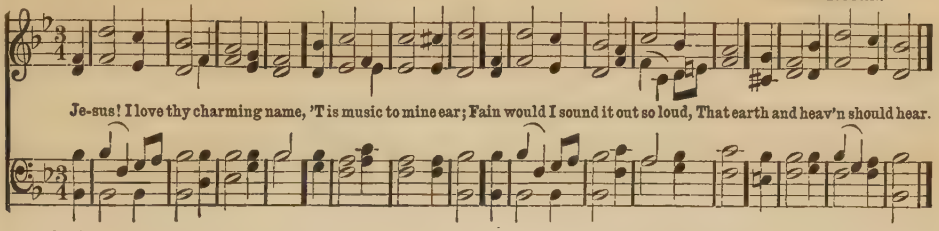
2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And, since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father God.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

Isaac Watts.

HOLY CROSS. C. M. Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.



395 *"His name Jesus."*

JESUS! I love thy charming name,
'T is music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

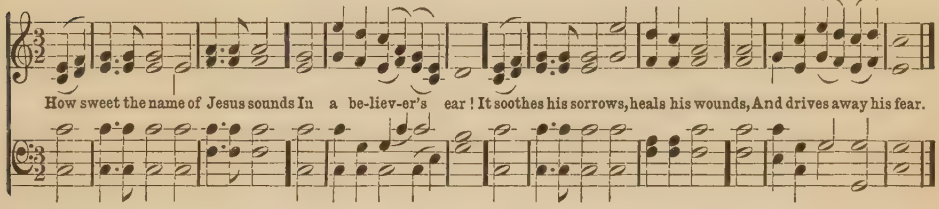
2 Yes!—thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

Philip Doddridge.

HEBER. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



396 *"He is precious."*

HOW SWEET the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton.

397 *"Jesus only."*

JESUS, the very thought of thee,
With sweetness fill my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

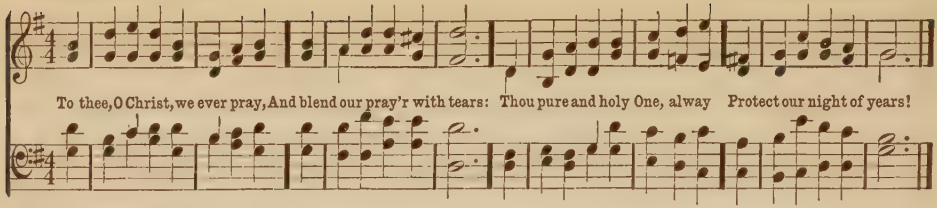
3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Edward Caswall, tr.

BUNYAN. C. M. Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.



398 *Evening Song to Christ.*

To THEE, O Christ, we ever pray,
And blend our prayer with tears:
Thou pure and holy One, alway
Protect our night of years!

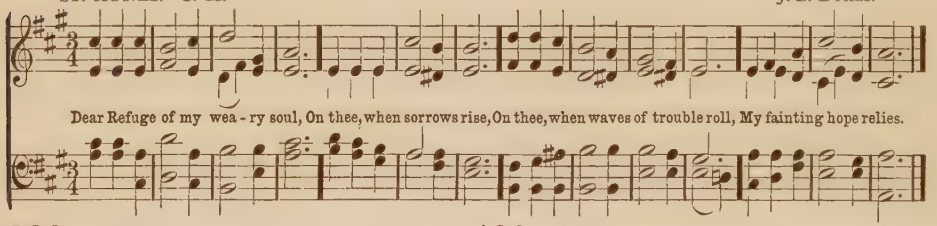
2 Our hearts shall be at rest in thee,
In sleep they dream thy praise;
And to thy glory faithfully
They hail the coming days.

3 Give us a life that cannot fail!
Refresh our spirits then;
Let blackest night before thee pale;
And bring thy light to men.

4 Our vows in song we pay thee still,
And, at this evening hour,
May all that we have purposed ill
Be right through perfect power.

S. W. Duffield, tr.

ST. AGNES. C. M. J. B. DYKES.



399 *Strength, Fortress, Refuge.*

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

Anne Steele.

400 *"Whom unseen, we love."*

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine!
The vail of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessèd face and mine!

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth has ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with thee.

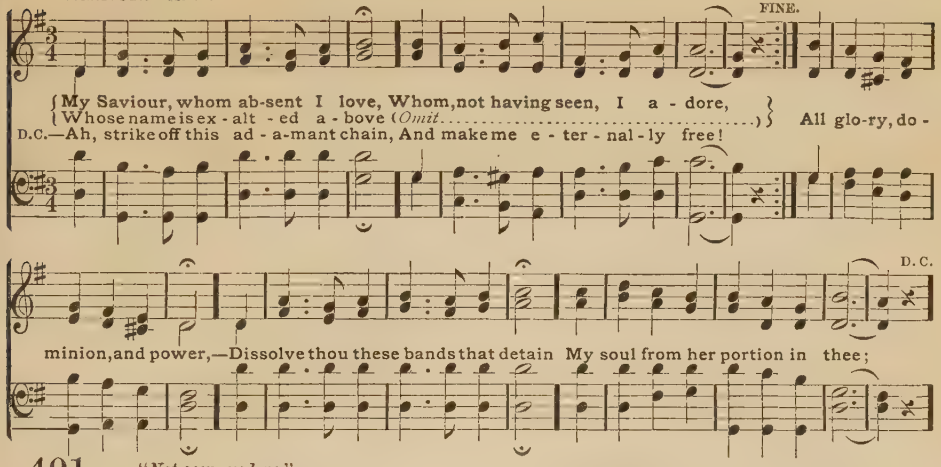
3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love thee, dearest Lord!—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending vail shall thee reveal,
All glorious as thou art!

Ray Palmer.

VERNON. 8s. D. From the German.


FINE.
My Saviour, whom ab-sent I love, Whom, not having seen, I a - dore,
Whose name is ex - alt - ed a - bove (Omit.....) All glo-ry, do -
D.C.—Ah, strike off this ad - a-mant chain, And make me e - ter - nal - ly free!
D. C.
minion, and power,—Dissolve thou these bands that detain My soul from her portion in thee;

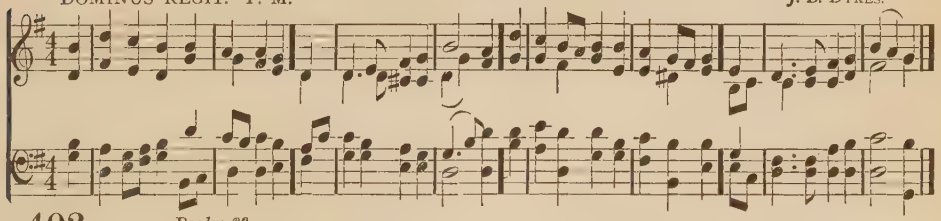
401 *"Not seen, ye love."*

My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power,—
Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free!

2 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,
Oh, then shall the vail be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured!
I shall meet him, whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored!

3 And then, nevermore shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose:
To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne!

William Cowper.

DOMINUS REGIT. P. M. J. B. Dykes.

402 *Psalm 23.*

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never,
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

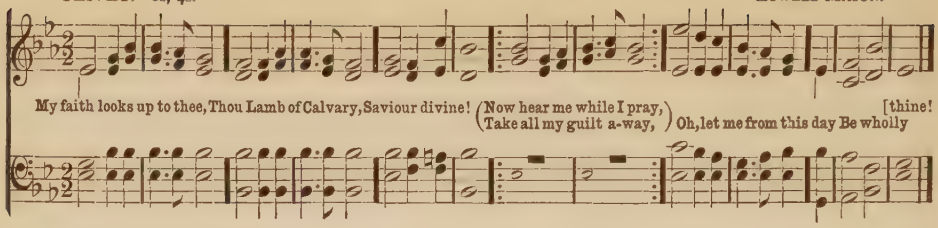
3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me,
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And, oh, what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth.

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never,
Good Shepherd! may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever.

Henry W. Baker.

OLIVET. 6s, 4s. LOWELL MASON.

My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt a-way,
Oh, let me from this day Be wholly thine!

403 *"Look unto Me."*

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

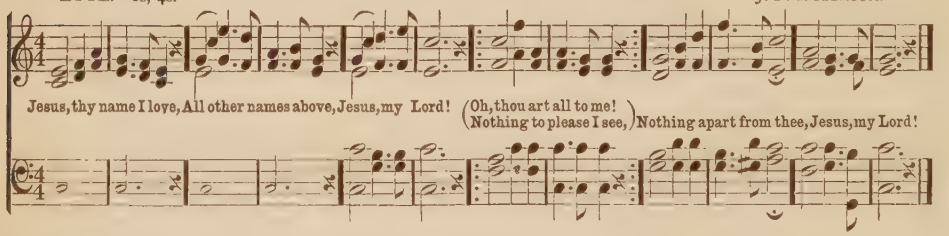
2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer.

LYTE. 6s, 4s. J. P. HOLBROOK.


Jesus, thy name I love, All other names above, Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee, Jesus, my Lord!

404 *"Jesus, my Lord!"*

JESUS, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

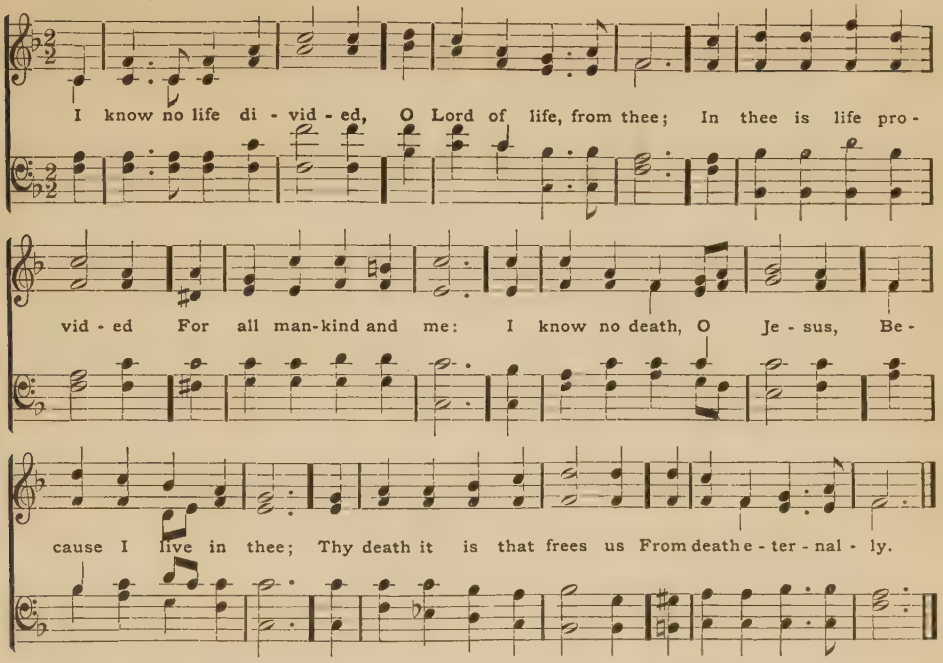
2 Thou, blessèd Son of God,
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I 'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

James G. Deck.

SPITTA. 7s, 6s. D. H. P. DANKS.


I know no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of life, from thee; In thee is life pro -
vid - ed For all man-kind and me: I know no death, O Je - sus, Be -
cause I live in thee; Thy death it is that frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly.

405 *Never separated.*

I KNOW no life divided,
O Lord of life, from thee;
In thee is life provided
For all mankind and me:
I know no death, O Jesus,
Because I live in thee;
Thy death it is that frees us
From death eternally.

2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me.
If thou, my God and Teacher,
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is right and blest,
Ah, what shall I be yonder,
In perfect peace and rest?
Oh, blessèd thought! in dying
We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no sighing,
A kingdom our reward.

Richard Massie, tr.

406 "*The world's true Light.*"

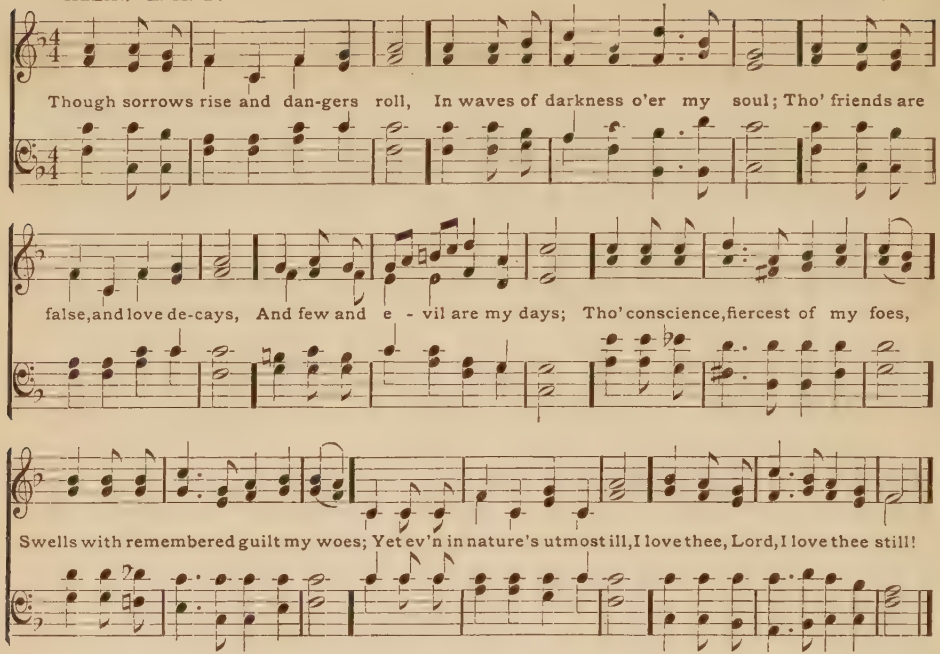
O ONE with God the Father
In majesty and might,
The brightness of his glory,
Eternal Light of light;
O'er this our home of darkness
Thy rays are streaming now;
The shadows flee before thee,
The world's true Light art thou.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:—
O heavenly Light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide thee from our eyes!
We long to track the footprints
That thou thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to thee our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If thou thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of righteousness!

William W. How.

KLEIN. L. M. D. Arr. fr. KLEIN.


Though sorrows rise and dan-gers roll, In waves of darkness o'er my soul; Tho' friends are
false, and love de-cays, And few and e - vil are my days; Tho' conscience, fiercest of my foes,
Swells with remembered guilt my woes; Yet ev'n in nature's utmost ill, I love thee, Lord, I love thee still!

407 *"I love thee, Lord!"*

THOUGH sorrows rise and dangers roll,
In waves of darkness o'er my soul;
Though friends are false, and love decays,
And few and evil are my days;
Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,
Swells with remembered guilt my woes;
Yet ev'n in nature's utmost ill,
I love thee, Lord, I love thee still!

2 Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,
Peals o'er mine unprotected head,
And memory points, with busy pain,
To grace and mercy given in vain;
Till nature, shrinking in the strife,
Would fly to hell to 'scape from life;
Though every thought has power to kill,
I love thee, Lord, I love thee still!

3 Oh, by the pangs thyself hast borne,
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn,
By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
Was buried in thy guiltless tomb;
By these my pangs, whose healing smart,
Thy grace hath planted in my heart—
I know, I feel thy bounteous will,
Thou lov'st me, Lord, thou lov'st me still!

Reginald Heber.

408 *The name "Jesus."*

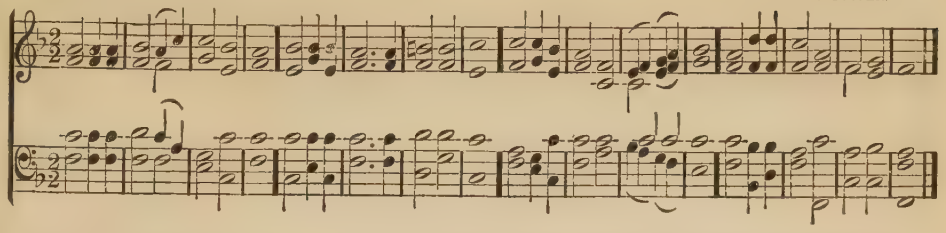
JESUS!—the very thought is sweet;
In that dear name all heart-joys meet;
But sweeter than sweet honey far
The glimpses of his presence are.
No word is sung more sweet than this:
No name is heard more full of bliss;
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

2 Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek thee, oh, how kind!
But what art thou to them that find?
Jesus, thou sweetness, pure, and blest,
Truth's fountain, light of souls distressed,
Surpassing all that heart requires,
Exceeding all that soul desires!

3 No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write, its blessedness:
Alone who hath thee in his heart
Knows, love of Jesus, what thou art.
We follow Jesus now, and raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,
That he at last may make us meet
With him to gain the heavenly seat.

John M. Neale, tr.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. OLIVER.



409 *"Ashamed of me."*

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I 've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And, oh, may this my glory be
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg.

410 *Jesus all in all.*

JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee thou art good,
To them that find thee, All in All.

3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill!

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

Ray Palmer, tr.

411 *"Not your own."*

OH, not my own these verdant hills,
And fruits and flowers, and stream, and wood;
But his who all with glory fills,
Who bought me with his precious blood.

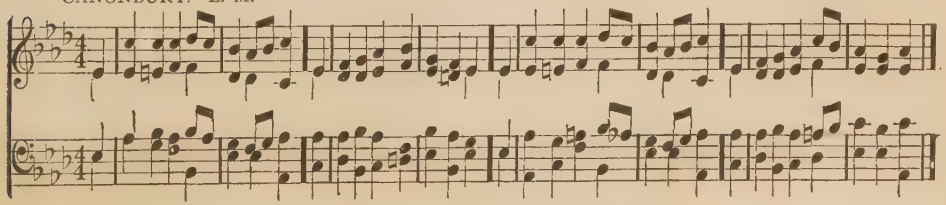
2 Oh, not my own this wondrous frame,
Its curious work, its living soul;
But his who for my ransom came;
Slain for my sake, he claims the whole.

3 Oh, not my own the grace that keeps
My feet from fierce temptations free;
Oh, not my own the thought that leaps,
Adoring, blessèd Lord, to thee.

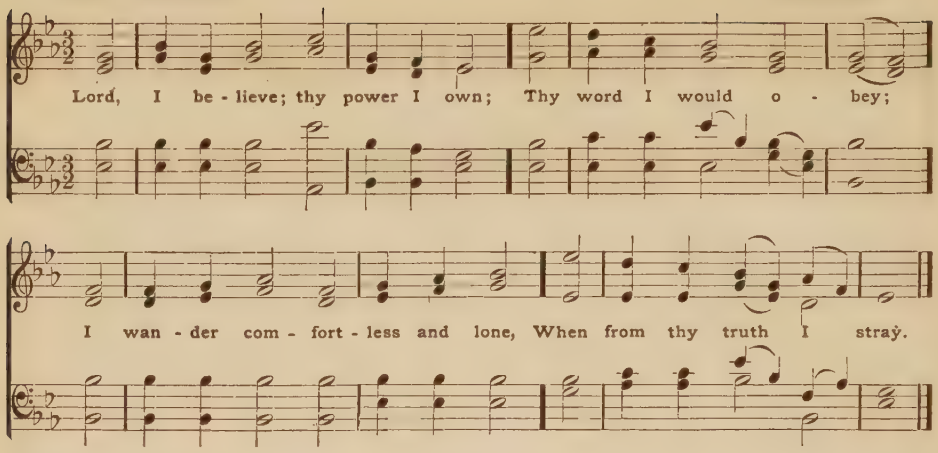
4 Oh, not my own; I 'll soar and sing;
When life, with all its toils, is o'er,
And thou thy trembling lamb shalt bring
Safe home, to wander nevermore.

Samuel F. Smith.

CANONBURY. L. M. Arr. fr. SCHUMANN.



MOUNT AUBURN. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



412 *Faith.*

LORD, I believe; thy power I own;
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak:
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes! I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help thou mine unbelief!"

John R. Wreford.

413 *Meekness.*

LORD! when I all things would possess,
I crave but to be thine;
Oh, lowly is the loftiness
Of these desires divine.

2 Each gift but helps my soul to learn
How boundless is thy store;
I go from strength to strength, and yearn
For thee, my Helper, more.

3 How can my soul divinely soar,
How keep the shining way,
And not more tremblingly adore,
And not more humbly pray!

4 The more I triumph in thy gifts,
The more I wait on thee;
The grace that mightily uplifts
Most sweetly humbleth me.

5 The heaven where I would stand complete
My lowly love shall see,
And stronger grow the yearning sweet,
My holy One! for thee.

Thomas H. Gill.

414 *Calmness.*

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let thine outstretchéd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,—

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain,—

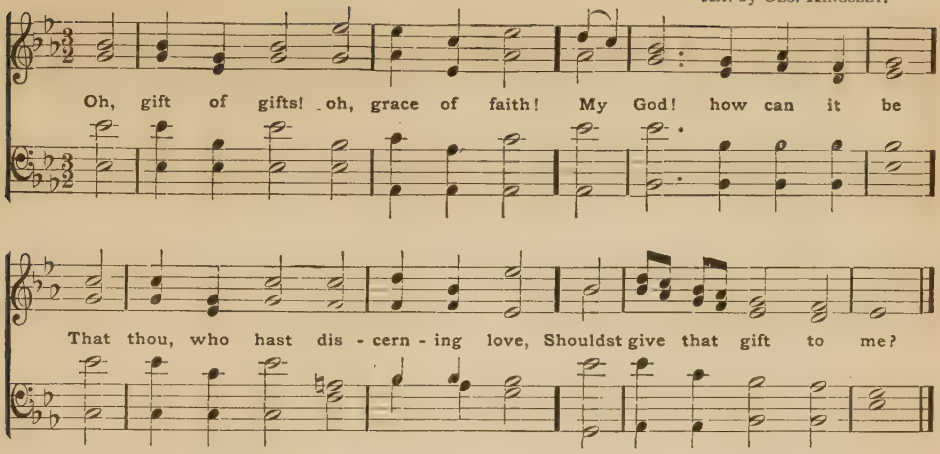
4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Horatius Bonar.

VALENTIA. C. M.

Arr. by Geo. Kingsley.



415 *Faith.*

Oh, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith!
My God! how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

2 How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light—
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

5 Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death!

Frederick W. Faber.

416 *Godly sincerity.*

Walk in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and ev'n the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see
Thy path, though thorny, bright,
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

Bernard Barton.

417 *Faith.*

Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid, in every duty, brings,
And softens all my cares.

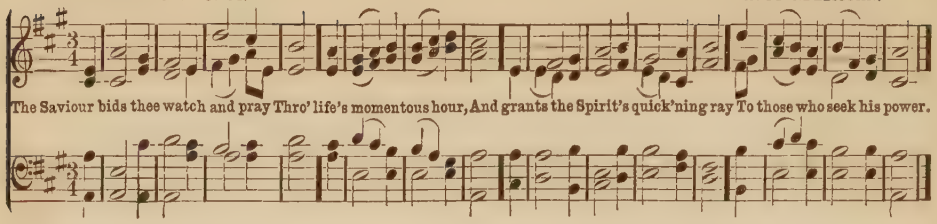
2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer;
And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unvails celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

4 It shows the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There—there unshaken would I rest,
Till this frail body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

Daniel Turner.

EVANGELIST. C. M. Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.

The Saviour bids thee watch and pray Thro' life's momentous hour, And grants the Spirit's quick'ning ray To those who seek his power.

418 *"Watch and pray."*

THE Saviour bids thee watch and pray
Through life's momentous hour;
And grants the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
O Christian! hear his voice to-day:
Obedience is thy life.

3 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray;
For soon the hour will come
That calls thee from the earth away
To thy eternal home.

4 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
Oh, hearken to his voice,
And follow where he leads the way,
To heaven's eternal joys!

Thomas Hastings.

419 *"The Head, even Christ."*

BLEST be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove;
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
We still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 Oh, may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Not joy nor grief nor time nor place
Nor life nor death can part.

Charles Wesley.

NOX PRÆCESSIT. C. M. J. B. CALKIN.

420 *Humility.*

THY home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there thy rest.

2 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for thee.

3 Who made this breathing heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest!

Frederick W. Faber.

421 *Docility.—Ps. 131.*

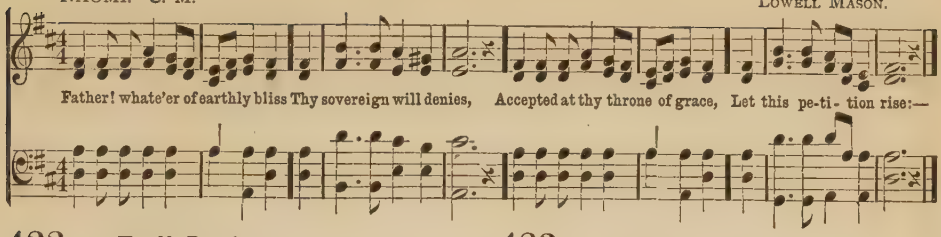
IS THERE ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

Charles Wesley.

NAOMI. C. M. LOWELL MASON.



422 *Humble Devotion.*

FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

Anne Steele.

423 *Growth in grace.*

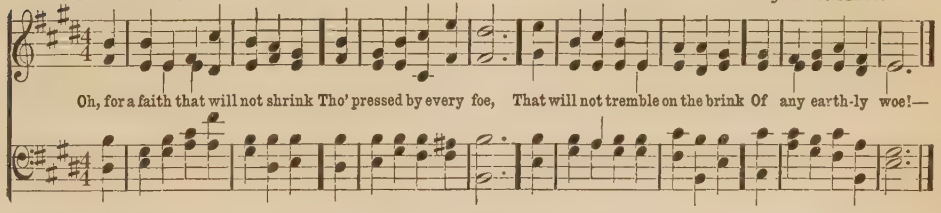
COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire;
This one great gift impart—
What most I need, and most desire,
An humble, holy heart.

2 Bear witness I am born again,
My many sins forgiven:
Nor let a gloomy doubt remain
To cloud my hope of heaven.

3 More of myself grant I may know,
From sin's deceit be free;
In all the Christian graces grow,
And live alone to thee.

Asahel Nettleton.

FULBERT. C. M. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



424 *Faith and the Future.*

OH, for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief and pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 God whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smooth the wave,
For such as love his name.

4 Lord! if thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

William H. Bathurst.

425 *Trust.—Psalm 34.*

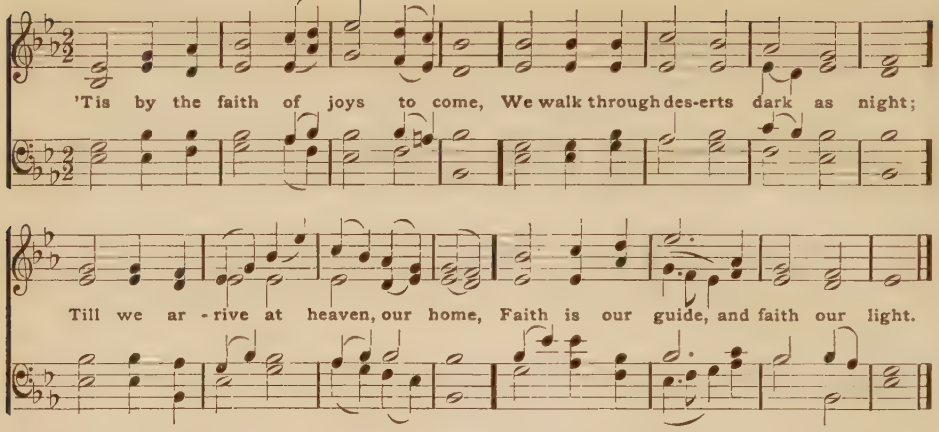
THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name!
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all,
Who on his succor trust.

4 Oh, make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Tate and Brady.

DUKE STREET. L. M. J. HATTON.

'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk through des-erts dark as night;
Till we ar - rive at heaven, our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

426 *Faith.*

'T IS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

Isaac Watts.

427 *Faith.*

BY faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.

2 Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by his almighty hand.

3 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares,
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

4 With him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as he is, I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

John Newton.

428 *Contentment.*

O LORD, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time:
Our country is in every clime:
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'T is equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

William Cowper, tr.

429 *Consistency.*

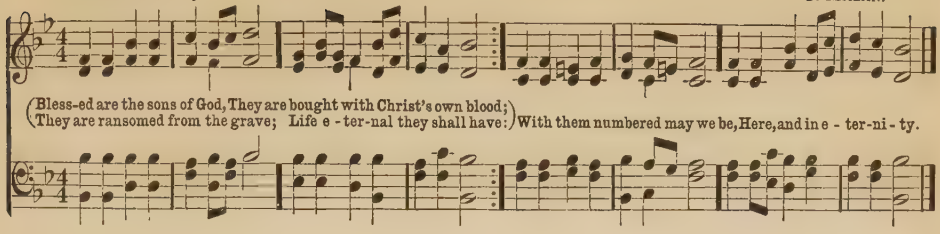
SO LET our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Isaac Watts.

ROSEFIELD. 7s, 6l. C. MALAN.


(Bless-ed are the sons of God, They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransomed from the grave; Life e - ter-nal they shall have:) With them numbered may we be, Here, and in e - ter-ni - ty.

430 *Brotherly Love.*

BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth,—
One with God, with Jesus one:
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

Joseph Humphreys.

431 *Psalm 23.*

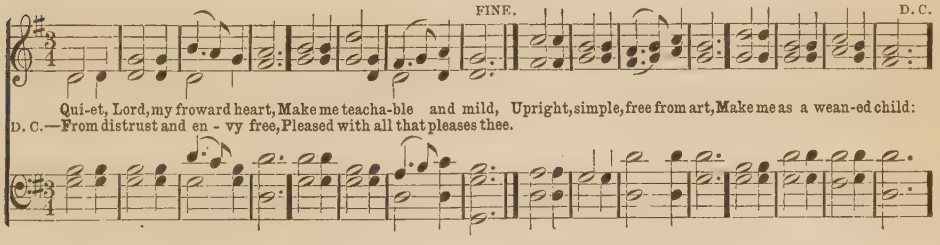
SHEPHERD! with thy tenderest love,
Guide me to thy fold above;
Let me hear thy gentle voice;
More and more in thee rejoice;
From thy fullness grace receive,
Ever in thy Spirit live.

2 Filled by thee my cup o'erflows,
For thy love no limit knows:
Guardian angels, ever nigh,
Lead and draw my soul on high;
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

3 Jesus, with thy presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest;
Guide me while I draw my breath,
Guard me through the gate of death;
And at last, oh, let me stand,
With the sheep at thy right hand.

Anon., 1805.

GUIDE. 7s, 6l. M. M. WELLS.


FINE.
D. C.
Qui-et, Lord, my froward heart, Make me teacha-ble and mild, Upright, simple, free from art, Make me as a wean-ed child:
D. C.—From distrust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleases thee.

432 *Psalm 131.*

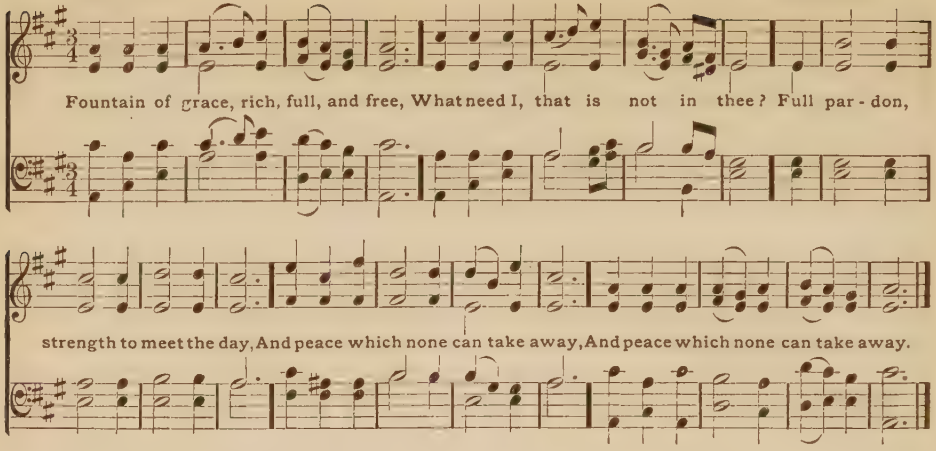
QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'T is enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;—
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

John Newton.

PARK STREET. L. M. F. M. A. VENUA.


Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free, What need I, that is not in thee? Full par-don,
strength to meet the day, And peace which none can take away, And peace which none can take away.

433 *"My springs in thee."*

FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in thee?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear,
'Tis sweet to know that thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried,
'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.

3 In life, thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently vails the eyes,—
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

James Edmeston.

434 *Jesus is forever mine.*

WHEN sins and fears, prevailing, rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes;
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die?
'Tis fixed on thine almighty word—
That word which built the earth and sky.

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here may I build and rest secure.

4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine.

Anne Steele.

435 *"Complete in Him."*

MY soul complete in Jesus stands!
It fears no more the law's demands;
The smile of God is sweet within,
Where all before was guilt and sin.

2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives;
Accepts the peace his pardon gives;
Receives the grace his death secured,
And pleads the anguish he endured.

3 My soul its every foe defies,
And cries—'Tis God that justifies!
Who charges God's elect with sin?
Shall Christ, who died their peace to win?

4 A song of praise my soul shall sing,
To our eternal, glorious King!
Shall worship humbly at his feet,
In whom alone it stands complete.

Mrs. G. W. Hinsdale.

436 *2 Cor. 12:9.*

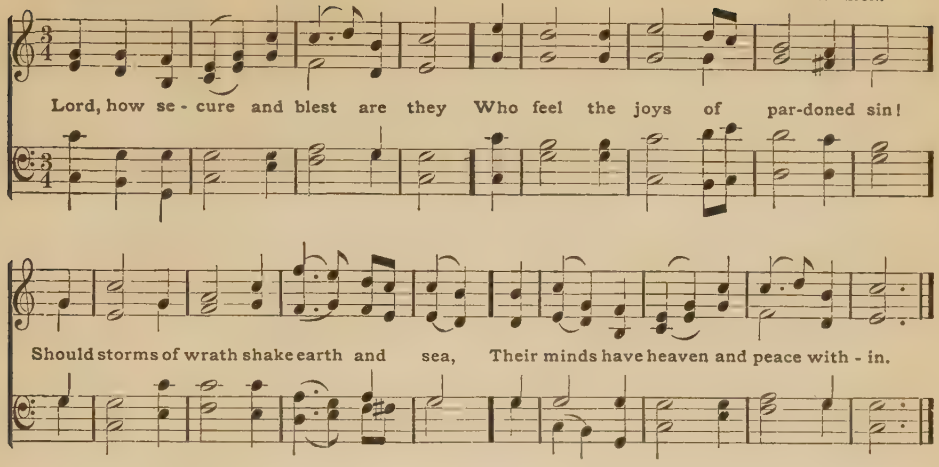
LET me but hear my Saviour say
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things—or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

Isaac Watts.

WARRINGTON. L. M. R. HARRISON.


Lord, how se - cure and blest are they Who feel the joys of par-doned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heaven and peace with - in.

437 *Security and rest.*

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to heavenly hills,
Where streams of living pleasures flow;
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow!

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

Isaac Watts.

438 *Remembrance.*

EARTH'S transitory things decay;
Its pomps, its pleasures pass away;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.

2 As, 'mid the ever-rolling sea,
The eternal isles established be,
'Gainst which the surges of the main
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain;—

3 As in the heavens, the urns divine
Of golden light for ever shine;
Tho' clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age;—

4 So, through the ocean tide of years,
The memory of the just appears;
So, through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

John Bowring.

439 *Perseverance.*

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'T is God who justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

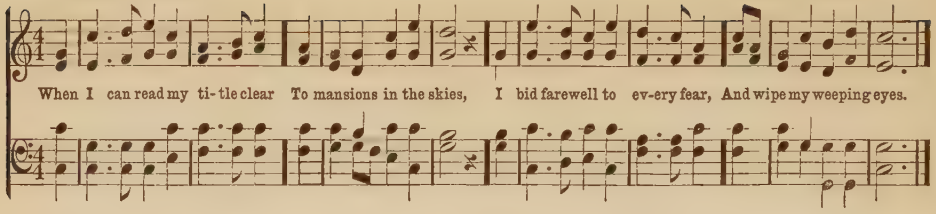
2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'T is Christ who suffered in their stead;
And their salvation to fulfill,
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He who hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

Isaac Watts.

BROWN. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY.

440 *Assurance.*

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!—

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

441 *"Saints' Inventory."*

IF God is mine, then present things
And things to come are mine;
Yea, Christ, his word, and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.

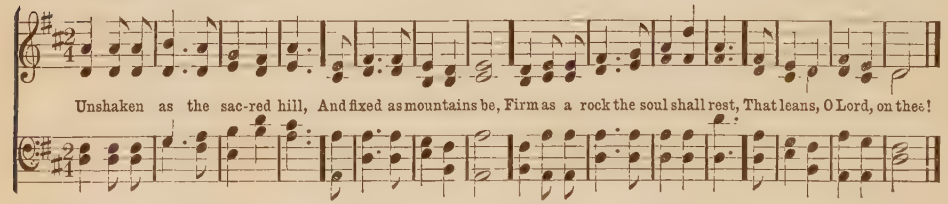
2 If he is mine, then from his love
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.

3 If he is mine, let friends forsake,
Let wealth and honor flee:
Sure he who giveth me himself
Is more than these to me.

4 Oh, tell me, Lord, that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

Benjamin Beddome.

PALESTRINA. C. M. G. P. A. PALESTRINA.



442 *Psalm 125.*

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee!

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

Isaac Watts.

443 *Perseverance.*

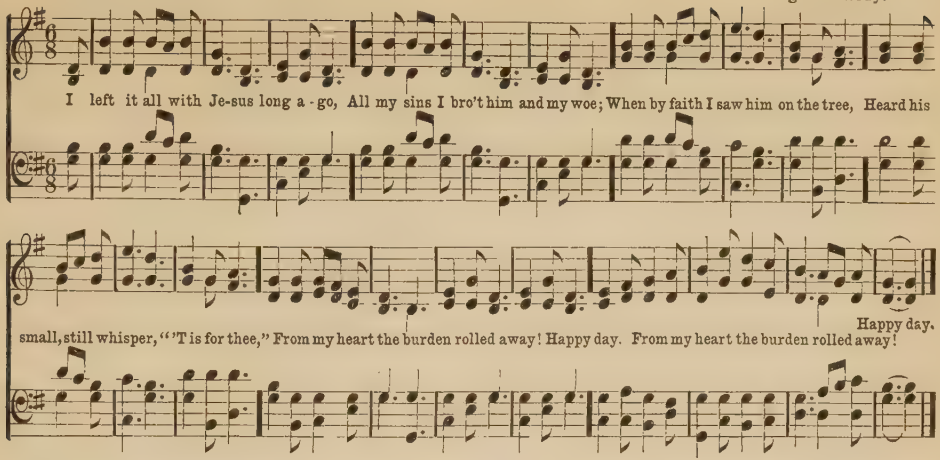
FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

Isaac Watts.

SECURITY. P. M. English melody.


I left it all with Je-sus long a-go, All my sins I bro't him and my woe; When by faith I saw him on the tree, Heard his
small, still whisper, "'T is for thee," From my heart the burden rolled away! Happy day. From my heart the burden rolled away!
Happy day.

444 *"The burden rolled away."*

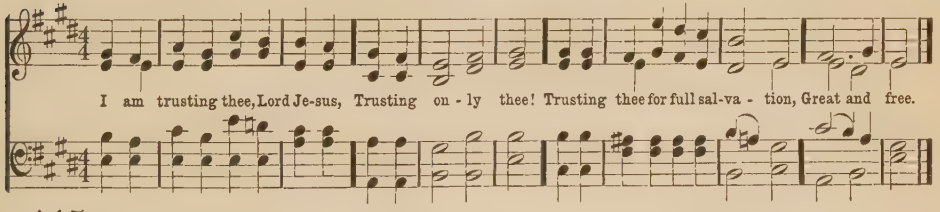
I LEFT it all with Jesus long ago,
All my sins I brought him and my woe;
When by faith I saw him on the tree,
Heard his small, still whisper, "'T is for thee,"
From my heart the burden rolled away!
Happy day.

2 I leave it all with Jesus, for he knows
How to steal the bitter from life's woes;
How to gild the tear-drop with his smile,
Make the desert garden bloom awhile:
When my weakness leaneth on his might,
All seems light.

3 I leave it all with Jesus day by day;
Faith can firmly trust him, come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest,
In the calm sure haven of his breast;
Love esteems it heaven to abide
At his side.

Ellen H. Willis.

TRUST. P. M. R. P. STEWART.



445 *"Full Salvation."*

I AM trusting thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only thee!
Trusting thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

2 I am trusting thee for pardon,
At thy feet I bow;
For thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

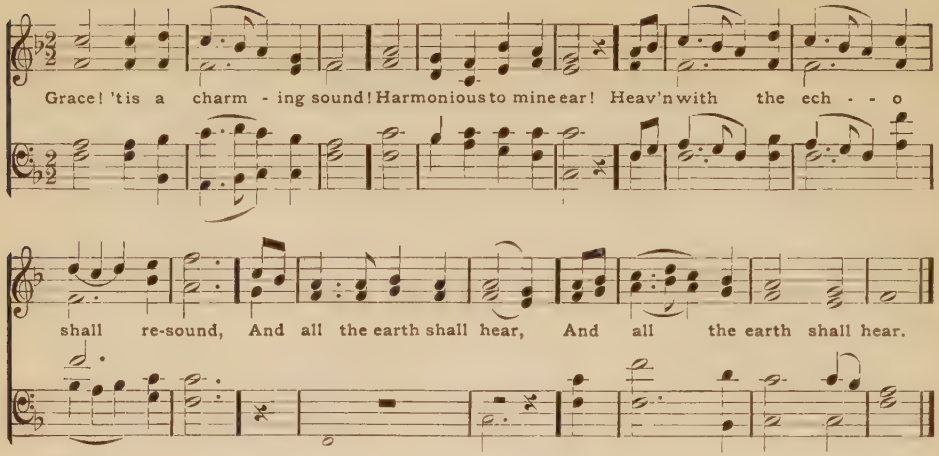
3 I am trusting thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting thee to make me holy
By thy blood.

4 I am trusting thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which thou thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting thee for ever,
And for all.

Frances R. Havergal.

LUTHER. S. M. THOMAS HASTINGS.

Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound! Harmonious to mine ear! Heav'n with the ech - - o
shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

446 *Grace.*

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to mine ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge.

447 *God our Father.*

HERE I can firmly rest;
I dare to boast of this,
That God, the highest and the best,
My Friend and Father is.

2 Naught have I of my own,
Naught in the life I lead;
What Christ hath given, that alone
I dare in faith to plead.

3 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and his blood;
It is through him that I have found
My soul's eternal good.

4 At cost of all I have,
At cost of life and limb,
I cling to God who yet shall save;
I will not turn from him.

5 His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind he reigns;
My care and sadness he dispels,
And soothes away my pains.

6 He prospers day by day
His work within my heart,
Till I have strength and faith to say,
"Thou, God, my Father art!"

C. Winkworth, tr

448 *"It is well."*

WHAT cheering words are these;
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and to eternal days,
"'T is with the righteous well!"

2 Well when they see his face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.

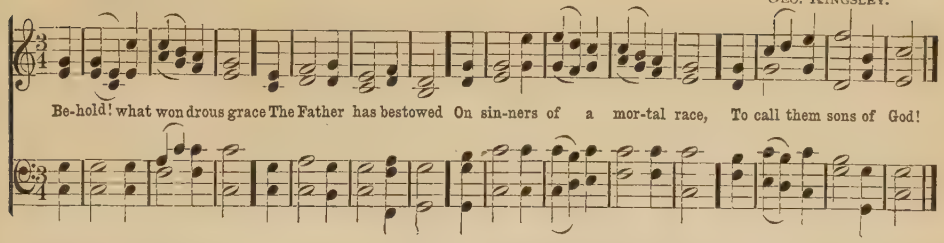
3 'T is well when joys arise,
'T is well when sorrows flow,
'T is well when darkness vails the skies,
And strong temptations grow.

4 'T is well when Jesus calls,—
"From earth and sin arise,
To join the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise!"

John Kent.

FERGUSON. S. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



449 *Adoption.*

BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And thou the kindred own.

Isaac Watts.

450 *Peace.*

THOU very present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The mind which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

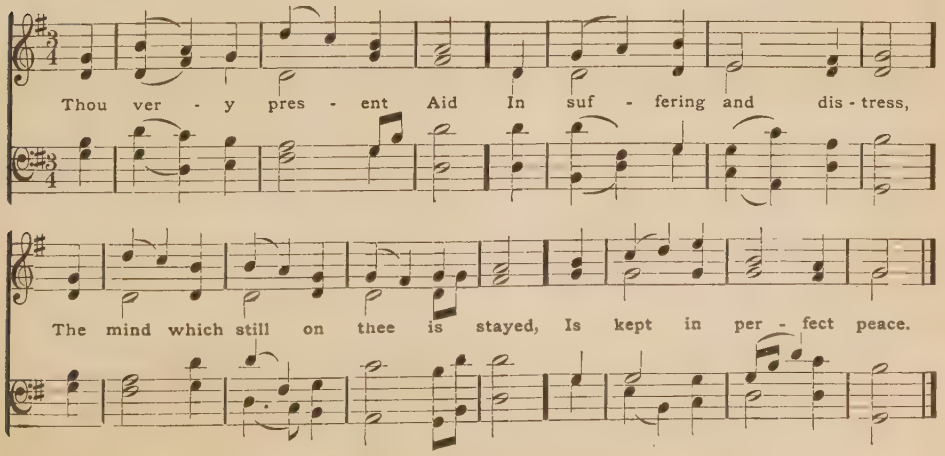
4 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

5 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in One,
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, alone.

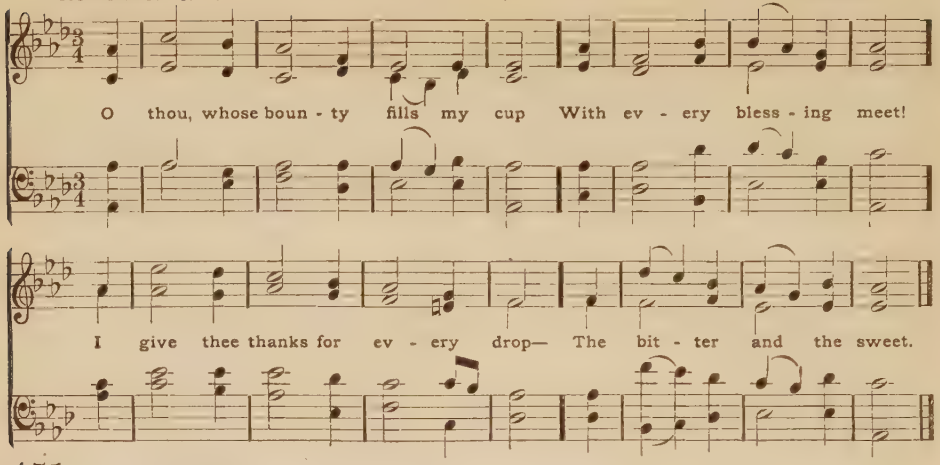
Charles Wesley.

THATCHER. S. M.

ARR. FR. HÄNDEL.



ROMBERG. C. M. THOS. HASTINGS.



451 *Thanks for all.*

O THOU, whose bounty fills my cup
With every blessing meet!
I give thee thanks for every drop—
The bitter and the sweet.

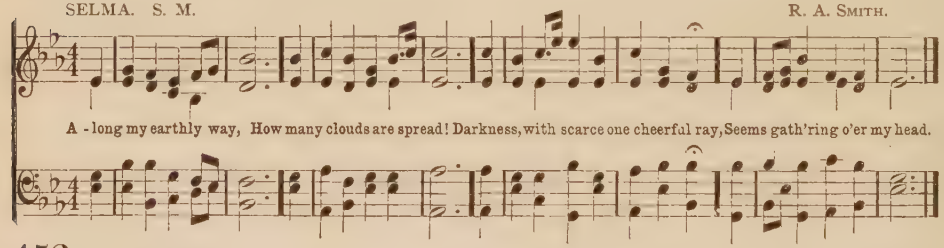
2 I praise thee for the desert road,
And for the river-side;
For all thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all thy grace denied.

3 I thank thee for both smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;
I praise thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

4 I thank thee for the wing of love,
Which stirred my worldly nest;
And for the stormy clouds which drove
The flutterer to thy breast.

5 I bless thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy;
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

Mrs. Jane Crewdson.

SELMA. S. M. R. A. SMITH.

452 *Hereafter.*

ALONG my earthly way,
How many clouds are spread!
Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray,
Seems gathering o'er my head.

2 Yet, Father, thou art Love;
Oh, hide not from my view!
But when I look, in prayer, above,
Appear in mercy through.

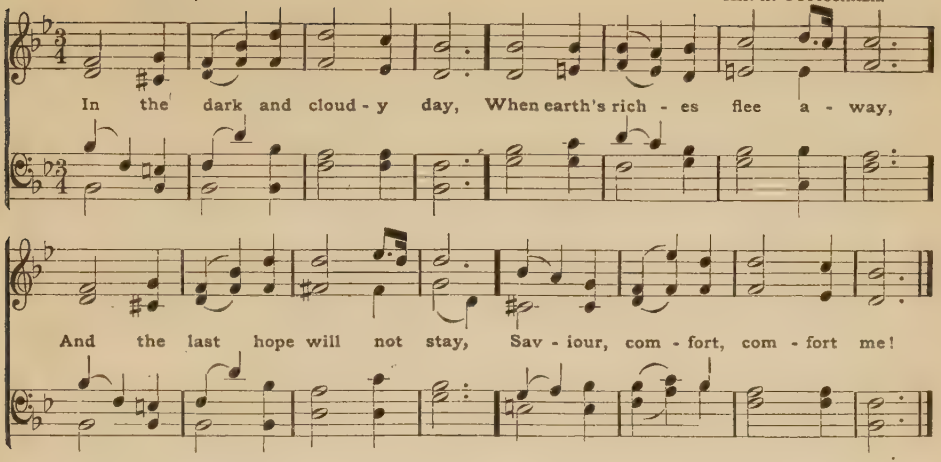
3 My pathway is not hid;
Thou knowest all my need;
And I would do as Israel did,—
Follow where thou wilt lead.

4 Lead me, and then my feet
Shall never, never stray;
But safely I shall reach the seat
Of happiness and day.

5 And, oh, from that bright throne
I shall look back, and see,—
The path I went, and that alone,
Was the right path for me.

James Edmeston.

LAST HOPE. 7s. Arr. fr. GOTTSCHALK.



453 *Comfort.*

In the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
Saviour, comfort me!

2 When the secret idol's gone
That my poor heart yearned upon,—
Desolate, bereft, alone,
Saviour, comfort me!

3 Thou, who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in thy love confide;
Saviour, comfort me!

4 Comfort me; I am cast down:
'T is my heavenly Father's frown;
I deserve it all, I own:
Saviour, comfort me!

5 So it shall be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If thou wilt but tenderly,
Saviour, comfort me!

George Rawson.

454 *"For he careth."*

Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His unchanging faithfulness.

2 He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those, whom Jesus once hath loved,
From his grace are never moved.

3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfill
All the pleasure of his will.

4 Jesus! guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant rock;
Make us by thy powerful hand,
Firm as Zion's mountain stand.

William Hammond.

455 *Love seen in trials.*

'T is my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

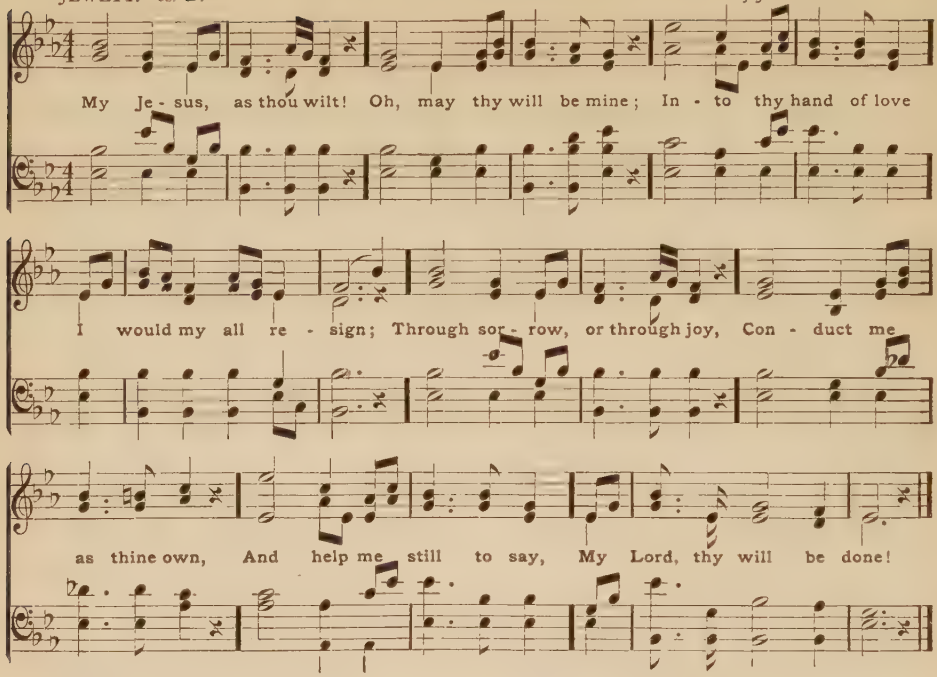
2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.

3 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a castaway?

5 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

William Cowper.

JEWETT. 6s. D. Arr. by J. P. HOLBROOK.

My Je - sus, as thou wilt! Oh, may thy will be mine; In - to thy hand of love
I would my all re - sign; Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me
as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!

456 "*Not my will, but thine.*"

My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Oh, may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done!

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done!

Jane Borthwick, tr.

457 "*He knoweth the way.*"

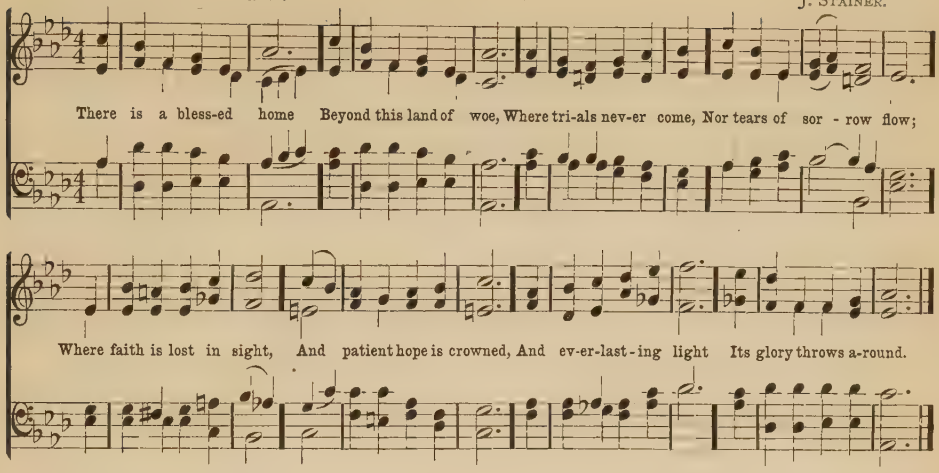
Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out my path for me.
I dare not choose my lot:
I would not, if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine: so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom and my All.

Horatius Bonar.

BLESSED HOME. 6s. D. J. STAINER.


There is a bless-ed home Beyond this land of woe, Where tri-als nev-er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow;
Where faith is lost in sight, And patient hope is crowned, And ev-er-last-ing light Its glory throws a-round.

458 *The Homeland.*

THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace;
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 Look up, ye saints of God!
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love;
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Henry W. Baker.

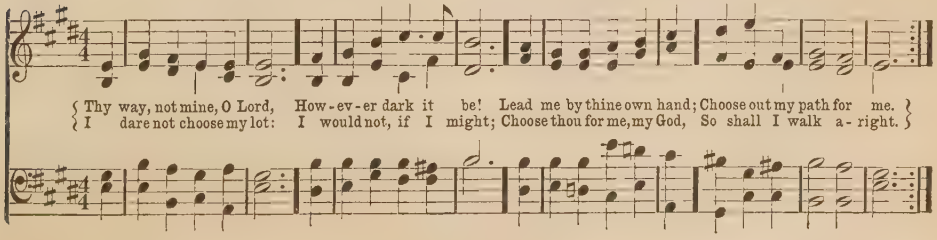
459 *A Father's hand.*

BE tranquil, O my soul!
Be quiet every fear!
Thy Father hath control,
And he is ever near.
Ne'er of thy lot complain,
Whatever may befall;
Sickness, or care, or pain,
'T is well-appointed all.

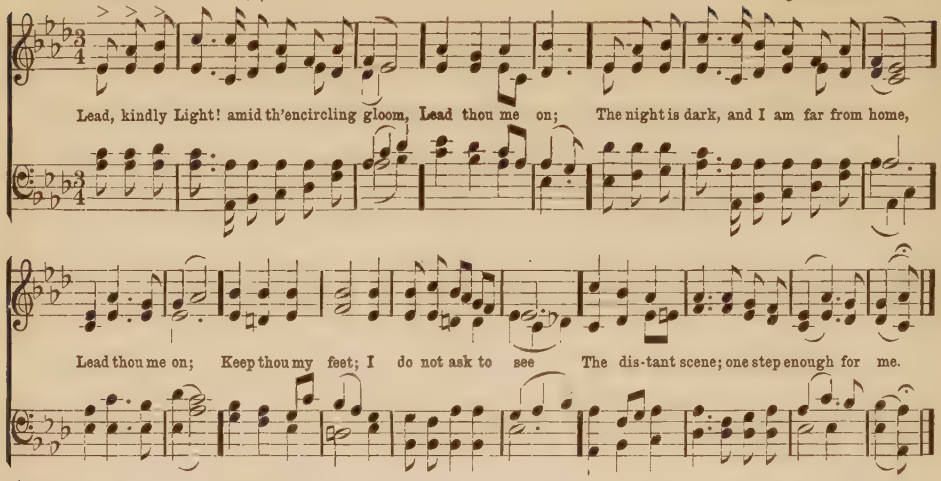
2 A Father's chastening hand
Is leading thee along;
Nor distant is the land
Where swells the immortal song.
Oh, then, my soul, be still!
Await heaven's high decree;
Seek but thy Father's will,
It shall be well with thee.

Thomas Hastings.

VIA PACIS. 6s. J. BARNBY.


{ Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev-er dark it be! Lead me by thine own hand; Choose out my path for me. }
{ I dare not choose my lot: I would not, if I might; Choose thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a-right. }

LUX BENIGNA. 10s, 4s. J. B. Dykes.


Lead, kindly Light! amid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step enough for me.

460 *"Lead thou me on!"*

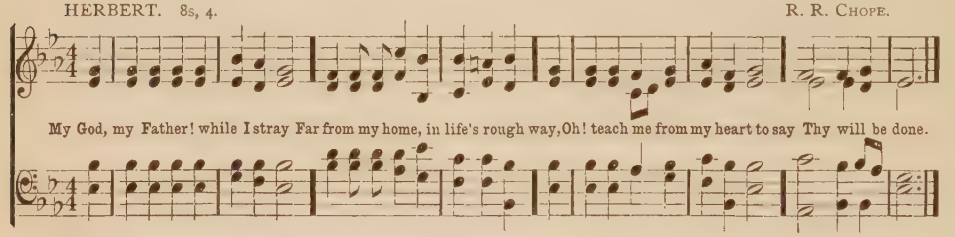
LEAD, kindly Light! amid the encircling
Lead thou me on; [gloom,
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on:
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

3 So long thy power has blessed me, sure
Will lead me on [it still
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

John H. Newman.

HERBERT. 8s, 4. R. R. Chope.



461 *"Thy will be done."*

MY God, my Father! while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh! teach me from my heart to say
Thy will be done.

2 If thou couldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine:
I only yield thee what was thine;
Thy will be done.

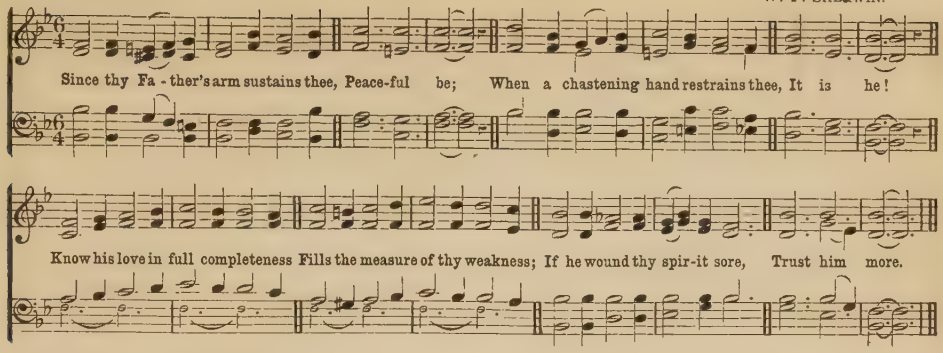
3 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest;—
Thy will be done.

4 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All now that makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

5 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I 'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

Charlotte Elliott.

HARVEY. P. M. W. F. SHERWIN.


Since thy Fa - ther's arm sustains thee, Peace-ful be; When a chastening hand restrains thee, It is he!
Know his love in full completeness Fills the measure of thy weakness; If he wound thy spir-it sore, Trust him more.

462 *Resting in God.*

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is he!
Know his love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If he wound thy spirit sore,
Trust him more.

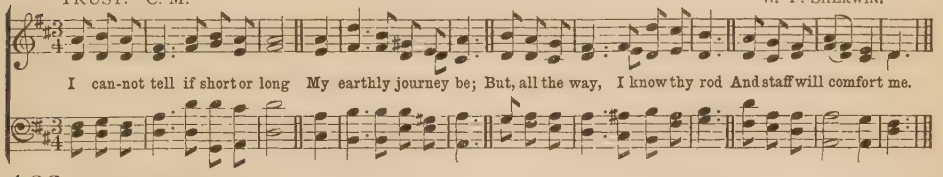
2 Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In his hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand:
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill—
Lying still.

3 Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt him not!
Always hath the daylight broken—
Always hath he comfort spoken—
Better hath he been for years,
Than thy fears.

4 To his own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth
Peace at length:
Weakest lambs have largest sharing
Of this tender Shepherd's caring;
Ask him not, then—when or how—
Only bow.

Tr. fr. *K. R. Hagenbach.*

TRUST. C. M. W. F. SHERWIN.



463 *A Hymn of Trust.*

I CANNOT tell if short or long
My earthly journey be;
But, all the way, I know thy rod
And staff will comfort me.

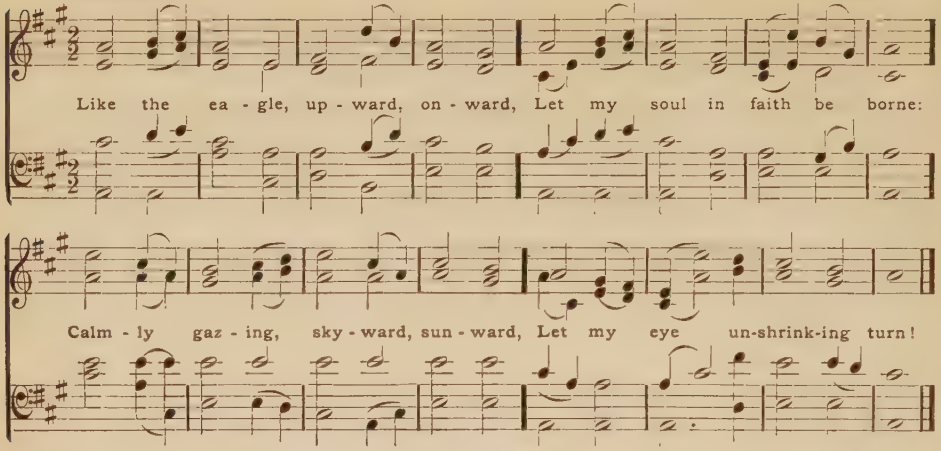
2 Though fierce temptations lie in wait,
What need have I to care?
Thou wilt not suffer them to hurt
Beyond my strength to bear.

3 What storms may beat, what burdens fall,
My soul would not avoid;
Who follows thee, O Lord, may be
Cast down, but not destroyed.

4 Though over steep and rugged ways
My weary feet be brought,
Still following where thy footprints lead,
I take no anxious thought.

5 Oh, perfect peace! oh, endless rest!
No care, no vain alarms;
Beneath my every cross I find
The Everlasting Arms.

Miss H. O. Knowlton.

WIMBORNE. 8s, 7s. Arr. fr. WHITAKER.

464 *Progress.*

LIKE the eagle, upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne:
Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward,
Let my eye unshrinking turn!

2 Where the cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, thy rest shall be!

3 Oh, may I no longer, dreaming,
Idly waste my golden day,
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Upward, onward, press my way!

Horatius Bonar.

465 *"Leaving us an example."*

ONWARD, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God has set a guardian legion
Very near thee; press thou on.

2 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother,
Jesus trod it; press thou on.

3 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, oh, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release.

4 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done."

Samuel Johnson.

466 *Psalm 127.*

VAINLY, through night's weary hours,
Keep we watch, lest foes alarm;
Vain our bulwarks, and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.

2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without his grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given,
Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;
He will grant us peace and rest:
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who thro' Christ his prayer addressed.

Harriet Auber.

467 *Courage and Faith.*

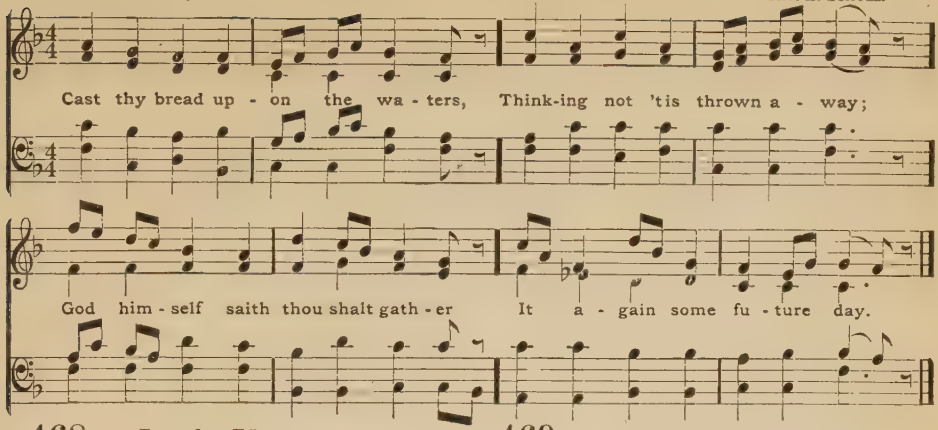
FATHER, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strengh that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

3 Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side!

Anon., 1804.

SOLNEY. 8s, 7s. Arr. fr. SCHULZ.



468 *Benevolent Efforts.*

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 't is thrown away;
God himself saith thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed, by billows floated.
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

Mrs. P. A. Hanaford.

469 *"Not your own."*

LORD of glory! thou hast bought us,
With thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging, for the lost ones,
That tremendous sacrifice.

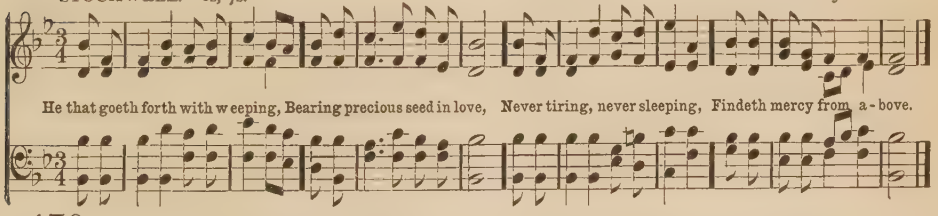
2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord! to yield thee
Gladly, freely, of thine own;
With the sunshine of thy goodness,
Melt our thankless hearts of stone.

3 Wondrous honor hast thou given
To our humblest charity,
In thine own mysterious sentence,—
"Ye have done it unto me!"

4 Give us faith, to trust thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on thee:
But, oh,—best of all thy graces—
Give us thine own charity.

Mrs. E. S. Alderson.

STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s. D. E. JONES.



470 *Psalm 126: 6.*

HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

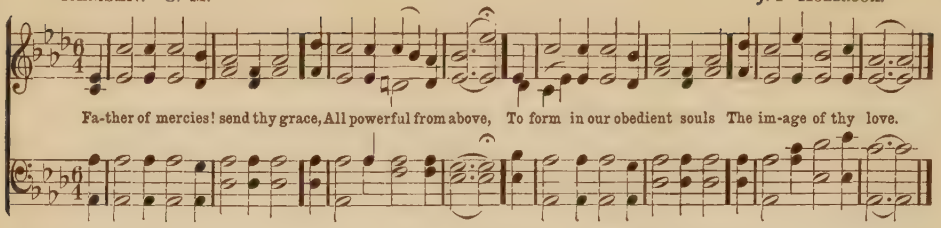
2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

Thomas Hastings.

REMSEN. C. M. J. P Holbrook.



471 *"So Jesus looked."*

Father of mercies! send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And 'mid the embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

Philip Doddridge.

472 *God's hidden ones.*

Lord, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

William Crosswell.

473 *Minute fidelity.*

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

Anon., 1845.

474 *Psalm 41.*

Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:—

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

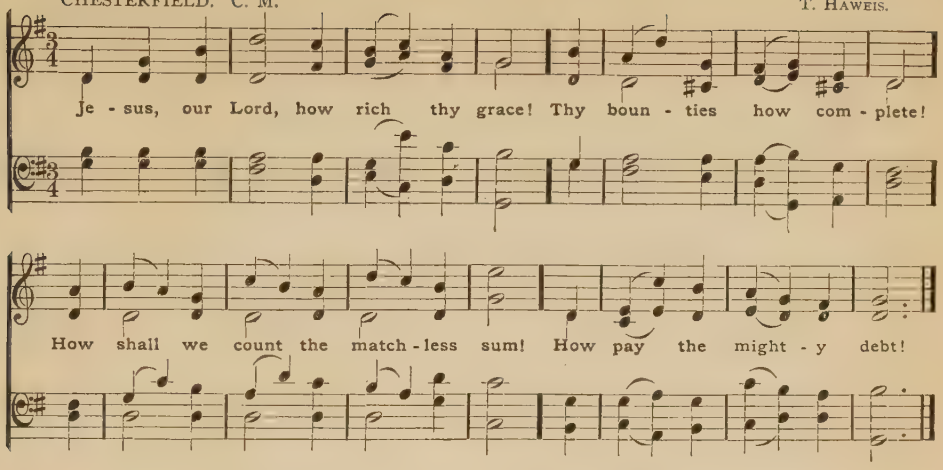
3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Peace from the bosom of his God,
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And, when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M. T. HAWEIS.



475 *Beneficence.*

JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum!
How pay the mighty debt!

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine!

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names,
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress,
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

Philip Doddridge.

476 *More laborers.*

OH, still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,—
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord!"

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

Samuel Longfellow.

477 *Charitableness.*

THINK gently of the erring one!
And let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God;
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

3 Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be:
Deal gently with the erring one:
As God has dealt with thee.

Miss ——. Fletcher.

478 *The Martyr-spirit.*

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in his train?

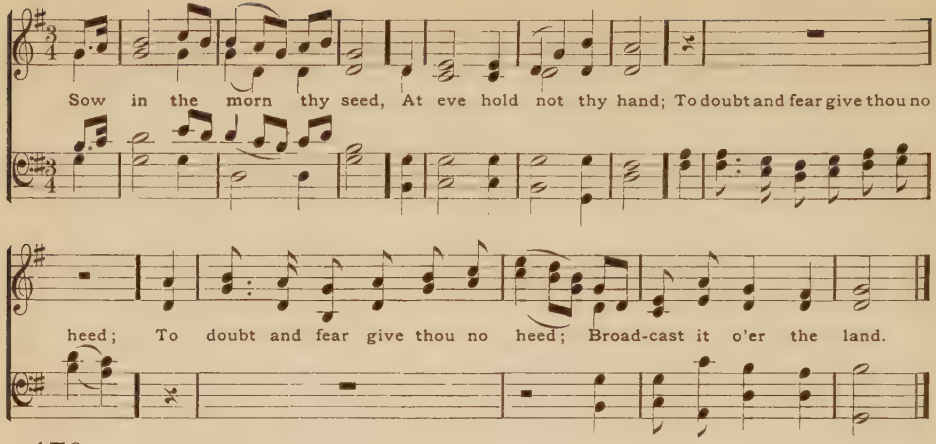
2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
And triumph over pain,
Who patient bear his cross below—
He follows in his train.

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

4 They climbed the dizzy steep to heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

Reginald Heber.

BEDAN. S. M. From The Shawm.


Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand; To doubt and fear give thou no
heed; To doubt and fear give thou no heed; Broad-cast it o'er the land.

479 *"Harvest home."*

Sow in the morn thy seed,
  At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
  Broad-cast it o'er the land.

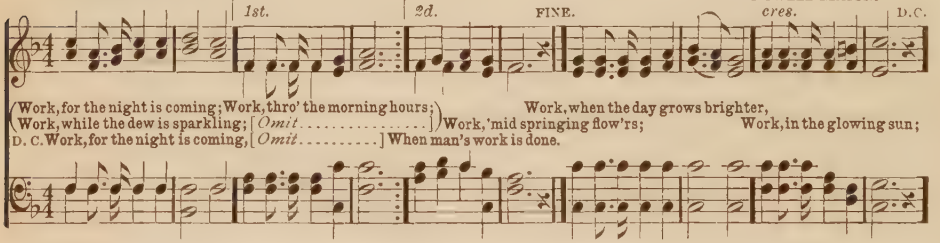
2 And duly shall appear
  In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
  And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
  Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
  For garners in the sky.

4 Then, when the glorious end,
  The day of God shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
  And heaven sing "Harvest home!"

James Montgomery.

WORK SONG. P. M. Lowell Mason.


1st.
2d.
FINE.
cres.
D.C.
(Work, for the night is coming; Work, thro' the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling; [Omit.....]
D. C. Work, for the night is coming, [Omit.....]
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, 'mid springing flow'rs;
Work, in the glowing sun;
When man's work is done.

480 *"The night cometh."*

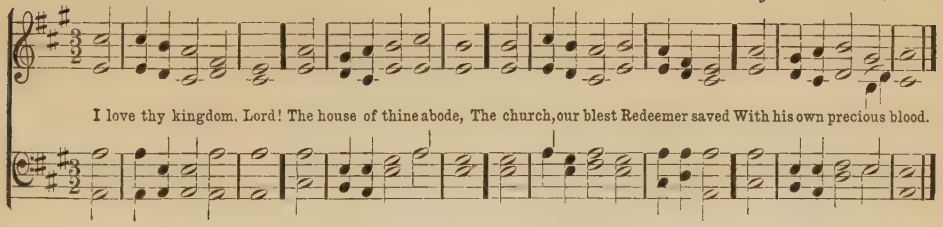
Work, for the night is coming;
  Work, through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
  Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
  Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
  When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
  Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
  Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
  Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
  When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
  Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
  Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
  Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
  When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Walker.

STATE STREET. S. M. J. C. WOODMAN.



481 *Psalm 137.*

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord!
The house of thine abode,
The church, our blessed Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight.

482 *Psalm 48.*

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,—
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!

3 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where his own sheep have been.

4 In every new distress,
We 'll to his house repair;
We 'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Isaac Watts.

483 *The Ministry.*

YE messengers of Christ!
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master, whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail
In spite of all his foes.

Mrs. Voke.

484 *Psalm 48.*

FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord! before thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well;—

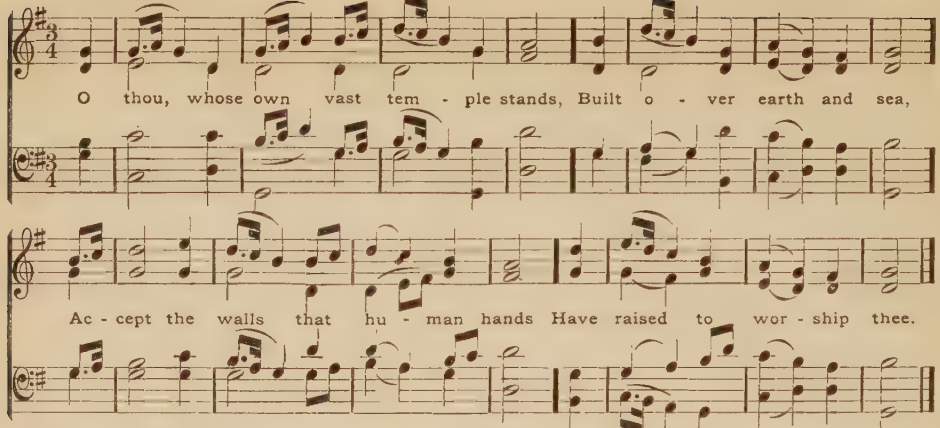
4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us, till we die;
Will be our God, while here below;
And ours above the sky.

Isaac Watts.

ST. MARTINS. C. M. W. TANSUR.


O thou, whose own vast tem - ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,
Ac - cept the walls that hu - man hands Have raised to wor - ship thee.

485 *For Dedication.*

O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

William C. Bryant.

486 *The Ministry.*

'T IS NOT a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

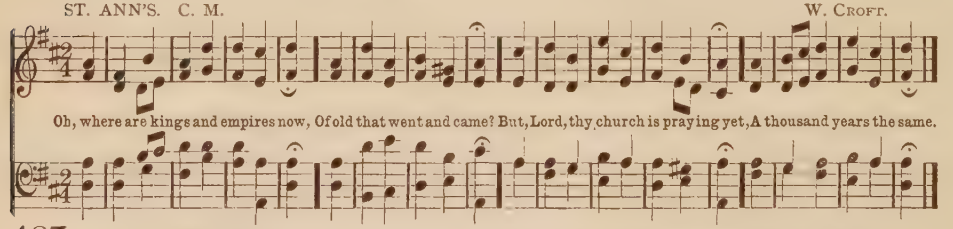
2 They watch for souls for whom the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego—
For souls that must for ever live
In rapture or in woe.

3 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord! how should we appear?

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see,
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

Philip Doddridge.

ST. ANN'S. C. M. W. CROFT.



487 *A growing kingdom.*

OH, where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

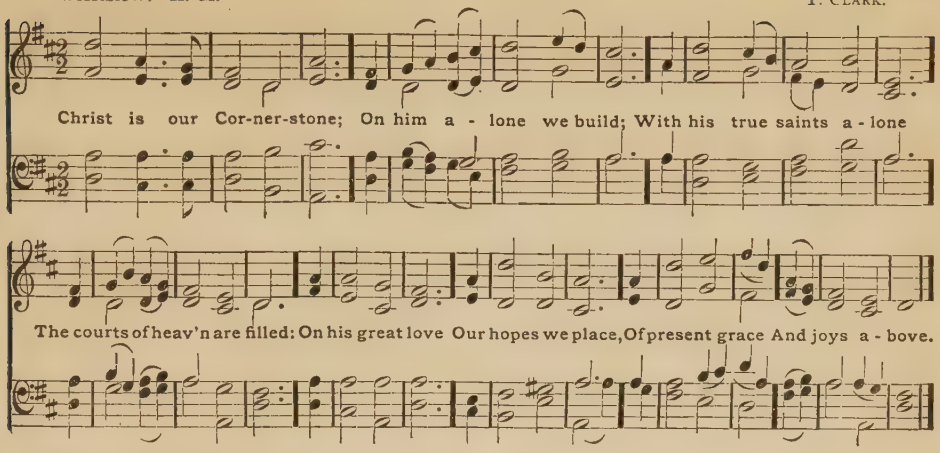
2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God! [her,
Though earthquake shocks are threatening
And tempests are abroad;—

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

Arthur C. Coxe.

WARSAW. H. M. T. CLARK.


Christ is our Cor-ner-stone; On him a - lone we build; With his true saints a - lone
The courts of heav'n are filled: On his great love Our hopes we place, Of present grace And joys a - bove.

488 *Corner-stone.*

CHRIST is our Corner-stone;
On him alone we build;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
On his great love | Of present grace
Our hopes we place, | And joys above.

2 Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring!
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim | Both loud and long,
In joyful song | That glorious Name.

3 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace once given,
Be with us evermore,—
Until that day | To endless rest
When all the blest | Are called away.

John Chandler, tr.

489 *The Spirit and the Bride.*

O THOU that hearest prayer!
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word,
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father thou,—
We—children of thy grace,
Oh, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
That all may feel the heavenly flame
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 And send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word:
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

John Burton.

490 *The Church one.*

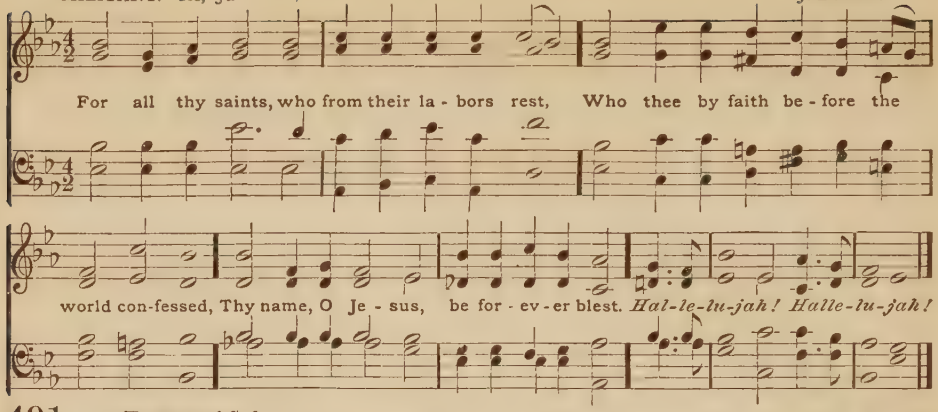
ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword, love;
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one;
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone;
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of thy church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew;
Then shall thy perfect will be done
When Christians love and live as one.

George Robinson.

MILITANT. 10s, 3l. J. BARNBY.


For all thy saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who thee by faith be - fore the
world con-fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus, be for - ev - er blest. Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah!

491 *The army of God.*

FOR all thy saints, who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain, in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of [light.

3 Oh, may thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

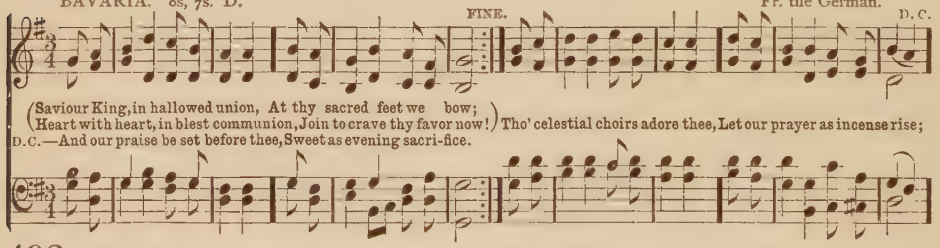
4 Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

5 But, lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of glory passes on his way.

6 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

William W. How.

BAVARIA. 8s, 7s. D. Fr. the German.


FINE.
D. C.
(Saviour King, in hallowed union, At thy sacred feet we bow;
Heart with heart, in blest communion, Join to crave thy favor now!)
Tho' celestial choirs adore thee, Let our prayer as incense rise;
D.C.—And our praise be set before thee, Sweet as evening sacri-fice.

492 *Sabbath School Meeting.*

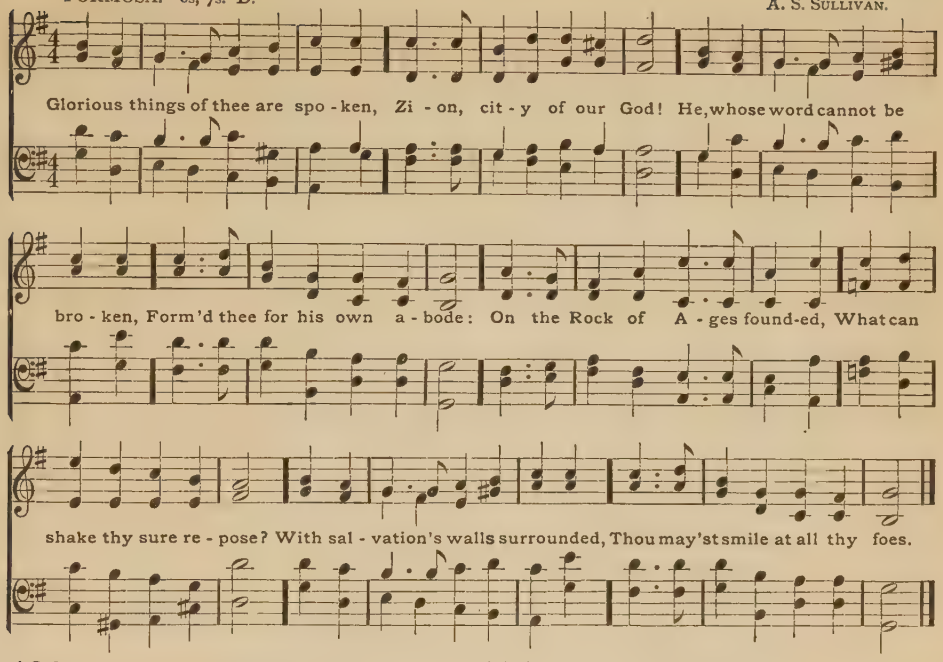
SAVIOUR King, in hallowed union,
At thy sacred feet we bow;
Heart with heart, in blest communion,
Join to crave thy favor now!
Though celestial choirs adore thee,
Let our prayer as incense rise;
And our praise be set before thee,
Sweet as evening sacrifice.

2 Heavenly Fount, thy streams of blessing,
Oft have cheered us on our way;
By thy power and grace unceasing,
We continue to this day:
Raise we then with glad emotion
Thankful lays: and while we sing,
Vow a pure, a full devotion
To thy work, O Saviour King!

3 When we tell the wondrous story
Of thy rich, exhaustless love,
Send thy Spirit, Lord of glory,
On the youthful heart to move!
Oh, that he, the ever-living,
May descend, as fruitful rain;
Till the wilderness, reviving,
Blossoms as the rose again!

Anon., 1805.

FORMOSA. 8s, 7s. D. A. S. SULLIVAN.


Glorious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God! He, whose word cannot be
bro - ken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode: On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can
shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - vation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

493 *"Glorious things."*

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

John Newton.

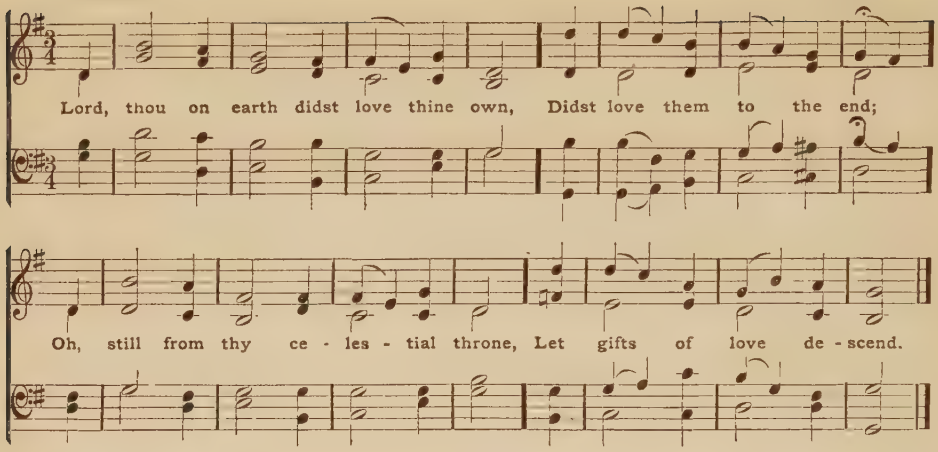
494 *The covenant.*

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moon no more shall see,
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
God, your everlasting Light.

William Cowper.

BELMONT. C. M. S. WEBBE.

Lord, thou on earth didst love thine own, Didst love them to the end;
Oh, still from thy ce - les - tial throne, Let gifts of love de - scend.

495 "*One as we are one.*"

LORD, thou on earth didst love thine own,
Didst love them to the end;
Oh, still from thy celestial throne,
Let gifts of love descend.

2 The love the Father bears to thee,
His own eternal Son,
Fill all thy saints, till all shall be
In pure affection one.

3 As thou for us didst stoop so low,
Warmed by love's holy flame,
So let our deeds of kindness flow
To all that bear thy name.

4 One blessèd fellowship of love,
Thy living church should stand,
Till, faultless, she at last above
Shall shine at thy right hand.

5 Oh, glorious day, when she, the Bride,
With her dear Lord appears!
Then, robed in beauty at his side,
She shall forget her tears!

Ray Palmer.

496 "*Little Flock.*"

CHURCH of the ever-living God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amid the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice!

2 Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise;
They whom God makes his kings and priests
Are poor in human eyes.

3 But the chief Shepherd comes at length;
Their feeble days are o'er,
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.

4 Then entering the eternal halls,
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

Horatius Bonar.

497 *1 John 4: 21.*

How SWEET, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from every eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

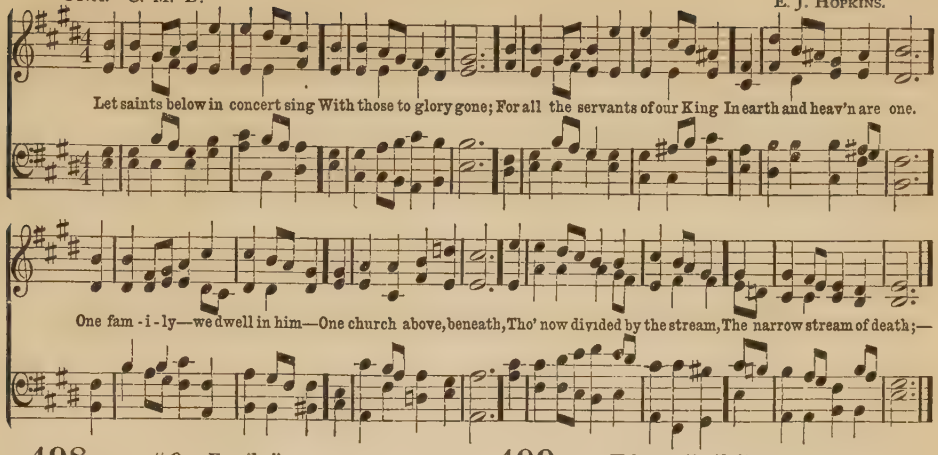
3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain.

UNA. C. M. D. E. J. HOPKINS.


Let saints below in concert sing With those to glory gone; For all the servants of our King In earth and heav'n are one.
One fam - i - ly—we dwell in him—One church above, beneath, Tho' now divided by the stream, The narrow stream of death;—

498 *"One Family."*

LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.
One family—we dwell in him—
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death;—

2 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
Ev'n now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

3 Ev'n now by faith, we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the ransomed, blessèd bands
Upon the eternal shore.
Lord Jesus! be our constant guide:
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

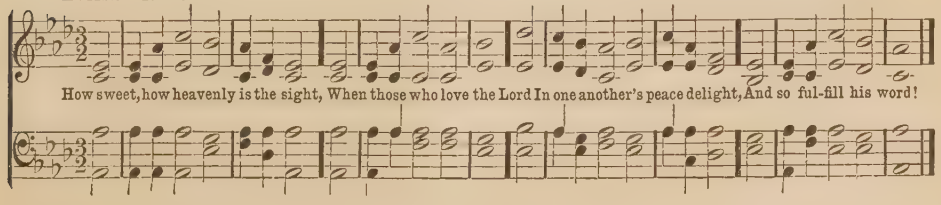
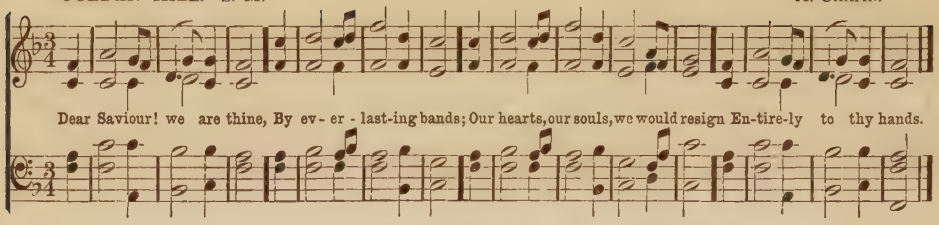
499 *Hebrews 12: 18–24.*

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;—
But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And speak his love abroad.

2 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!
Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven!
And God, the Judge of all, declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.

3 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.
In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

Isaac Watts.

EVAN. C. M. W. H. HAVERGAL.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M. A. CHAPIN.

500 *"We are thine."*

DEAR Saviour! we are thine,
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail!

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form in us thine image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven has fixed his throne
He 'll fix his members there.

Philip Doddridge.

501 *"Our common faith."*

JESUS, our faith increase;
Fast knit, O Lord, to thee,
Around us bind the bond of peace,
The Spirit's unity.

2 One God and Father ours,
One Christ his gift of love,
One Spirit shed in living showers,
One home prepared above.

3 To one glad hope we cling,
Through Jesus' life and death;
One theme of saving grace we sing,
And ours one common faith.

4 Then grant us, Lord, one mind,
One will in all our ways,
One heart to thine own truth inclined,
One mouth to speak thy praise.

Anon.

502 *Blest communion.*

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distills,
And all the air is love.

Isaac Watts.

503 *Meeting, after absence.*

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.

2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

3 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

Charles Wesley.

504 *"Hold us, that we may not fall."*

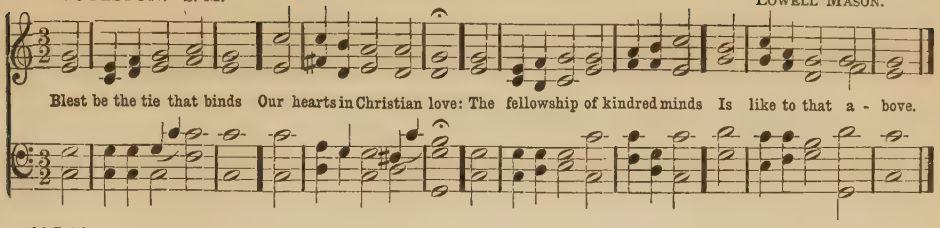
O CHRIST, the eternal Light
Of every sun and sphere!
Illumine thou our mortal night,
And keep our spirits clear.

2 Let nothing evil smite
Nor enemy invade,
And let us stainless be, and white,
By nothing base betrayed.

3 Guard thou the hearts of all,
But chiefly of thine own;
And hold us that we may not fall,
Through thy great might alone!

4 That so our souls may sing,
When favoring light they see,
And every vow a tribute bring
To God in Trinity!

S. W. Duffield, tr.

BOYLSTON. S. M. LOWELL MASON.

505 *"Christian Love."*

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

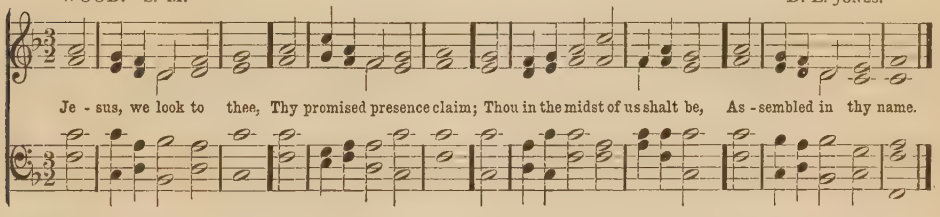
4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett.

WOOD. S. M. D. E. JONES.



506 *Christ's Presence.*

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

3 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

4 Present we know thou art,
But, oh, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.

5 Oh, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

507 *Christian Union.*

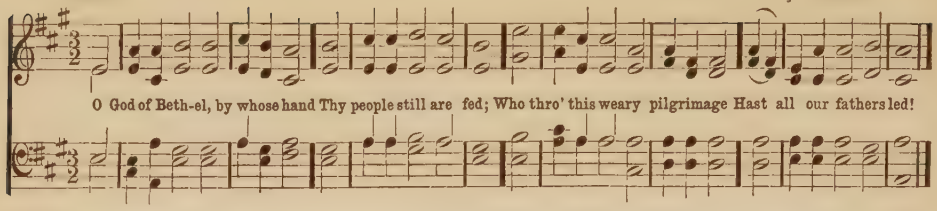
LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

Benjamin Beddome.

AZMON. C. M. Arr. by L. MASON.



508 *Genesis 28: 19–22.*

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

Philip Doddridge.

509 *Christ receiving children.*

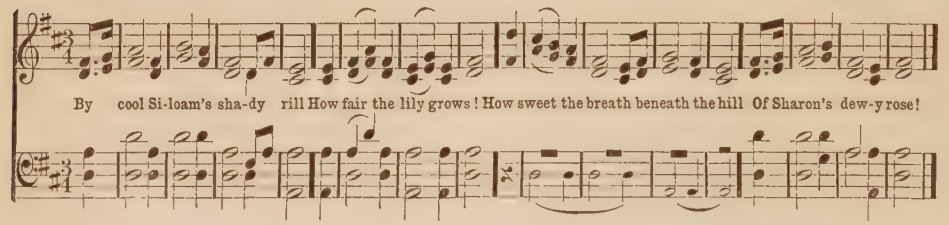
SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms!
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,—
Thine let our offspring be.

Philip Doddridge.

SILOAM. C. M. I. B. WOODBURY.



510 *A Christian Child.*

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

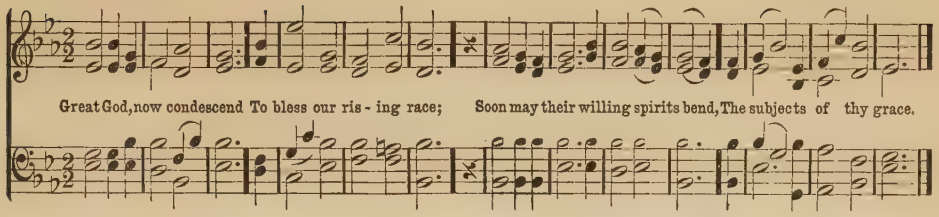
4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine!

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Reginald Heber.

INVERNESS. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



511 *Our children.*

GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 Oh, what a pure delight
Their happiness to see;
Our warmest wishes all unite,
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

John Fellows.

512 *"Suffer them to come."*

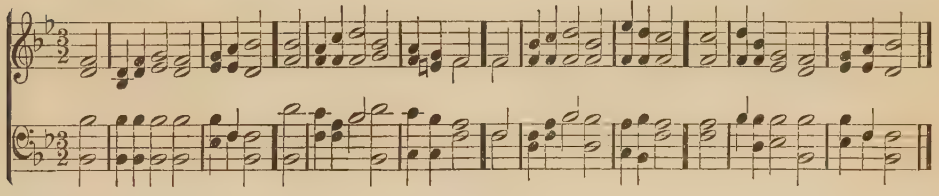
THE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

H. U. Onderdonk.

HEBRON. L. M. LOWELL MASON.



513 *"This child we dedicate."*

THIS child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.

2 Oh, may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law;
May virtue, piety, and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

3 We too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.

4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

S. Gilman, tr.

514 *"They are thine."*

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;—

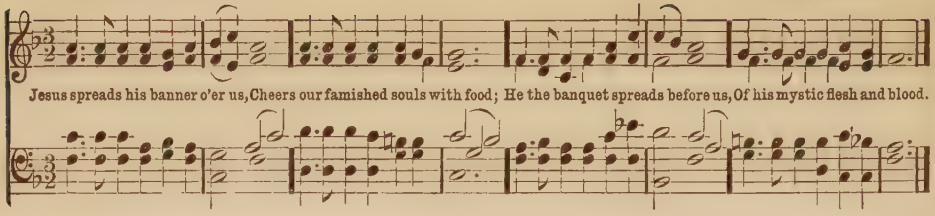
2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way;
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

Mrs. A. B. Hyde.

ST. SYLVESTER. 8s, 7s. J. B. DYKES.


Jesus spreads his banner o'er us, Cheers our famished souls with food; He the banquet spreads before us, Of his mystic flesh and blood.

515 *"His Banner."*

JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.

2 Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free:
May we taste it, kindly given
In remembrance, Lord, of thee!

3 In thy trial and rejection;
In thy sufferings on the tree;
In thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember thee!

Roswell Park.

516 *"In remembrance."*

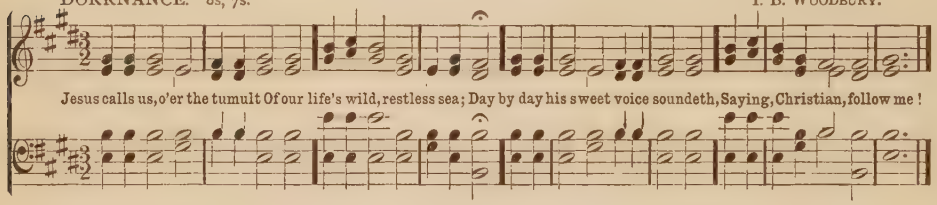
WHILE in sweet communion feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,
Saviour, may we see thee bleeding
On the cross, to make us thine.

2 Though unseen, now be thou near us,
With the still small voice of love;
Whispering words of peace to cheer us—
Every doubt and fear remove.

3 Bring before us all the story,
Of thy life, and death of woe;
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.

Edward Denny.

DORRNANCE. 8s, 7s. I. B. WOODBURY.


Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, restless sea; Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, Christian, follow me!

517 *"Follow me."*

JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!

2 Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, Christian, love me more!

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,—
Christian, love me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call;
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all!

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

518 *"Take my heart."*

TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it—
This proud heart of sin and stone.

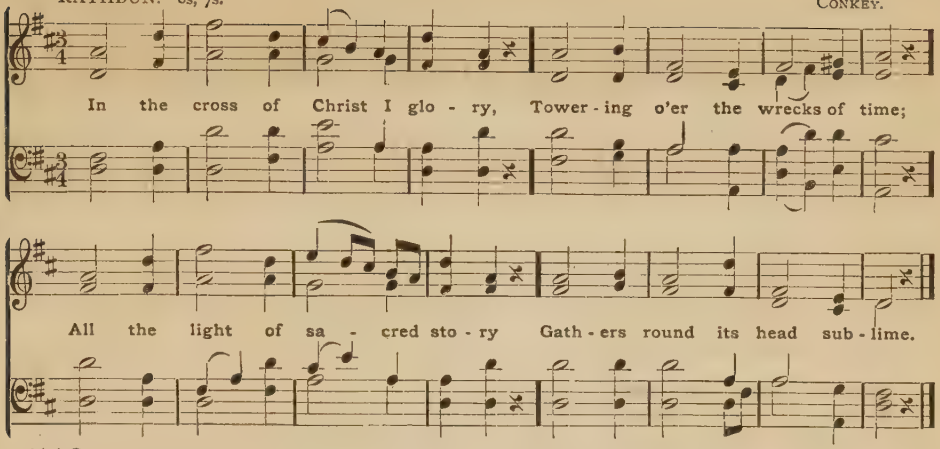
2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let thy grace surround me,
Strengthen me with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly thine.

5 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.

Anon., 1849.

RATHBUN. 8s, 7s. CONKEY.


In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower - ing o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

519 *Glorying in the Cross.*

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

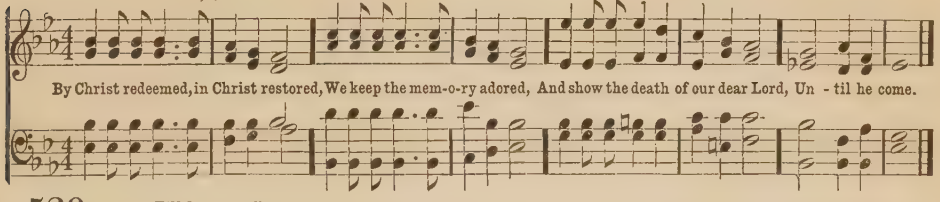
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance, streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime,

John Bowring.

HANFORD. 8s, 4. A. S. SULLIVAN.



520 *"Till he come."*

By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until he come.

2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until he come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until he come.

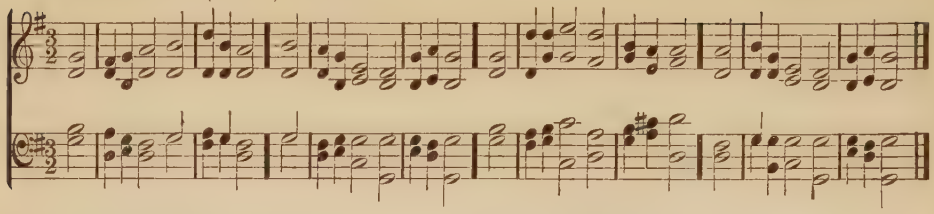
4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite—
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
Until he come.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

6 Oh, blessèd hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until he come!

George Rawson.

ROCKINGHAM (MASON'S). L. M. LOWELL MASON.



521 *Living to Christ.*

My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, his saving power.

Philip Doddridge.

522 *"Bought with a price."*

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine,
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

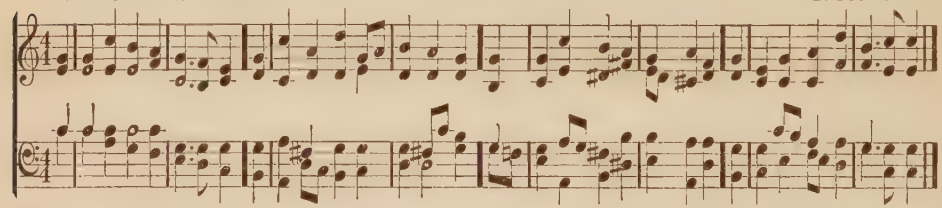
2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Samuel Davies.

MARSHMAN. L M. B. TOURS.

523 *"Forget him not."*

O THOU, my soul, forget no more,
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore,
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not.

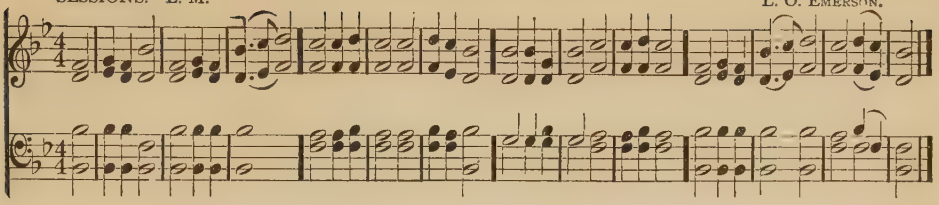
2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

4 Oh, no: till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

Joshua Marshman, tr.

SESSIONS. L. M. L. O. EMERSON.



524 *The Memorial of our Lord.*

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought;
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

4 While he is absent from our sight,
'T is to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.

Isaac Watts.

525 *"Eat, O friends!"*

DRAW near, O Holy Dove, draw near,
With peace and gladness on thy wing;
Reveal the Saviour's presence here,
And light, and life, and comfort bring.

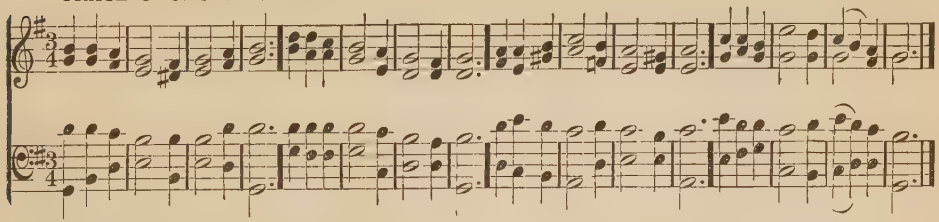
2 "Eat, O my friends—drink, O beloved!"
We hear the Master's voice exclaim:
Our hearts with new desire are moved,
And kindled with a heavenly flame.

3 No room for doubt, no room for dread,
Nor tears, nor groans, nor anxious sighs;
We do not mourn a Saviour dead,
But hail him living in the skies!

4 While this we do, remembering thee,
Dear Saviour, let our graces prove
We have thy blessèd company,
Thy banner over us is love.

Aaron R. Wolfe.

GRACE CHURCH. L. M. I. PLEYEL.



526 *Robe of Righteousness.*

JESUS, thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,—
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,—
For me, ev'n for my soul, was shed.

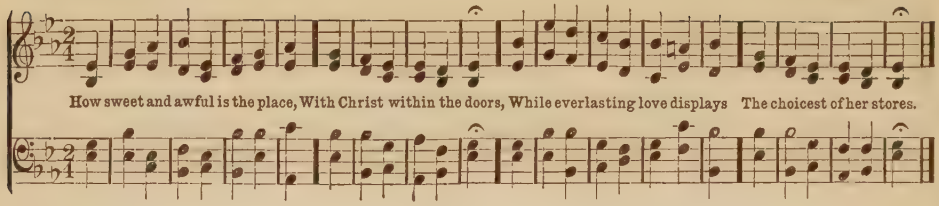
3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies—
Ev'n then, this shall be all my plea:
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

4 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

5 Oh, let the dead now hear thy voice:
Bid, Lord, thy mourning ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

John Wesley, tr.

DUNDEE. C. M. G. FRANC.


How sweet and awful is the place, With Christ within the doors, While everlasting love displays The choicest of her stores.

527 *Persistent Love.*

How SWEET and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 When all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,—
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

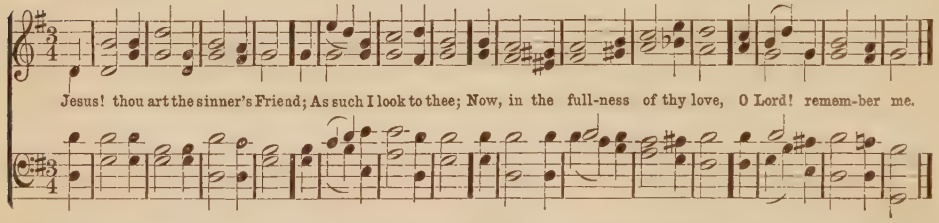
3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there 's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'T was the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

Isaac Watts.

CHERITH. C. M. ARR. FR. SPOHR.



528 *"Friend of Sinners."*

JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,—
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

4 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation 's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

Richard Burnham.

529 *"Prepare us, Lord."*

PREPARE us, Lord, to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on thee, whom we have pierced—
To look on thee and mourn.

2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice,
And as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,
"The Saviour died for me!"

Thomas Cotterill.

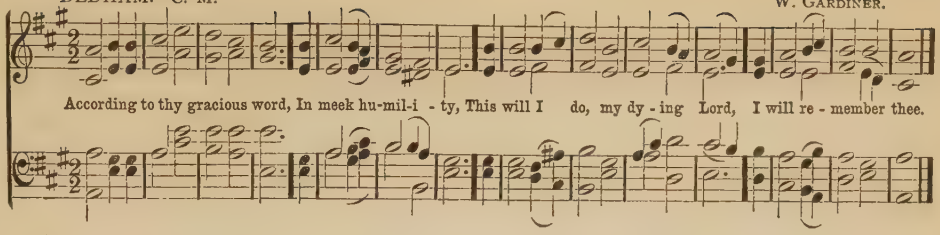
530 *Feeding on Christ.*

TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blessèd self impart;
And let thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love,
Prepare us for this feast;
Oh, let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

John Cennick.

DEDHAM. C. M. W. GARDINER.



531 "*I will remember thee.*"

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

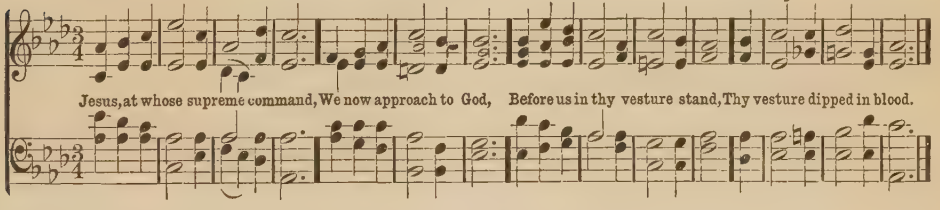
4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee:—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me!

James Montgomery.

BEATITUDO. C. M. J. B. DYKES.



532 "*The cup of blessing.*"

JESUS, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood.

2 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known
Affix thy blessèd Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own.

3 Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallowed bread,
Commemorate our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.

4 The cup of blessing, blessed by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The broken bread thy body be,
To cheer each languid heart.

Charles Wesley.

533 "*Greater love hath no man.*"

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie:
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—

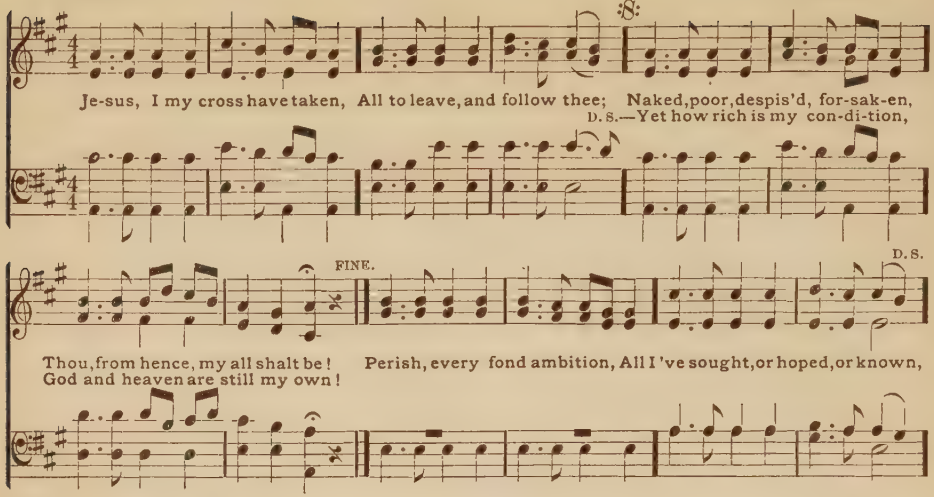
2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him, who died our fears to quell—
Who bore our guilt and woe!

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,—
"Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember thee—thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!—
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

Gerard T. Noel

ELLESDIE. 8s, 7s. D. Arr. fr. MOZART.


Je-sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and follow thee; Naked, poor, despis'd, for-sak-en,
D. S.—Yet how rich is my con-di-tion,
FINE.
D. S.
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be! Perish, every fond ambition, All I 've sought, or hoped, or known,
God and heaven are still my own!

534 *Bearing the Cross.*

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I 've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh, while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh, 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh, 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee—Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Henry F. Lyte.

535 *The Crown coming.*

SOUL, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy, to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee!
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry F. Lyte.

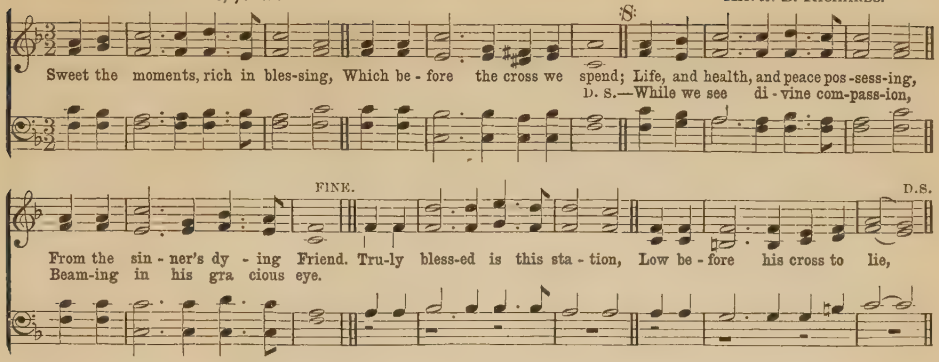
536 *A spotless soul.*

JESUS, who on Calvary's mountain
Poured thy precious blood for me,
Wash me in its flowing fountain,
That my soul may spotless be.

2 In thy word I hear thee saying,
Come and I will give you rest;
Now the gracious call obeying,
See, I hasten to thy breast.

Anon., 1855.

ARMSTRONG. 8s, 7s. D. Arr. fr. B. RICHARDS.


S.
Sweet the moments, rich in bles-sing, Which be - fore the cross we spend; Life, and health, and peace pos-sess-ing,
D. S.—While we see di - vine com-pass-ion,
FINE.
D.S.
From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend. Tru-ly bless-ed is this sta - tion, Low be - fore his cross to lie,
Beam-ing in his gra cious eye.

537 *Before the Cross.*

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Truly blesséd is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While we see divine compassion,
Beaming in his gracious eye.

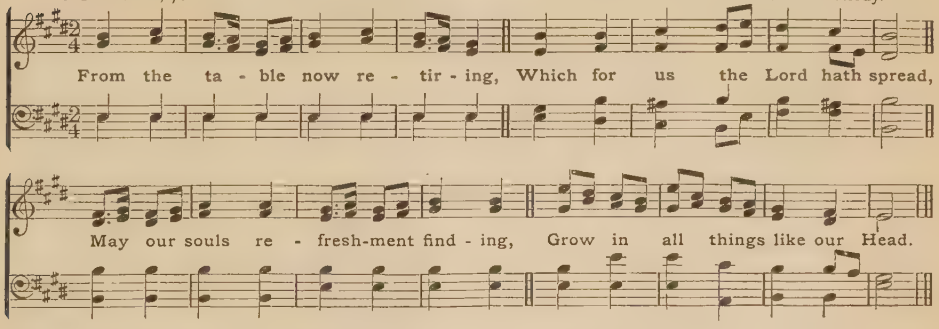
2 Love and grief our hearts dividing,
With our tears his feet we bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

For thy sorrows we adore thee,
For the pains that wrought our peace,
Gracious Saviour! we implore thee
In our souls thy love increase.

3 Here we feel our sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze,
And our thoughts are all of heaven,
And our lips o'erflow with praise.
Still in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,
Till we taste thy full salvation,
And, unvailed, thy glories see.

James Allen.

SICILY. 8s, 7s. Sicilian melody.


From the ta - ble now re - tir - ing, Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls re - fresh-ment find - ing, Grow in all things like our Head.

538 *Parting Hymn.*

FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head!

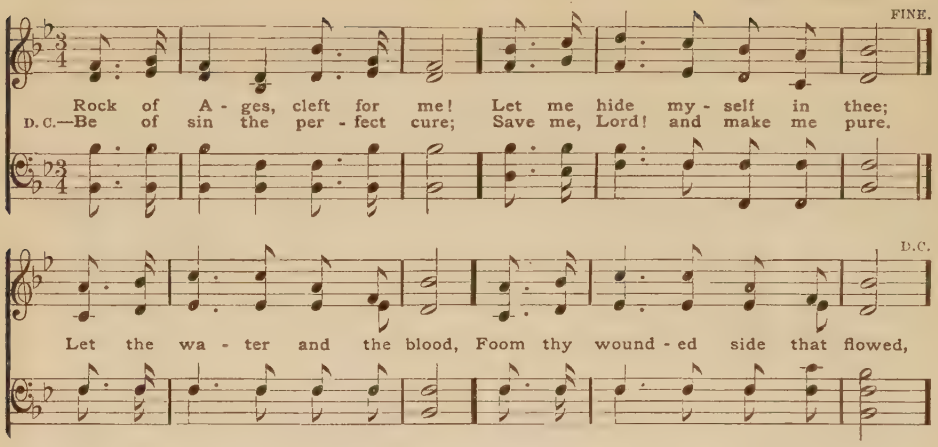
2 His example while beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

4 Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One.

John Rowe.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6l. THOMAS HASTINGS.


FINE.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the per - fect cure; Save me, Lord! and make me pure.
D.C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side that flowed,

539 *The Rock of Ages.*

Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure;
Save me, Lord! and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee.

A. M. Toplady.

540 *"Manifest thyself."*

Son of God! to thee I cry:
By the holy mystery
Of thy dwelling here on earth,
By thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me.

2 Lamb of God! to thee I cry:
By thy bitter agony,
By thy pangs to us unknown,
By thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me.

3 Prince of Life! to thee I cry:
By thy glorious majesty,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me.

4 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky!
With thy love my bosom fill,
Prompt me to perform thy will;
Then thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to thee.

Richard Mant.

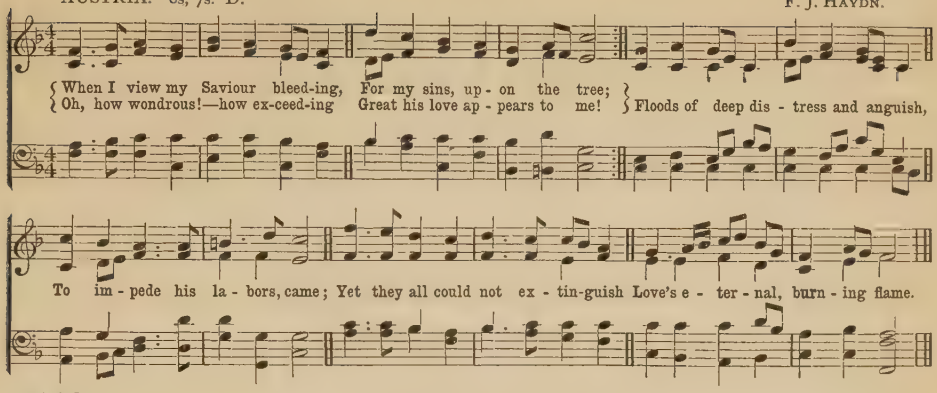
541 *"Till he come."*

"Till He come:" oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that—"Till he come."

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only—"Till he come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only—"Till he come."

E. H. Bickersteth.

AUSTRIA. 8s, 7s. D. F. J. HAYDN.

When I view my Saviour bleed-ing, For my sins, up - on the tree;
Oh, how wondrous!—how ex-ceed-ing Great his love ap - pears to me! Floods of deep dis - tress and anguish,
To im - pede his la - bors, came; Yet they all could not ex - tin-guish Love's e - ter - nal, burn - ing flame.

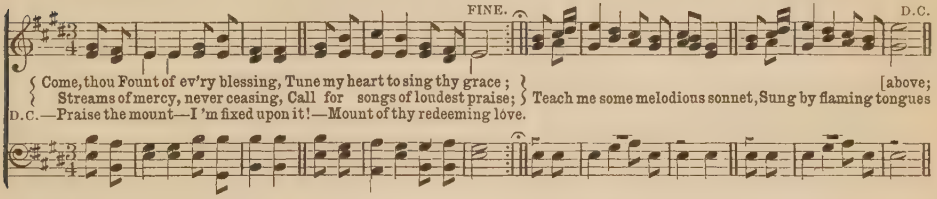
542 *Christ on the Cross.*

WHEN I view my Saviour bleeding,
For my sins, upon the tree;
Oh, how wondrous!—how exceeding
Great his love appears to me!
Floods of deep distress and anguish,
To impede his labors, came;
Yet they all could not extinguish
Love's eternal, burning flame.

2 Now redemption is completed,
Full salvation is procured;
Death and Satan are defeated,
By the sufferings he endured.
Now the gracious Mediator
Risen to the courts of bliss,
Claims for me, a sinful creature,
Pardon, righteousness, and peace!

3 Sure such infinite affection
Lays the highest claims to mine;
All my powers, without exception,
Should in fervent praises join.
Jesus, fit me for thy service;
Form me for thyself alone;
I am thy most costly purchase,—
Take possession of thine own.

Richard Lee.

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D. A. NETTLETON.

FINE.
D.C.
Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise; Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;
D.C.—Praise the mount—I 'm fixed upon it!—Mount of thy redeeming love.

543 *"Eben-ezer."*

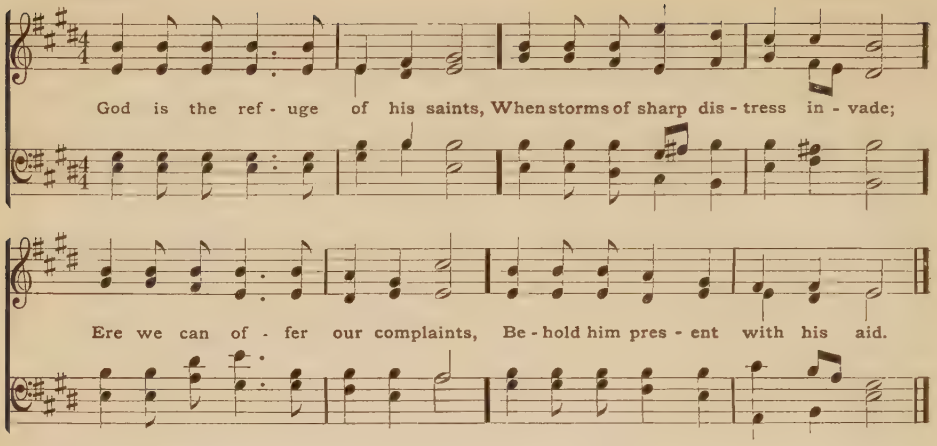
COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I 'm fixed upon it!—
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I 'll raise mine Eben-ezer;
Hither by thy help I 'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here 's my heart; oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

Robert Robinson.

APPLETON. L. M. W. Boyce.


God is the ref - uge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade;
Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be - hold him pres - ent with his aid.

544 *Psalm 46.*

God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

Isaac Watts.

545 *Psalm 72.*

Great God! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

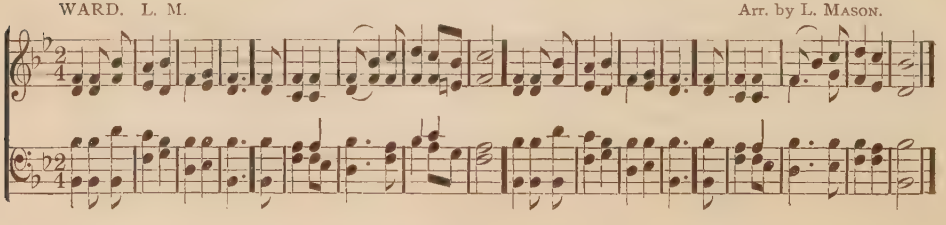
2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace, on fainting souls, distills
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

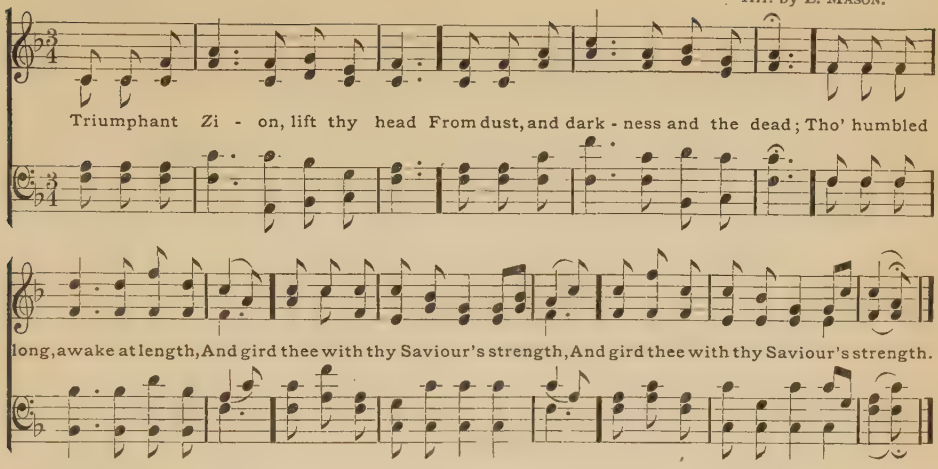
4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Isaac Watts.

WARD. L. M. Arr. by L. Mason.



ANVERN. L. M. Arr. by L. Mason.


Triumphant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust, and dark - ness and the dead; Tho' humbled
long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

546 *"Triumphant Zion."*

Triumphant Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known:
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Philip Doddridge.

547 *Ancient Israel.*

Why on the bending willows hung,
Israel! still sleeps thy tuneful string?–
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promised King his sceptre sways:
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns!

3 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumphs share:
A heavenly city claims thy song;
A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

James Joyce.

548 *Home Missions.*

Look from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

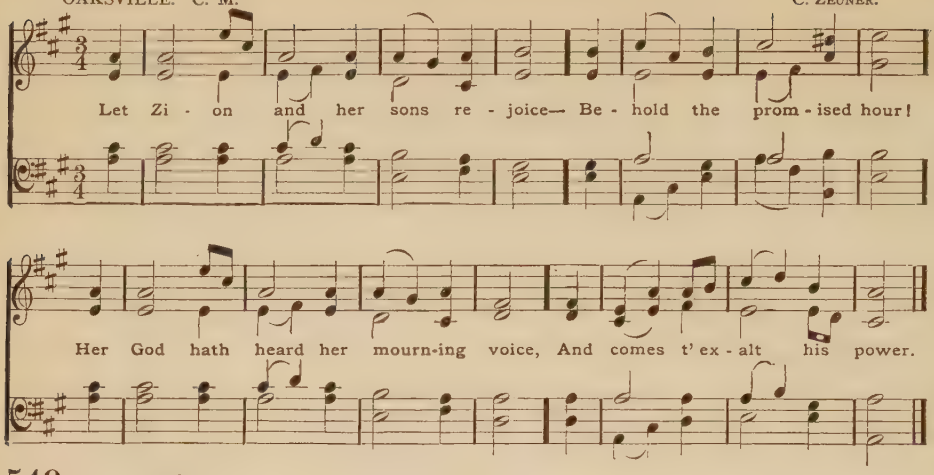
3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William C. Bryant.

OAKSVILLE. C. M. C. ZEUNER.



549 *Psalm 102.*

LET Zion and her sons rejoice—
Behold the promised hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes,
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemned to death;
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

Isaac Watts.

550 *"Can a mother forget?"*

A MOTHER may forgetful be,
For human love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion, cannot fail.

2 No: thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thine almighty Father's hands,
And never shall remove.

3 Before his ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears,
And every groan, and every sigh,
Divine compassion hears.

4 O Zion, learn to doubt no more,
Be every fear suppressed;
Unchanging truth, and love, and power,
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast.

Anne Steele.

551 *Psalm 67.*

SHINE, mighty God! on Zion shine
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

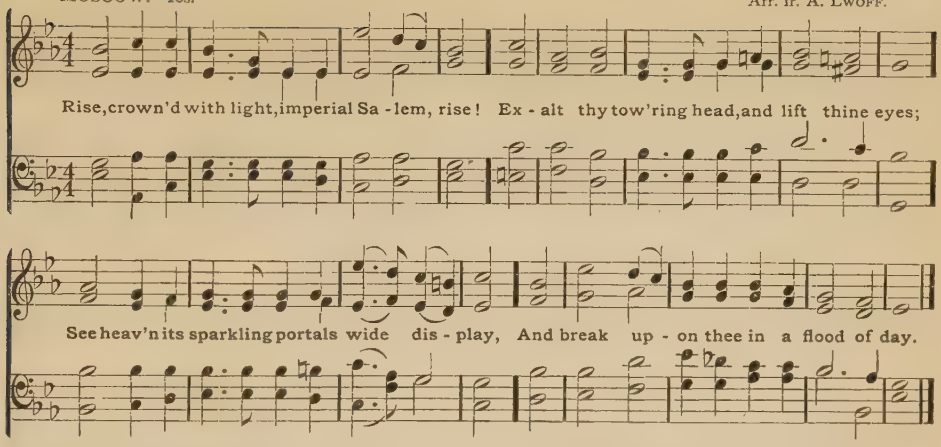
3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands!
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

4 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

5 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favors here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

Isaac Watts.

MOSCOW. 10s. Arr. fr. A. LWOFF.


Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Sa - lem, rise! Ex - alt thy tow'ring head, and lift thine eyes;
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide dis - play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day.

552 *The Fullness of the Gentiles.*

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

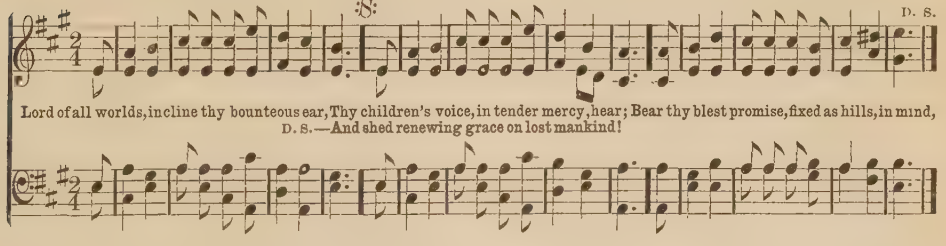
2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in the light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyful tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns!

Alexander Pope.

SAVANNAH. 10s. I. PLEYEL.


D. S.
Lord of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear, Thy children's voice, in tender mercy, hear; Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,
D. S.—And shed renewing grace on lost mankind!

553 *The Latter Day Glory.*

LORD of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear,
Thy children's voice, in tender mercy, hear;
Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind!

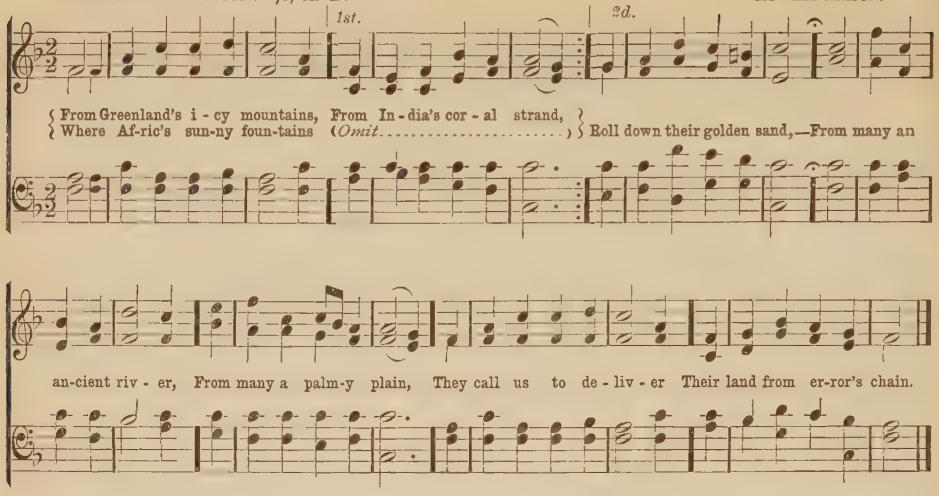
2 Let Zion's walls before thee ceaseless stand,
Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand;
From earth's far regions Jacob's sons restore,
Oppressed by man, and scourged by thee no more.

3 Then shall mankind no more in darkness mourn,
Then happy nations in a day be born;
From east to west thy glorious name be one,
And one pure worship hail the eternal Son.

4 Then shall thy saints exult with joy divine;
Their virtues quicken, and their lives refine;
Heaven o'er the world unfold a brighter day,
And Jesus spread his reign from sea to sea!

Timothy Dwight.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s. D. LOWELL MASON.


1st.
2d.
From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
Where Af-ric's sun-ny foun-tains (Omit.....) Roll down their golden sand,—From many an
an-cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er-ror's chain.

554 *"Come over, and help us."*

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

Reginald Heber.

555 *The day of Jubilee.*

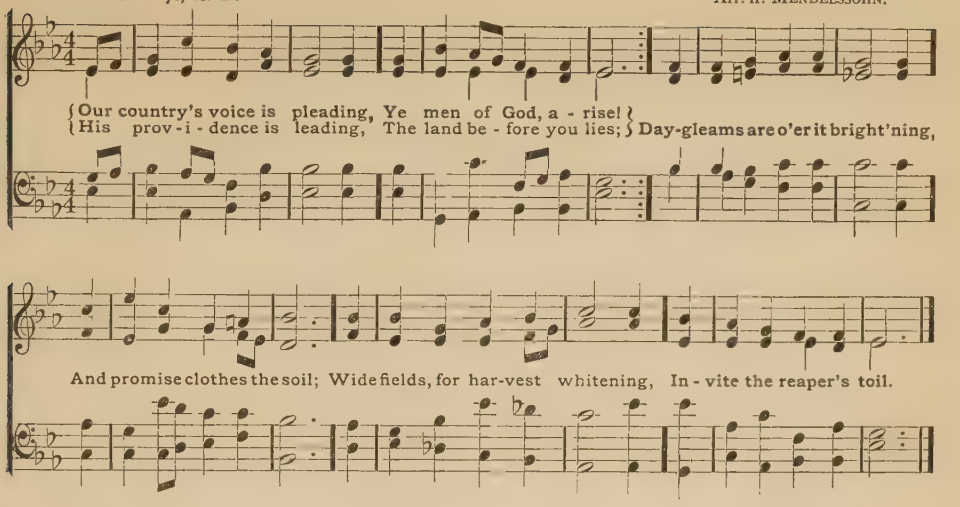
HOW BEAUTEOUS on the mountains,
The feet of him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains,
Good tidings of good things;
That publisheth salvation,
And jubilee release,
To every tribe and nation,
God's reign of joy and peace!

2 Lift up thy voice, O watchman!
And shout, from Zion's towers,
Thy hallelujah chorus,—
"The victory is ours!"
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's lion,
Shall wear his rightful crown.

3 Break forth in hymns of gladness;
O waste Jerusalem!
Let songs, instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim;
The Lord, in strength victorious,
Upon thy foes hath trod;
Behold, O earth! the glorious
Salvation of our God!

Benjamin Gough.

MUNICH. 7s, 6s. D. Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.


Our country's voice is pleading, Ye men of God, a - rise!
His prov - i - dence is leading, The land be - fore you lies; Day-gleams are o'er it bright'ning,
And promise clothes the soil; Wide fields, for har-vest whitening, In - vite the reaper's toil.

556 *Home Missions.*

OUR country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go, where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

Mrs. Maria F. Anderson.

557 *Christian Union.*

AND is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One shepherd and one fold?
Shall every idol perish,
To moles and bats be thrown,
And every prayer be offered
To God in Christ alone?

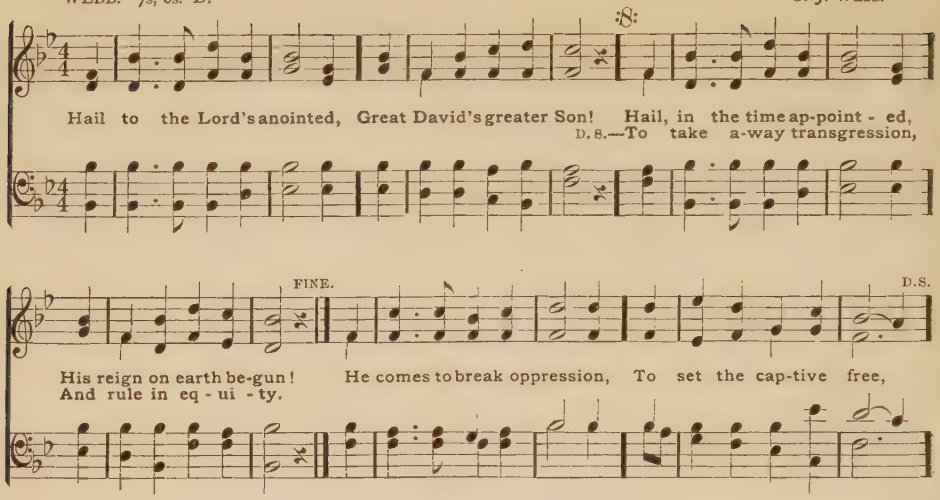
2 Shall Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer,
Shall strife and tumult cease,
All earth his blessèd kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace?

4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick.

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D. G. J. WEBB.


Hail to the Lord's anointed, Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time ap-point - ed,
D. S.—To take a-way transgression,
FINE.
D.S.
His reign on earth be-gun! He comes to break oppression, To set the cap-tive free,
And rule in eq - ui - ty.

558 *Psalm 72.*

HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

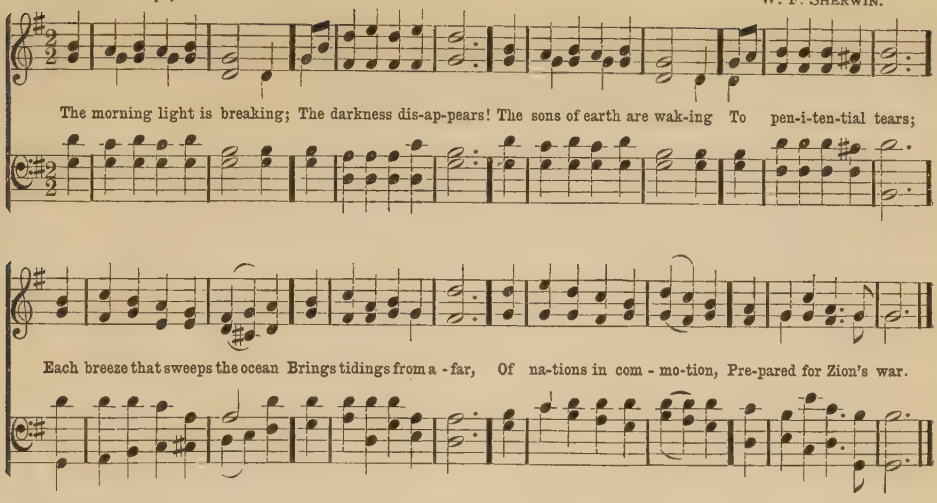
5 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring:
All nations shall adore him;
His praise all people sing;
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

6 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The heavenly dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

7 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
His great, best name of Love!

James Montgomery.

ORIENS. 7s, 6s. D. W. F. Sherwin.


The morning light is breaking; The darkness dis-ap-pears! The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a-far, Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Pre-pared for Zion's war.

559 *The morning light.*

The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears!
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

Samuel F. Smith.

560 *Psalm 14.*

Oh, that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home!
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity,
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the vail of error,
Release the fettered heart;
Let Israel, home returning,
Their lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy Church to thee.

Henry F. Lyte.

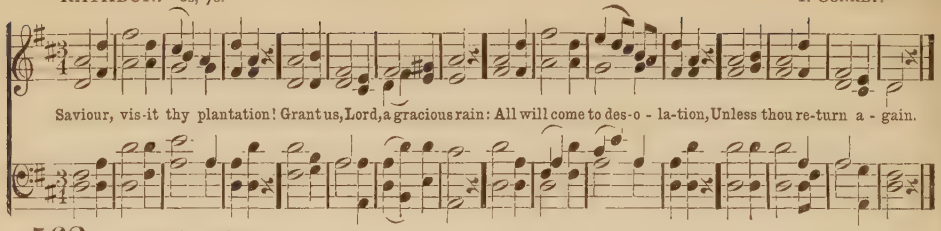
561 *Departing Missionaries.*

Roll on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us, who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

James Edmeston.

RATHBUN. 8s, 7s. I. CONKEY.



562 *Revival Implored.*

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation!
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Once, O Lord, thy garden flourished;
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished:
Happy seasons we have seen.

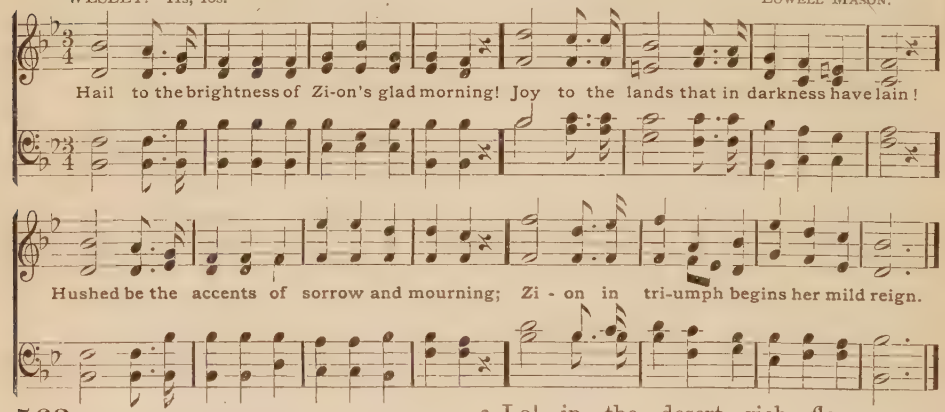
4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, thy help is greatly needed:
Help can only come from thee.

5 Let our mutual love be fervent:
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snare.

6 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

John Newton.

WESLEY. 11s, 10s. LOWELL MASON.


Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning; Zi - on in tri-umph begins her mild reign.

563 *The Promise.*

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

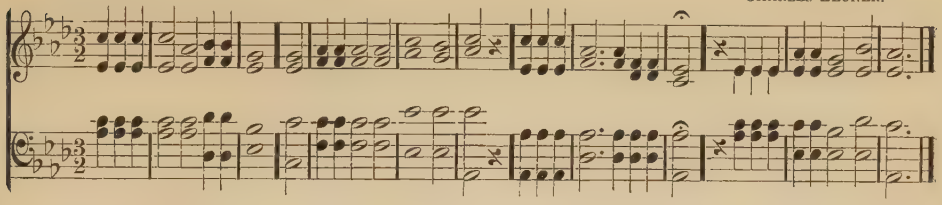
2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentile and Jew the blest vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. CHARLES ZEUNER.



564 *Psalm 72.*

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning-sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

Isaac Watts.

565 *Conversion of the World.*

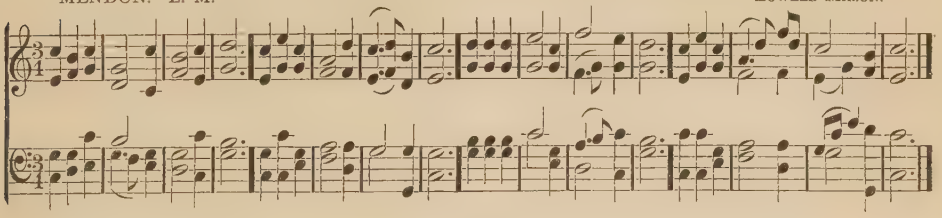
SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,—
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown,—
And make the nations all thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

Mrs. Voke.

MENDON. L. M. LOWELL MASON.



566 *"O light of Zion."*

THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise, with light divine
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise!
Let the glad morning bless our eyes!
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendor of the day.

Leonard Bacon.

567 *Zion's Glory.*

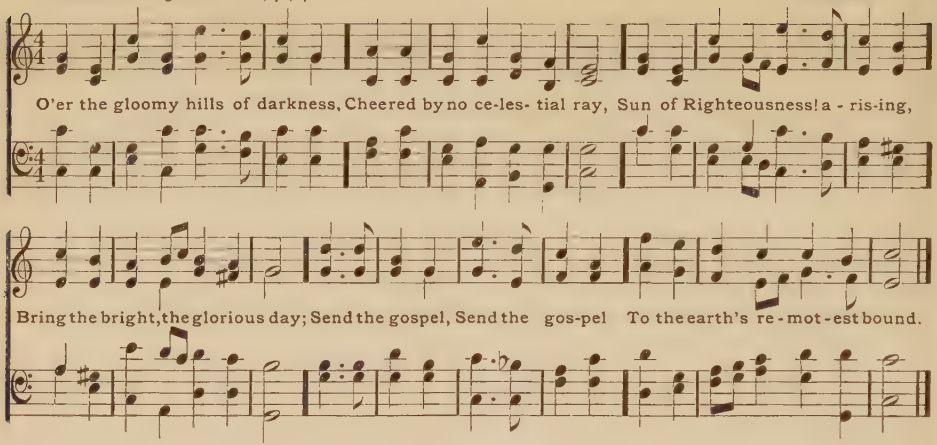
ZION! awake, thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
And let the admiring world behold
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.

2 Church of our God! arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine;
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.

3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view,
And shall admire and love thee too;—
They come, like clouds across the sky,
As doves that to their windows fly.

William Shrubsole, tr.

REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s, 4s. H. SMART.


O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Cheered by no ce-les- tial ray, Sun of Righteousness! a - ris-ing,
Bring the bright, the glorious day; Send the gospel, Send the gos-pel To the earth's re - mot - est bound.

568 *Sun of Righteousness.*

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of Righteousness! arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day;
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
Grant them, Lord! the glorious light:
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway the sceptre,
Saviour! all the world around.

William Williams.

569 *Home Missions.*

SAINTS of God! the dawn is brightening,
Token of our coming Lord;
O'er the earth the field is whitening;
Louder rings the Master's word,—
"Pray for reapers
In the harvest of the Lord."

2 Now, O Lord! fulfill thy pleasure,
Breathe upon thy chosen band,
And, with pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land,—
Faithful reapers,
Gathering sheaves for thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!
By thy Spirit,
Bring thy ransomed people home.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come,—
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest Home:
Saints and angels!
Shout the world's great Harvest Home.

Mrs. Mary Maxwell

570 *The gospel herald.*

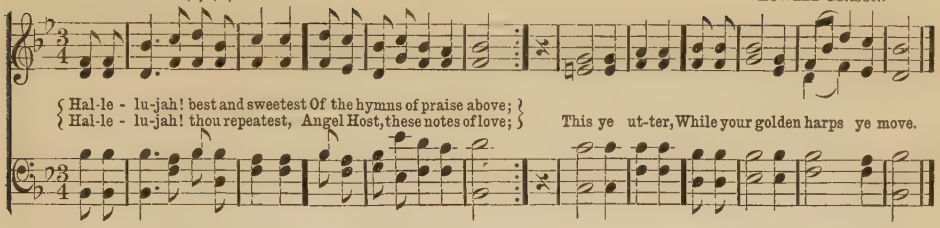
ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

Thomas Kelly.

HAMDEN. 8s, 7s, 4s. LOWELL MASON.


Hal-le - lu-jah! best and sweetest Of the hymns of praise above;
Hal-le - lu-jah! thou repeatest, Angel Host, these notes of love;
This ye ut-ter, While your golden harps ye move.

571 *"Hallelujah!"*

HALLELUJAH! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above;
Hallelujah! thou repeatest,
Angel Host, these notes of love;
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

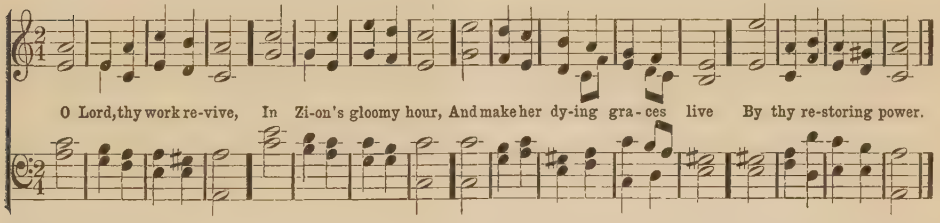
2 Hallelujah! Church Victorious,
Join the concert of the sky;
Hallelujah! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye Saints, this strain on high;
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

3 Hallelujah! strains of gladness,
Suit not souls with anguish torn;
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
Best become the heart forlorn;
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to thee;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Make us all thy joys to see.
Hallelujah!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

John Chandler, tr.

ST. BRIDE. S. M. S. HOWARD.



572 *"Revive thy work."*

O LORD, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And make her dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 Awake thy chosen few
To fervent earnest prayer;
Again may they their vows renew,
Thy blessèd presence share.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
And hearts of adamant will break,
And rebels will obey.

4 Lord, lend thy gracious ear;
Oh, listen to our cry;
Oh, come and bring salvation here:
Our hopes on thee rely.

Mrs. P. H. Brown, alt.

573 *Declension.*

OH, for the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high.

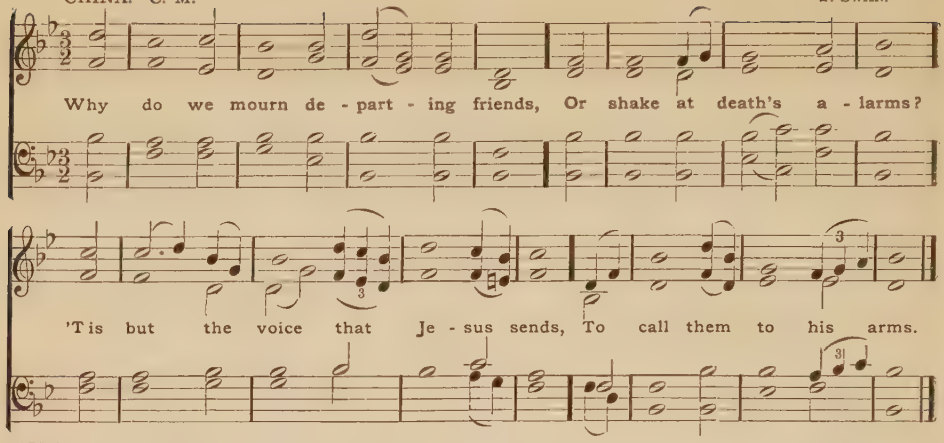
2 While many crowd thy house,
How few, around thy board,
Meet to recount their solemn vows,
And bless thee as their Lord!

3 Thou, thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.

4 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love!
Then shall this people all be thine,
This church like that above.

George W. Bethune.

CHINA. C. M. T. SWAN.



574 *"We are confident."*

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

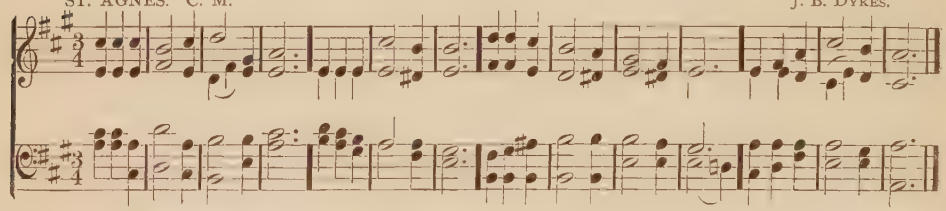
3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.

4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations under ground;
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

Isaac Watts.

ST. AGNES. C. M. J. B. DYKES.

575 *Resurrection sure.*

WHEN downward to the darksome tomb
I thoughtful turn my eyes,
Frail nature trembles at the gloom,
And anxious fears arise.

2 Why shrinks my soul?—in death's embrace
Once Jesus captive slept:
And angels, hovering o'er the place,
His lowly pillow kept.

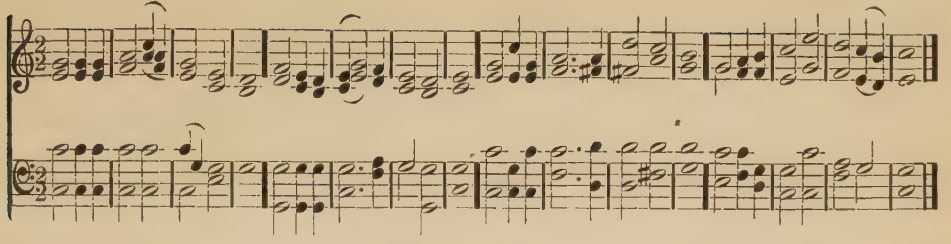
3 Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,
And, as the Saviour rose,
The grave again shall yield her trust,
And end my deep repose.

4 My Lord, before to glory gone,
Shall bid me come away;
And calm and bright shall break the dawn
Of heaven's eternal day.

5 Then let my faith each fear dispel,
And gild with light the grave;
To him my loftiest praises swell,
Who died, from death to save.

Ray Palmer.

ZEPHYR. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



576 *"His beloved sleep."*

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there!

Isaac Watts.

577 *Death of the Righteous.*

HOW BLEST the righteous when he dies,—
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

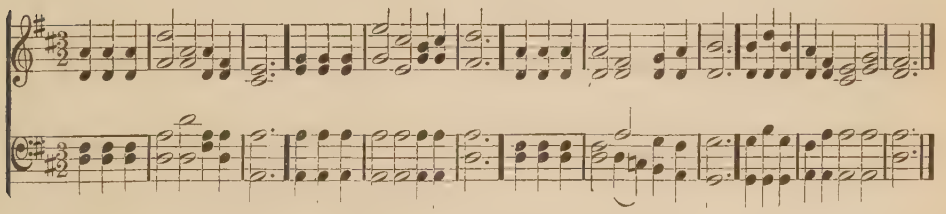
2 So fades a summer-cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,—
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

REST. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



578 *"Asleep in Jesus."*

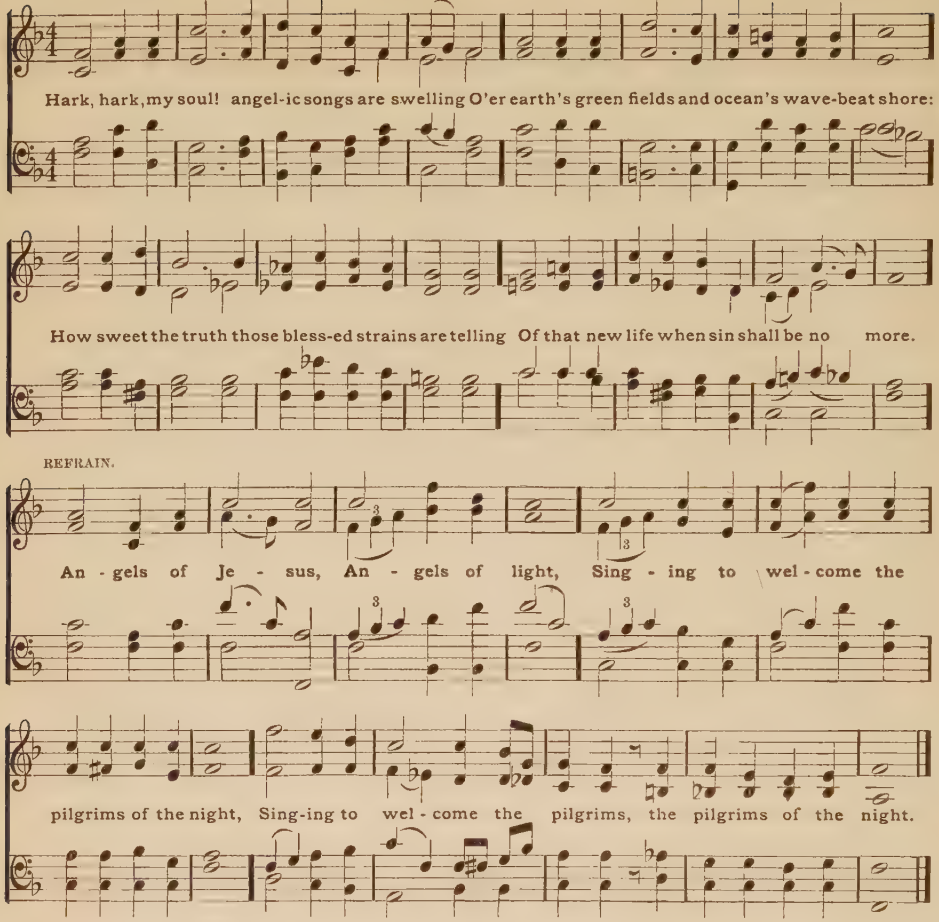
ASLEEP in Jesus! blesséd sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

Mrs. Margaret Mackay.

VOX ANGELICA. P. M. J. B. DYKES.

Hark, hark, my soul! angel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
REFRAIN.
An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the
pilgrims of the night, Sing-ing to wel - come the pilgrims, the pilgrims of the night.

579 *"The new life."*

HARK, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blesséd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
REF.—Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

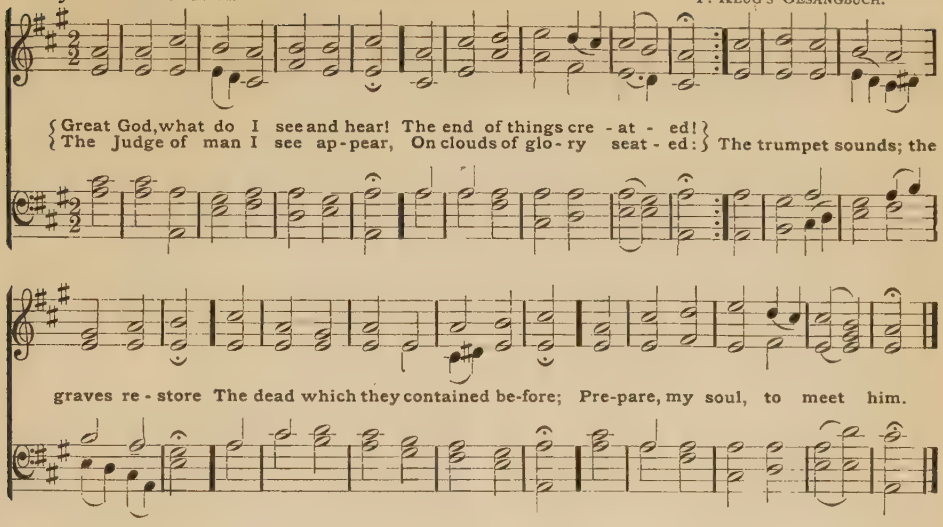
2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—REF.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.—REF.

4 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—REF.

Frederick W. Faber.

JUDGMENT. P. M. P. KLUG'S GESANGBUCH.


Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - at - ed!
The Judge of man I see ap - pear, On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed: The trumpet sounds; the
graves re - store The dead which they contained be-fore; Pre-pare, my soul, to meet him.

580 *Prepare to meet God.*

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding—
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

William B. Collyer.

581 *"Into thine hand."*

WHEN my last hour is close at hand,
My last sad journey taken,
Do thou, Lord Jesus! by me stand;
Let me not be forsaken:
O Lord! my spirit I resign
Into thy loving hands divine;
'T is safe within thy keeping.

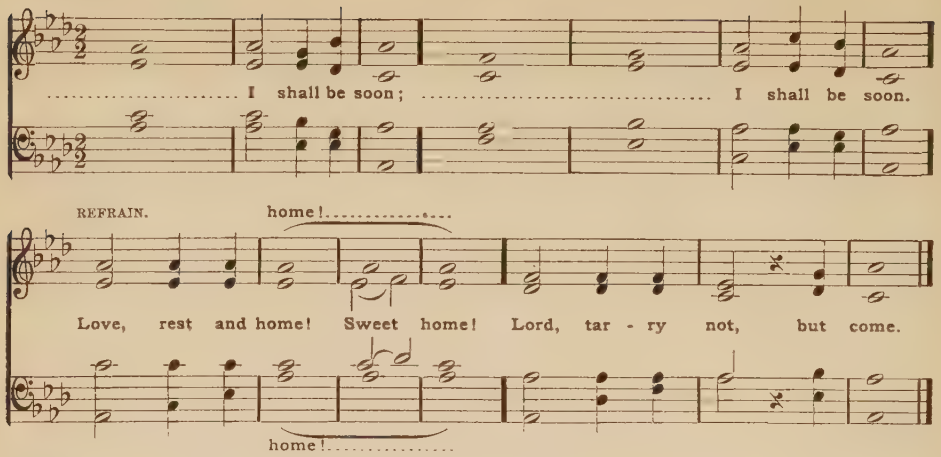
2 Countless as sands upon the shore,
My sins may then appall me;
Yet, though my conscience vex me sore,
Despair shall not enthrall me;
For as I draw my latest breath,
I 'll think, Lord Christ! upon thy death;
And there find consolation.

3 I shall not in the grave remain,
Since thou death's bonds hast severed:
By hope with thee to rise again,
From fear of death delivered,
I 'll come to thee, where'er thou art,—
Live with thee, from thee never part;
Therefore I die in rapture.

4 And so to Jesus Christ I 'll go,
My longing arms extending;
So fall asleep, in slumber deep,
Slumber that knows no ending;
Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Opens the gates of bliss, leads on
To heaven, to life eternal.

Edgar A. Bowring, tr.

BEYOND.—Chant. W. A. TARBUTTON.



582 *"Lord, tarry not."*

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping, |
I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the waking and the sleeping, |
Beyond the sowing and the reaping, |
I shall be soon. ‖
REF.—Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading, |
I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the shining and the shading, |
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon. ‖—REF.

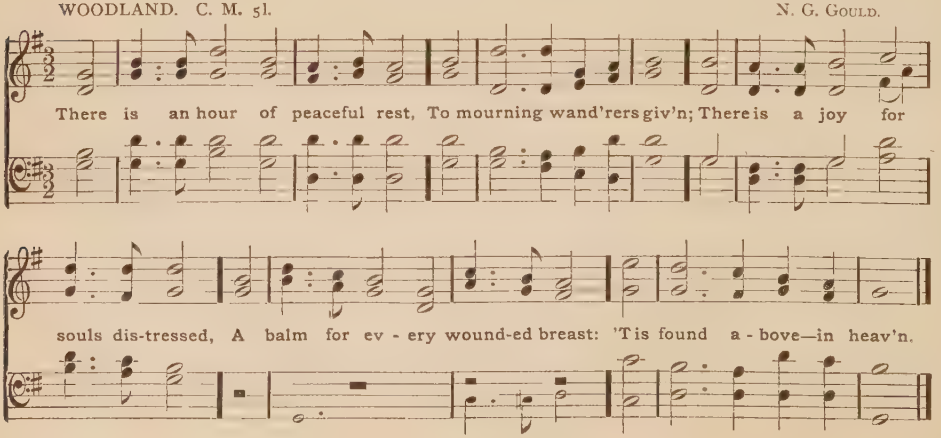
3 Beyond the rising and the setting, |
I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the calming and the fretting, |
Beyond remembering and forgetting, |
I shall be soon. ‖—REF.

4 Beyond the parting and the meeting, |
I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the farewell and the greeting, |
Beyond the pulse's fever beating, |
I shall be soon. ‖—REF.

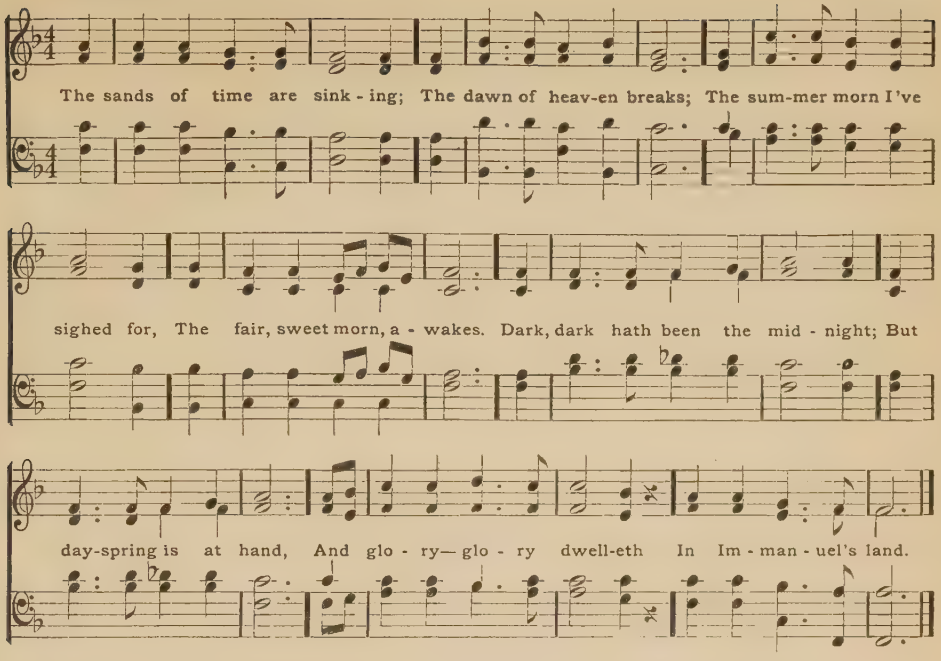
5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever, |
I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the rock-waste and the river, |
Beyond the ever and the never, |
I shall be soon. ‖—REF.

Horatius Bonar.

WOODLAND. C. M. 51. N. G. GOULD.


There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'rers giv'n; There is a joy for
souls dis-tressed, A balm for ev - ery wound-ed breast: 'Tis found a - bove—in heav'n.

RUTHERFORD. P. M. C. D'URBAN.


The sands of time are sink - ing; The dawn of heav-en breaks; The sum-mer morn I've
sighed for, The fair, sweet morn, a - wakes. Dark, dark hath been the mid - night; But
day-spring is at hand, And glo - ry— glo - ry dwell-eth In Im - man - uel's land.

583 *"Immanuel's Land."*

THE sands of time are sinking;
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn, awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight;
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 O Christ! he is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well, of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time he wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred by his love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

Mrs. Anne R. Cousin.

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584 C. M. 51. *"No more death."*

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed;
A balm for every wounded breast:
'T is found above—in heaven.

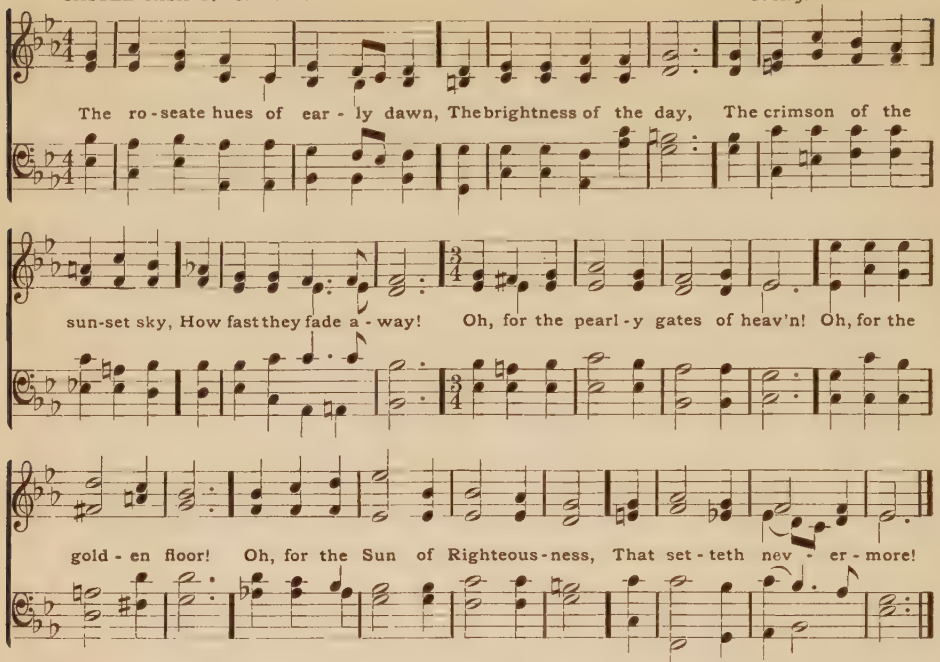
2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven!

William P. Tappan.

CASTLE RISING. C. M. D. F. A. J. HERVEY.


The ro-seate hues of ear-ly dawn, The brightness of the day, The crimson of the
sun-set sky, How fast they fade a-way! Oh, for the pearl-y gates of heav'n! Oh, for the
gold-en floor! Oh, for the Sun of Righteous-ness, That set-teth nev-er-more!

585 *"Hold fast."*

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How soon they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor fail to reach our crown!

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.

586 *"Let me go over!"*

ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

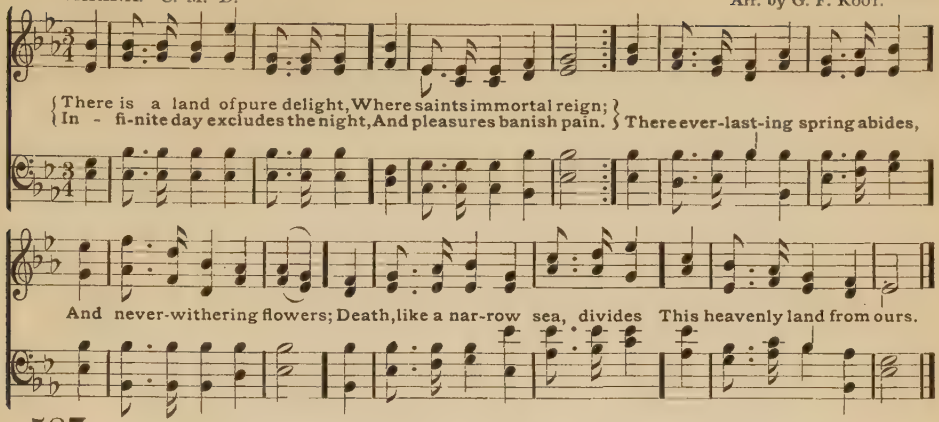
2 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I 'd launch away.

Samuel Stennett.

VARINA. C. M. D.

Arr. by G. F. Root.


There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
In - fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
There ever-last-ing spring abides,
And never-withering flowers; Death, like a nar-row sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

587 *"Go over this Jordan."*

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

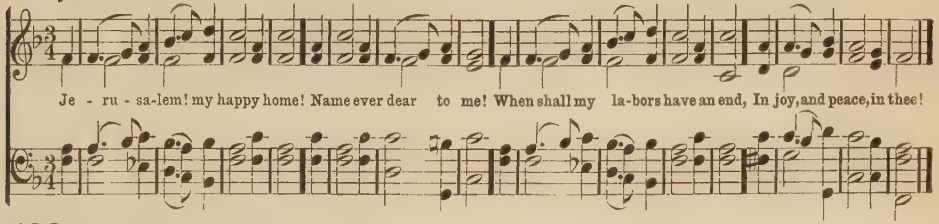
2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts.

JERUSALEM. C. M.

From EPISCOPAL HYMNAL.



588 *The New Jerusalem.*

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, in thee!

2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

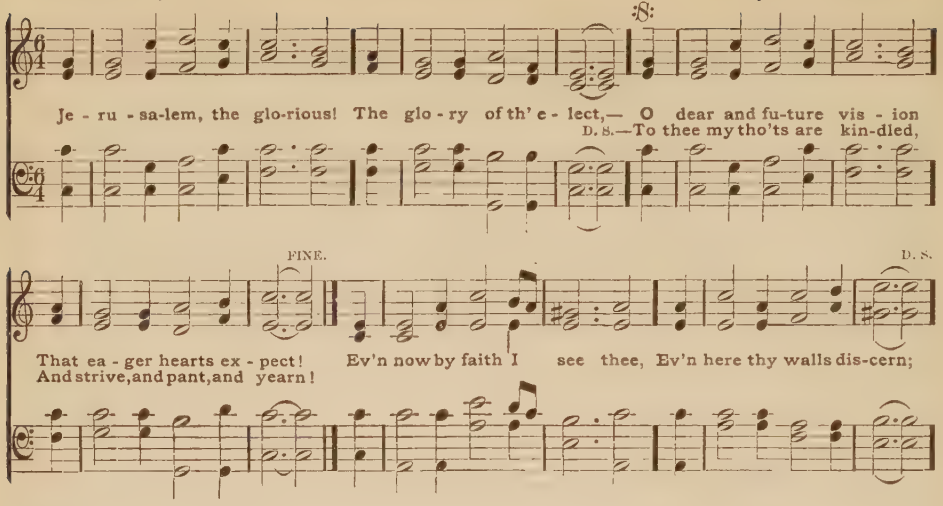
3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe!
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

"*F. B. P.*" tr. 1616.

MIRIAM. 7s, 6s. D. J. P. Holbrook.

Je - ru - sa-lem, the glo-rious! The glo - ry of th' e - lect,— O dear and fu-ture vis - ion
D. S.—To thee my tho'ts are kin-dled,
FINE.
D. S.
That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!
And strive, and pant, and yearn!
Ev'n now by faith I see thee, Ev'n here thy walls dis-cern;

589 "*A City.*"

Jerusalem, the glorious!
The glory of the elect,—
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
Ev'n here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

2 The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified, thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise;—
Jerusalem! exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!

3 O sweet and blessèd Country!
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd Country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

John M. Neale, tr.

590 "*The glory that excelleth.*"

Oh, fair the gleams of glory,
And bright the scenes of mirth,
That lighten human story
And cheer this weary earth;
But richer far our treasure
With whom the Spirit dwells,
Ours, ours in heavenly measure
The glory that excels.

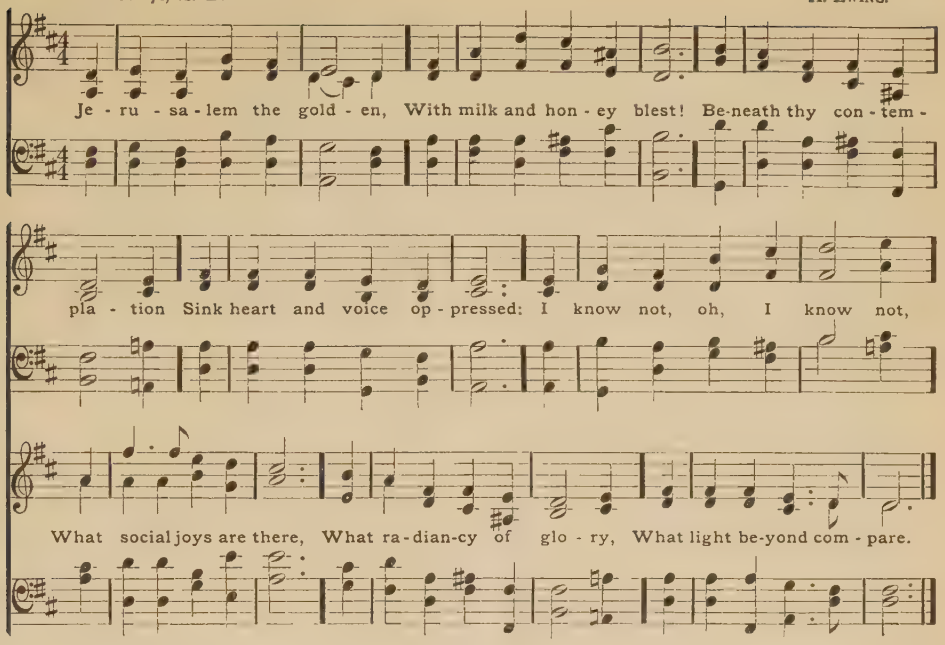
2 The lamplight faintly gleameth
Where shines the noonday ray;
From Jesus' face there beameth
Light of a sevenfold day;
And earth's pale lights, all faded,
The Light from heaven dispels;
But shines for aye unshaded
The glory that excels.

3 No broken cisterns need they
Who drink from living rills;
No other music heed they
Whom God's own music thrills.
Earth's precious things are tasteless,
Its boisterous mirth repels,
Where flows in measure wasteless
The glory that excels.

4 Since on our life descended
Those beams of light and love,
Our steps have heavenward tended,
Our eyes have looked above,
Till through the clouds concealing
The home where glory dwells,
Our Jesus comes revealing
The glory that excels.

Charles I. Cameron.

EWING. 7s, 6s. D. A. EWING.


Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest! Be-neath thy con - tem -
pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed: I know not, oh, I know not,
What social joys are there, What ra - dian-cy of glo - ry, What light be-yond com - pare.

591 *The New Jerusalem.*

JERUSALEM, the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, oh, I know not,
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blesséd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast:
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

John M. Neale, tr.

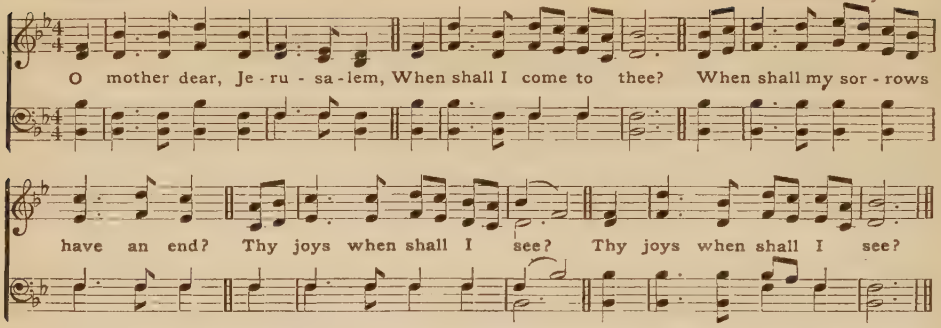
592 "*Short toil.*"

BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life, that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there:
Oh, happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals, and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest!

2 And there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow;
The light, that hath no evening,
The health, that hath no sore,
The life, that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

3 There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced,—
That spirit's food and sunshine;
Whence earthly love is chased:
Yes! God my King and Portion,
In fullness of his grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

John M. Neale, tr.

RHINE. C. M. German melody.

O mother dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sor - rows
have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? Thy joys when shall I see?

593 *The New Jerusalem.*

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

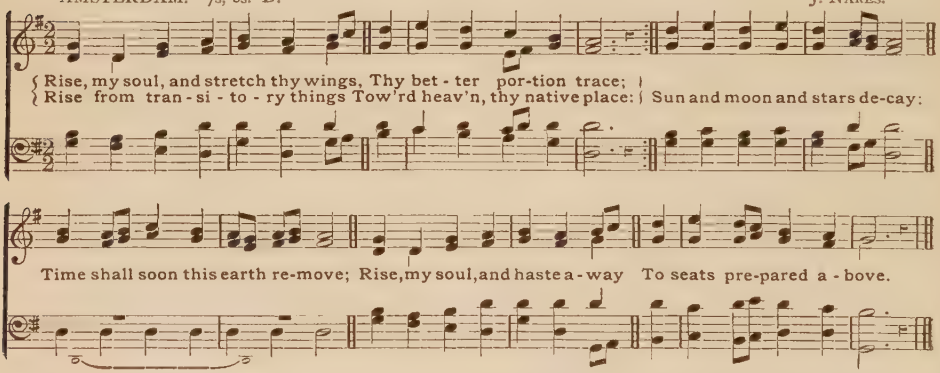
2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.

4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!

Anon.

AMSTERDAM. 7s, 6s. D. J. NARES.


{ Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por-tion trace; }
{ Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Tow'rd heav'n, thy native place: } Sun and moon and stars de-cay:
Time shall soon this earth re-move; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove.

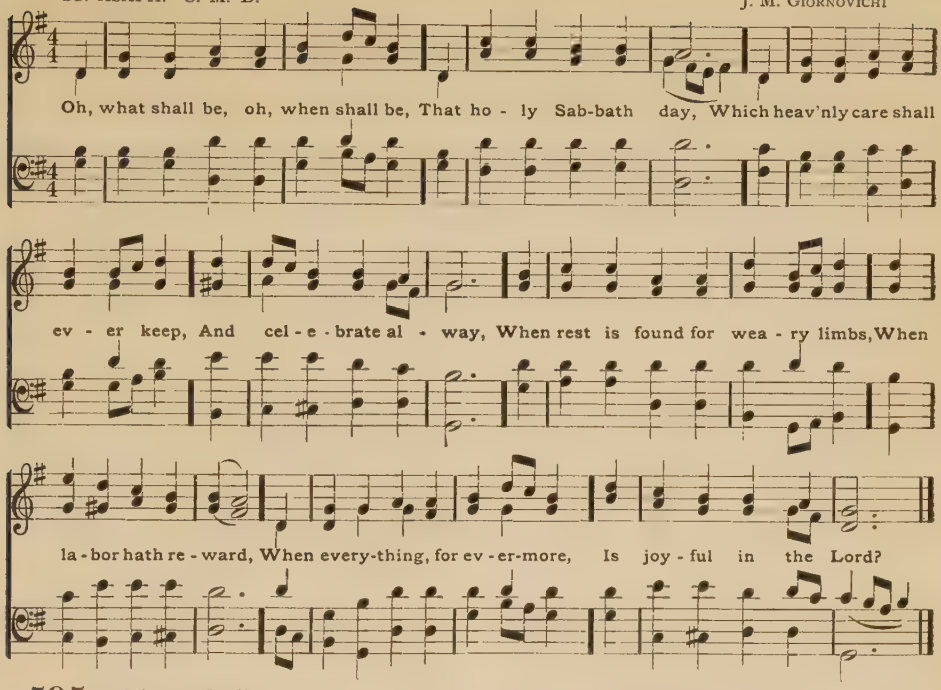
594 *The better portion.*

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season,—and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave.

ST. ASAPH. C. M. D. J. M. GIORNOVICHI

Oh, what shall be, oh, when shall be, That ho - ly Sab-bath day, Which heav'nly care shall
ev - er keep, And cel - e - brate al - way, When rest is found for wea - ry limbs, When
la - bor hath re - ward, When every-thing, for ev - er-more, Is joy - ful in the Lord?

595 *O Quanta Qualia.*—PART I.

Oh, what shall be, oh, when shall be,
That holy Sabbath day,
Which heavenly care shall ever keep,
And celebrate alway;
When rest is found for weary limbs,
When labor hath reward,
When everything, for evermore,
Is joyful in the Lord?

2 The true Jerusalem above,
The holy town, is there,
Whose duties are so full of joy,
Whose joy so free from care;
Where disappointment cometh not
To check the longing heart,
And where the soul in ecstasy
Hath gained her better part.

3 There, there, secure from every ill,
In freedom we shall sing
The songs of Zion, hindered here
By days of suffering;
And unto thee our gracious Lord
Our praises shall confess
That all our sorrow hath been good,
And thou by pain canst bless.

PART II.

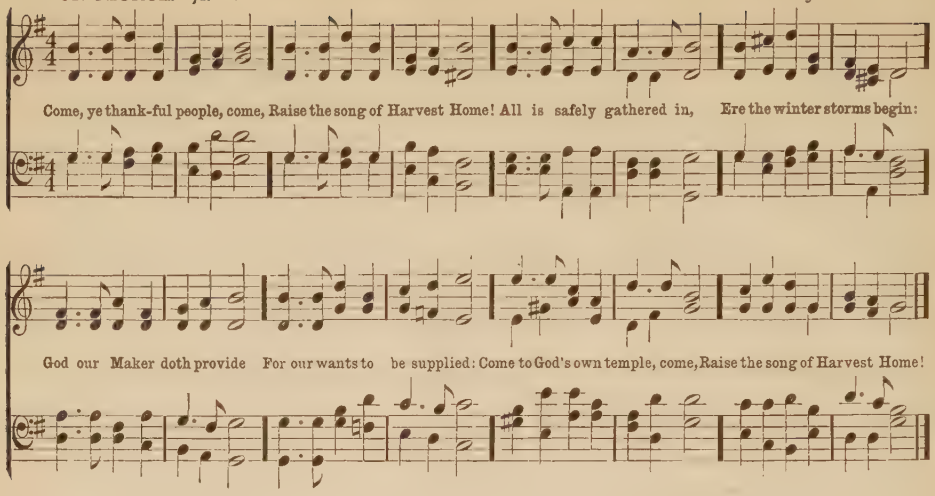
4 O glorious King! O happy State!
O Palace of the blest!
O sacred peace, and holy joy,
And perfect heavenly rest!
To thee aspire thy citizens
In glory's bright array,
And what they feel and what they know
They strive in vain to say.

5 But while we wait and long for home,
It shall be ours to raise
Our songs and chants and vows and prayers
In that dear country's praise;
And from these Babylonian streams
To lift our weary eyes,
And view the city that we love
Descending from the skies.

6 There Sabbath day to Sabbath day
Sheds on a ceaseless light;
Eternal pleasure of the saints
Who keep that Sabbath bright;
Nor shall the chant ineffable
Decline, nor ever cease,
Which we with all the angels sing
In that sweet realm of peace.

Samuel W. Duffield, tr.

ST. GEORGE. 7s. D. GEORGE J. ELVEY.


Come, ye thank-ful people, come, Raise the song of Harvest Home! All is safely gathered in, Ere the winter storms begin:
God our Maker doth provide For our wants to be supplied: Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of Harvest Home!

596 *Song for Harvest.*

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield:
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O Harvest-Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be!

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home:
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away:
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast:
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Then, thou Church Triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin:
There, for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest Home!

Henry Alford.

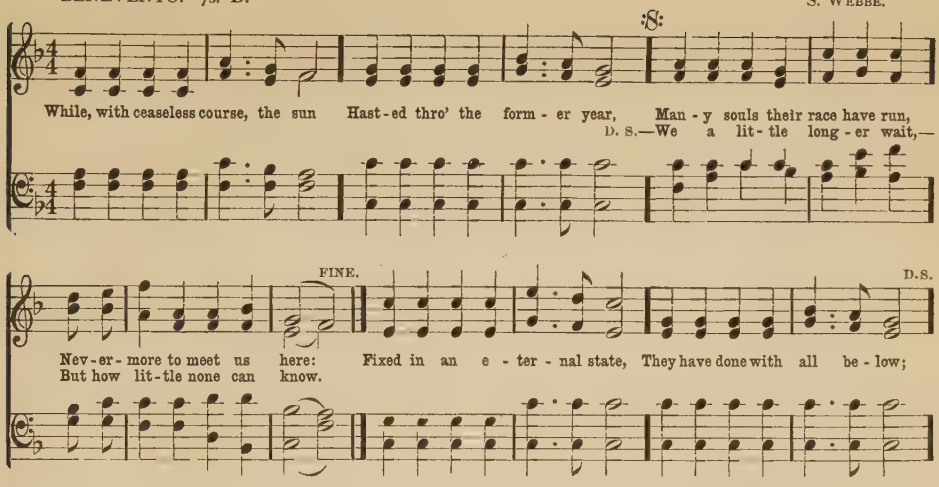
597 *The close of the year.*

THOU who roll'st the year around,
Crowned with mercies large and free,
Rich thy gifts to us abound,
Warm our praise shall rise to thee.
Kindly to our worship bow,
While our grateful thanks we tell,
That, sustained by thee, we now
Bid the parting year—farewell!

2 All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys for ever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more.
Mingled with the eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay;
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn judgment-day.

3 All our follies, Lord, forgive!
Cleanse us from each guilty stain;
Let thy grace within us live,
That we spend not years in vain.
Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, may we fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high!

Ray Palmer.

BENEVENTO. 7s. D. S. WEBBE.

While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hast-ed thro' the form-er year, Man-y souls their race have run,
D. S.—We a lit-tle long-er wait,—
FINE.
D.S.
Nev-er-more to meet us here:
But how lit-tle none can know.
Fixed in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with all be-low;

598 *New Year.*

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,—
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above!

John Newton.

599 *Independence Day.*

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.
Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

2 Here, beneath a virtuous sway
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.
Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

Nathan Strong.

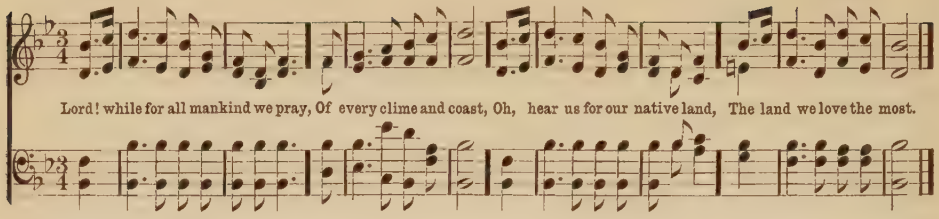
600 *Thanksgiving.*

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky;—

2 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;
These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

GLASGOW. C. M. G. F. ROOT.



601 *National.*

LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee:
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

John R. Wreford.

602 *Close of the Year.*

THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We 're traveling to the grave.

3 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet, how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road!
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

Isaac Watts.

603 *New Year.*

OUR Father! through the coming year
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave without a fear
Its ordering all to thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all the good we thought to gain
Deceive and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.

4 It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain;
And bid us take a farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.

5 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest;
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And thou art Perfect Love.

William Gaskell.

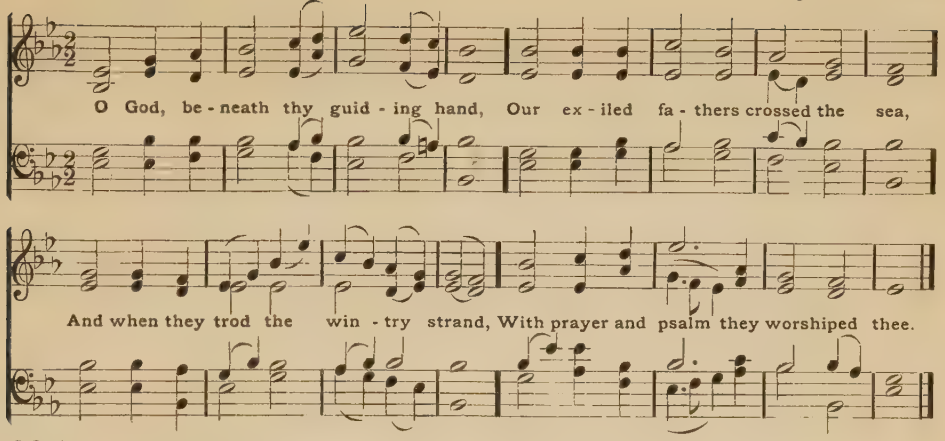
604 *Prayer for Seamen.*

WE come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And, with united plea,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the sea.

2 Oh, may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow,
Like rain-drops in the sea!

3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown.

DUKE STREET. L. M. J. HATTON.

O God, be - neath thy guid - ing hand, Our ex - iled fa - thers crossed the sea,
And when they trod the win - try strand, With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.

605 *Forefathers' Day.*

O God, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.

2 Thou heardst, well pleased, the song, the prayer—
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 What change! through pathless wilds no more
The fierce and naked savage roams:
Sweet praise, along the cultured shore,
Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.

4 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

5 And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Leonard Bacon.

606 *The New Year.*

Great God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

Philip Doddridge.

607 *The New Year.*

Our Helper, God! we bless thy name,
Whose love for ever is the same;
The tokens of thy gracious care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

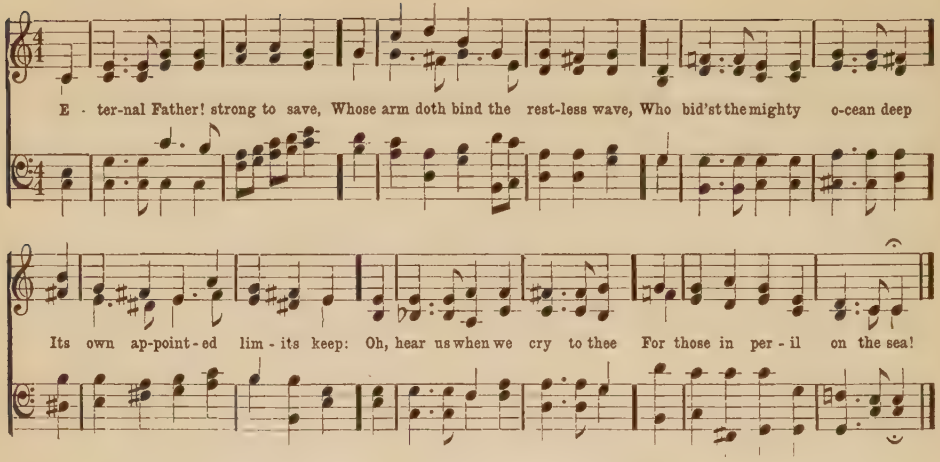
2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;
Thus far we make thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

Philip Doddridge.

MELITA. L. M. 61. J. B. DYKES.


E - ter-nal Father! strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest-less wave, Who bid'st the mighty o-cean deep
Its own ap-point-ed lim-its keep: Oh, hear us when we cry to thee For those in per-il on the sea!

608 *Prayer for the Seamen.*

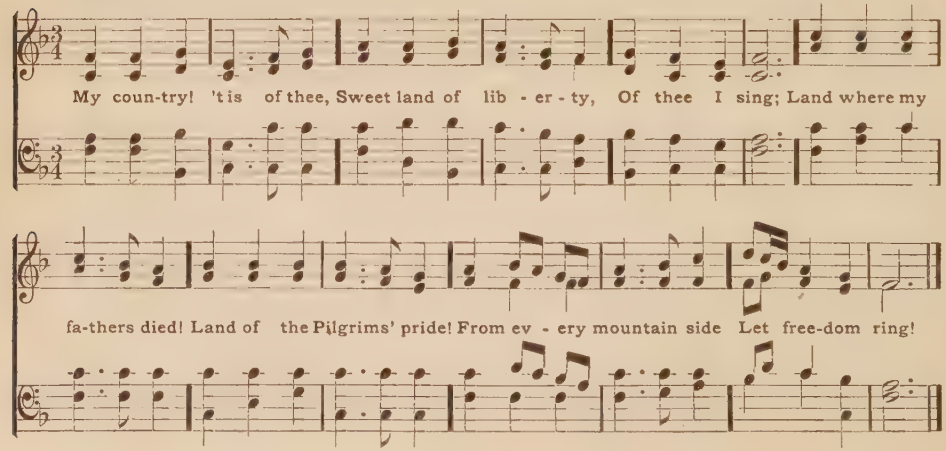
ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Saviour! whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage did sleep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

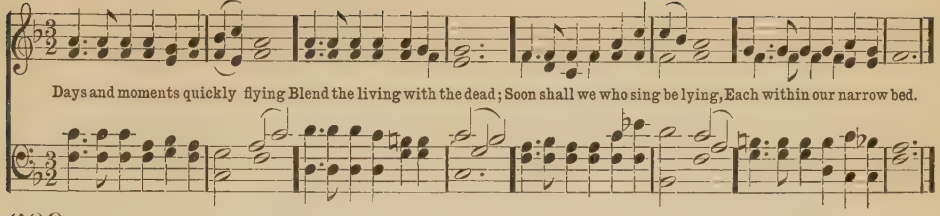
3 O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting.

AMERICA. 6s, 4s. H. CAREY.

My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
fa-thers died! Land of the Pilgrims' pride! From ev-ery mountain side Let free-dom ring!

ST. SYLVESTER. 8s, 7s. J. B. DYKES.



609 *Last Day of the year.*

DAYS and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon shall we who sing be lying,
Each within our narrow bed.

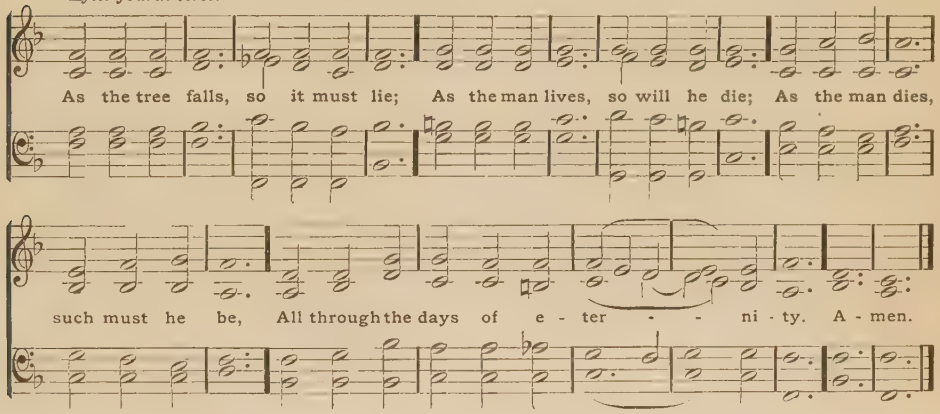
2 Soon our souls to God who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight;
Able now by grace to save them,
Oh, that while we can we might!

3 Jesus, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame;
Teach, oh, teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came:—

4 Whence we came, and whither wending;
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

Edward Caswall.

After fourth verse.


As the tree falls, so it must lie; As the man lives, so will he die; As the man dies,
such must he be, All through the days of e - ter - - ni - ty. A - men.

610 6s, 4s. *National Song.*

MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

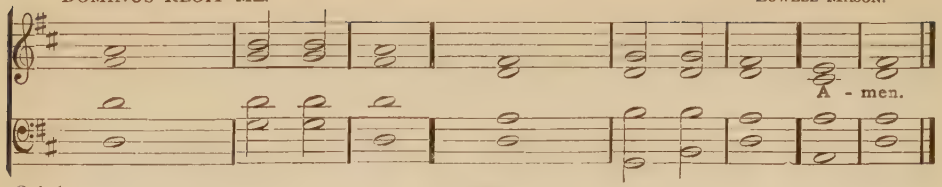
2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

Samuel F. Smith.

DOMINUS REGIT ME. LOWELL MASON.

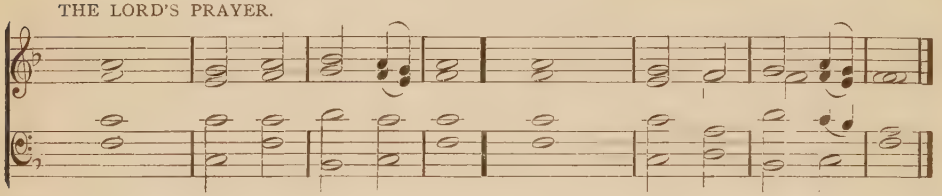


611 *Psalm 23.*

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want; || he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the | still— | waters.

2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's— | sake. || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff they | comfort me.

3 Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup · · runneth | over. || Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for | ever. || A- | men.

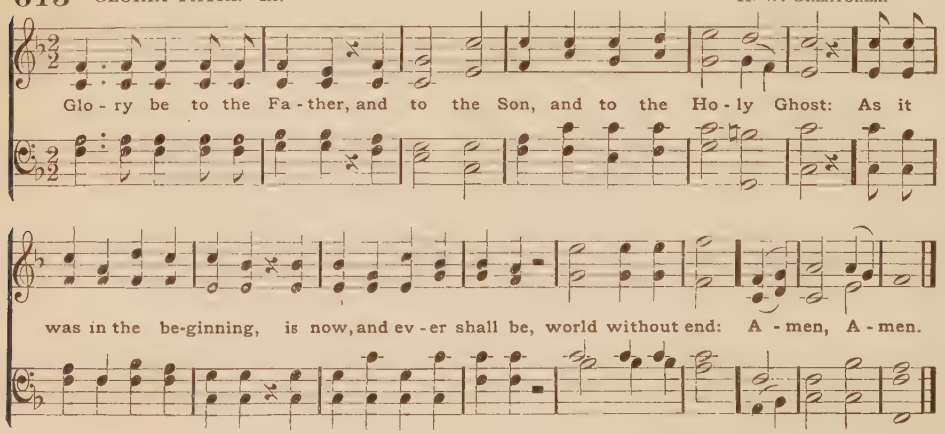
THE LORD'S PRAYER.

612 *Matt. 6 : 9-13.*

1 OUR Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; || thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven;

2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; || for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for | ever. A- | men.

613 GLORIA PATRI. Irr. H. W. GREATOREX.


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost: As it
was in the be-ginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end: A - men, A - men.

DOXOLOGIES.

1 L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

2 L. M. 6I.

TO GOD the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

3 L. M. D.

ETERNAL Father, throned above,
Thou fountain of redeeming love!
Eternal Word! who left thy throne
For man's rebellion to atone;
Eternal Spirit, who dost give
That grace whereby our spirits live:
Thou God of our salvation, be
Eternal praises paid to thee!

4 C. M.

TO FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

5 C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

6 C. M. D.

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word
And new-creating breath;
To praise the Father and the Son
And Spirit all-divine,—
The one in three, and three in one—
Let saints and angels join.

7 S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit, too.

8 S. M.

THE Father and the Son
And Spirit we adore;
We praise, we bless, we worship thee,
Both now and evermore.

9 H. M.

TO GOD the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God, the Spirit, praise;
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

10 7S.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

11 7S. 6I.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

12 7S. D.

PRAISE our glorious King and Lord,
Angels waiting on his word,
Saints that walk with him in white,
Pilgrims walking in his light:
Glory to the Eternal One,
Glory to his only Son,
Glory to the Spirit be
Now, and through eternity.

13 C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

14 8s, 7s.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

15 8s, 7s. 6l.

Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One;
One in might and one in glory,
While eternal ages run.

16 8s, 7s. D.

Praise the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love:
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above:
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live:
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

17 8s, 7s, 4s.

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Glory to the Three in One;
Hallelujah!
God, the Lord is God alone.

18 8s, 7s, 4s.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

19 10s.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addressed;
From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
And spread his fame, till time shall be no more.

20 6s. D.

To Father and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost! to thee,
Eternal Three in One!
Eternal glory be;
As hath been, and is now,
And shall be evermore:
Before thy throne we bow,
And thee, our God, adore.

21 7s, 6s. D.

To thee be praise for ever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

22 7s, 6s. D.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host
To praise thee evermore:
Live, by heaven and earth adored,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee!

23 11s, or 5s, 6s. D.

O Father Almighty, to thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blest,
All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

24 6s, 4s.

To God — the Father, Son,
And Spirit — Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong;
Let all his praise prolong —
On earth, in heaven.

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ROBERT CAMPBELL. A Scotch advocate; late in life received into the Church of Rome; he died in Edinburgh in 1868.

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Mrs. ELIZABETH CODNER. An English authoress; the hymn bearing her name appeared in 1860.

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Rev. WILLIAM BENGO COLLYER, D. D. An English Congregationalist; after a useful pastorate in London; he died, 1854.

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Rev. WILLIAM GASKELL. An English Unitarian clergyman; this hymn was published in Beard's collection in 1837.

Rev. THOMAS GIBBONS, D. D. An English Congregationalist; once a very popular preacher in London; he died in 1785.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL. An English Episcopal layman, living in Kent, near London; author of many superior hymns.

Rev. SAMUEL GILMAN, D. D. An American Unitarian of distinguished reputation; pastor in Charleston, S. C.; died, 1858.

Rev. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D. An American Congregationalist; editor formerly, now pastor in Columbus, Ohio.

Rev. WILLIAM GOODE. An English Episcopal pastor in London; the author of "A New Version of the Psalms"; died in 1816.

BENJAMIN GOUGH. An English merchant, belonging to the Wesleyan communion, long residing near Faversham, where he died, 1883.

Sir ROBERT GRANT. An English barrister, of Scotch descent and wide fame; Governor of Bombay; he died in India in 1838.

Rev. JOSEPH GRIGG. An English Presbyterian, who preached in London; he wrote Hymn 805 at ten years old; died in 1768.

Rev. ARCHER THOMPSON GURNEY. An English Episcopalian, ministering for some years to a congregation in Paris, France; settled in Wales, 1882.

Rev. JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY. An English Episcopalian; a rector in Marylebone, London; Prebendary of St. Paul's; died, 1862.

Rev. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B. The well-known Congregational minister of Surrey Chapel in Southwark, London.

Rev. WILLIAM HAMMOND. An English Calvinistic Methodist; afterward a Moravian, in which communion he died in 1783.

Mrs. PHŒBE A. HANAFORD. An American minister of the Universalist Church; once a settled pastor in Jersey City, N. J.; later in New Haven, Conn.

Rev. JOSEPH HART. An English Independent, minister of Jewin Street Chapel in London; a remarkable man; he died, 1768.

THOMAS HASTINGS, Mus. Doc. An American Presbyterian layman, for forty years a "sweet singer in Israel"; he died in 1872.

Miss FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. An English Episcopalian, daughter of Rev. W. H. Havergal; a voluminous writer; died, 1879.

Rev. WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL. An English Episcopalian; Canon of Worcester Cathedral; a composer of music; he died in 1870.

Rev. THOMAS HAWEIS, LL. B., M. D. An English Episcopalian, rector of a parish in Aldwincle; died at Bath in 1820.

Rev. ROBERT HAWKER, D. D. An English Episcopalian; vicar of St. Charles' Church, Plymouth, from 1784 to 1827, when he died.

GEORGE HEATH. Of this author no history remains, save the traditional date for his hymn, 1781, and for his death, 1822.

Rev. H. B. HEATHCOTE. An English Episcopalian minister. The hymn bearing his name was published in 1852.

Rev. REGINALD HEBER, D. D. An English Episcopalian; consecrated Bishop of Calcutta in 1823; he died in India in 1826.

Rev. FREDERICK H. HEDGE, D. D. An American Unitarian; Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Harvard Divinity School.

Rev. OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHAM. An English dissenting minister, ordained as pastor of a congregation in Sudbury; died, 1768.

Rev. GEORGE HERBERT. An English Episcopalian; the well-known poet and pastor; incumbent of Bemerton; he died in 1632.

Rev. THOMAS HILL, D. D., LL. D. Formerly President of Harvard College; now a Unitarian pastor in Portland, Maine.

Mrs. GRACE WEBSTER HINSDALE. An American Congregationalist; residing in Brooklyn, N. Y.; wife of Theodore Hinsdale, who died in 1880.

OLIVER HOLDEN. An American composer of music; author of "Coronation"; his hymn was rewritten by another hand.

Rev. JAMES HOLME. A clergyman of the Church of England; he issued several volumes of verse; this hymn appeared in 1861.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M. D. An American poet; till lately Professor in Harvard Medical College; now living in Boston.

HENRY J. M. HOPE. An Irish bookbinder, of much piety and good talent; he died in Dublin in 1872.

Rev. JOSIAH HOPKINS, D. D. An American Congregationalist; afterward a Presbyterian; he died at Geneva, New York, 1862.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER, D. D. An American Presbyterian; pastor of the Church of Sea and Land, in New-York City; died April 23, 1888.

Rev. WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW. A clergyman of the Church of England; now the Suffragan Bishop of Bedford.

Rev. JOSEPH HUMPHREYS. An English clergyman, an associate of Whitefield; his hymn was published in 1743.

SELINA SHIRLEY, Countess of Huntingdon. An English lady high in rank, and of great devotion; she died in 1791.

JAMES HUTTON. An English Moravian layman; a bookseller by business; the cousin of Sir Isaac Newton; he died in 1795.

Mrs. ABBY BRADLEY HYDE. An American Congregationalist; wife of Rev. Lavius Hyde; she died at Andover in 1872.

Rev. WILLIAM J. IRONS, D. D. An English Episcopalian; vicar of Brompton, Prebendary of St. Paul's, London; died in 1883.

Rev. THOMAS JERVIS. An English Unitarian; minister of a congregation in Leeds; he died in 1833.

Rev. JOHN JOHNS. An English Unitarian clergyman; this hymn was published in 1837; he died in 1847.

Rev. SAMUEL JOHNSON. An American Unitarian clergyman and author; aided in compiling "Hymns of the Spirit"; died, 1882.

Rev. JAMES JOYCE. An English Episcopalian, vicar of Dorking; he published "Hymns with Notes"; he died in 1850.

Rev. JOHN KEBLE. An English Episcopalian; the well-known author of "The Christian Year"; vicar of Hursley; died, 1866.

GEORGE KEITH. An English publisher in London; son-in-law of Dr. Gill; his hymn appeared in "Rippon's Selection," 1787.

Rev. THOMAS KELLY. An Irish clergyman, an Independent, preaching in Dublin; author of many hymns; he died in 1855.

Rev. THOMAS KEN, D. D. The well-known and historic Bishop of Bath and Wells in England; he died in Wiltshire in 1711.

Rev. BENJAMIN HALL KENNEDY, D. D. An English Episcopalian; Canon of Ely Cathedral; now residing in Cambridge, England.

JOHN KENT. An English shipwright in Plymouth dockyard; he issued a volume of hymns in 1803; he died in 1843.

Rev. WILLIAM KETHE. An English clergyman; one of John KNOX'S companions in Geneva; rector of Okeford; he died in 1561.

FRANCIS S. KEY. An American Episcopalian; an attorney in Washington; author of the "Star-spangled Banner"; died, 1843.

Rev. JOHN KING. An English Episcopal minister, the incumbent of Christ Church in Hull; he died in 1858.

Rev. WILLIAM KINGSBURY. An English Congregational minister for fifty-four years; he died at Southampton in 1818.

Rev. FRANCIS MINDEN KNOLLIS, D. D. An English Episcopalian; author of "A Wreath for the Altar"; he died in 1863.

WILLIAM KNOX. A Scotch author; this hymn was published in his volume, "Harp of Zion," 1825; he died in Edinburgh in 1825.

Rev. JOHN LANGFORD. An English Congregational minister in London; he published a hymn-book in 1776; he died in 1790.

Miss MARY A. LATHBURY. An American writer, connected with the Methodist Church; she resides now in New York City.

RICHARD LEE. An English poet; published "Flowers from Sharon," London, 1794, from which Dobell took five hymns.

Miss JANE E. LEESON. An English authoress; this hymn comes from her book, "Hymns and Scenes of Childhood," 1842.

Rev. JOHN LELAND. An American Baptist minister, born in Massachusetts in 1754; preached in the South, and died in 1841.

Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. An American Unitarian clergyman; one of the compilers of the "Hymns of the Spirit"; he is now in literary work.

Rev. ROBERT LOWTH, D. D. An English Episcopalian; a voluminous author; the Bishop of London; he died in the year 1787.

Rev. THOMAS TOKE LYNCH. An English Congregationalist, pastor of Mornington Church, Hampstead Road, London; died in 1871.

Rev. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. An English Episcopalian; perpetual curate of Lower Brixham, in Devonshire; he died in 1847.

GEORGE MACDONALD, LL. D. Formerly an Independent clergyman; now a member of the Church of England; an author in London.

Rev. JOHN ROSS MACDUFF, D. D. A Scotch Presbyterian; once a pastor in Glasgow; now a writer residing at Chiselhurst, Kent.

Mrs. MARGARET MACKAY. The estimable wife of Captain Robert Mackay, now residing at Inverness, in Scotland.

Rev. W. D. MACLAGAN. An English Episcopalian; he was born in 1826, and became Bishop of Lichfield in 1878.

Rev. RICHARD MANT, D. D. Born in England, and educated at Oxford; Bishop of Down and Connor, in Ireland; died in 1848.

JOHN MARCKANT. This name seems to have taken the place of the traditional "Mardley"; the aged hymn was written in 1562.

Rev. JOHN MARRIOTT. An English Episcopalian, minister of a parish in Warwickshire; he died at Broad Clyst in 1825.

Rev. JOSHUA MARSHMAN, D. D. An English Baptist missionary, who translated Krishnoo Pal's hymn; he died in 1837.

Rev. HENRY ARTHUR MARTIN. An English Episcopalian; the vicar of Laxton; he resides at Newark-on-Trent, England.

Rev. WILLIAM MASON. An English Episcopalian; incumbent of Aston, and chaplain of George III.; he died in 1797.

RICHARD MASSIE. An English gentleman, residing at Pulford Hall, Wrexham; translator of Luther's and Spitta's hymns.

Mrs. MARY FAWLER MAUDE. The wife of Rev. Joseph Maude, vicar of Chirk, and a canon of St. Asaph's Cathedral.

Mrs. MARY MAXWELL. The authoress of this prize Home Missionary hymn, preferred to be known only as "A Lady of Virginia"; she resides in Richmond.

C. E. MAY. This English author contributed to "The Choral Hymn-book" of Dr. P. Maurice, published in London in 1861.

Rev. ROBERT M. MCCHEYNE. A Scotch Presbyterian of marked piety and great success; minister in Dundee; died in 1843.

WILLIAM MCCOMB. An Irish bookseller in Belfast, now retired from business; he has written several volumes of verse.

Rev. SAMUEL MEDLEY. An English Baptist clergyman; pastor at Watford; removed to Liverpool in 1772; he died in 1799.

Rev. WILLIAM MERCER. An English Episcopalian; vicar of St. George's Church in Sheffield; he died in 1873.

Rev. JAMES MERRICK. An English Episcopalian; his original version of the Psalms was considered valuable; he died in 1769.

Rev. JAMES ELWIN MILLARD, D. D. An English Episcopalian; an author and poet; now the vicar of Basingstoke, in Hampshire.

Rev. HENRY HART MILMAN, D. D. The well-known Dean of St. Paul's, in London; a historian and poet of wide fame; died in 1868.

Rev. WILLIAM MITCHELL. An American minister of the Congregational Church; he died in Texas in 1867.

Rev. JOHN S. B. MONSELL, LL. D. An English Episcopalian; once a rural dean of Winchester; rector in Guildford; died, 1875.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. An adherent of the Moravian Church; editor of the "Iris," in Sheffield, England; he died in 1854.

THOMAS MOORE. The well-known Poet Laureate; born in Dublin; author of the "Irish Melodies"; he died in 1852.

Mrs. J. P. MORGAN. An American writer, then living in New York, who contributed this hymn to the "Christian Union," 1883.

Mrs. ELIZA FANNY MORRIS. An English lady, compiler of "The Bible Class Hymn-book"; she now resides in Malvern.

Rev. GERARD MOULTRIE. An English Episcopalian, vicar of South Leigh, near Oxford; son of Rev. John Moultrie.

Rev. JOHN MOULTRIE. An English Episcopalian; rector of Rugby; author of some volumes of verse; he died in 1874.

Rev. WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG, D. D. The rector of the Episcopal Church of the Holy Communion, New York; he died in 1877.

Rev. ELIAS NASON. An American Congregationalist; the compiler of an excellent collection; residing at North Billerica, Mass.

Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, D. D. An English Episcopalian; Warden of Sackville College; gifted as a translator; died 1866.

Rev. JOHN NEEDHAM. An English Baptist minister, settled in Bristol; there is no record of him after the year 1787.

Rev. EDWIN H. NEVIN, D. D. An American Presbyterian clergyman, now residing in Philadelphia; an author of merit and reputation.

Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D. D. Formerly an English Episcopalian; now a Roman Catholic Cardinal living in London.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. An English Episcopalian; curate of Olney; afterward rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London; died, 1807.

Rev. GERARD T. NOEL. An English Episcopalian; brother of the Earl of Gainsborough; vicar of Romsey; he died in 1851.

Miss MARIANNE NUNN. An English Episcopalian; she contributed this hymn to her brother's collection, "Psalms and Hymns"; she died in 1847.

Rev. ROBERT M. OFFORD. An American clergyman of the Reformed Dutch Church; now residing at Lodi, New Jersey.

Rev. THOMAS OLIVERS. An English Methodist traveling preacher of great piety and power; he died in 1799.

Rev. HENRY USTIC ONDERDONK, D. D. An American Episcopalian; Bishop of the diocese of Pennsylvania; he died in 1858.

EDWARD OSLER. An English surgeon, of the Established Church; he resided at Swansea and Bath, and died in 1863.

Rev. RAY PALMER, D. D. An American Congregationalist; pastor in Albany many successful years; died at Newark, N. J., 1887.
Rev. ROSWELL PARK, D. D. An American Episcopalian; this hymn was published in 1836; the author died in 1869.
Rev. THEODORE PARKER, D. D. An American preacher, Unitarian at first, quite independent afterward; died in Italy, 1860.
Miss HARRIET PARR. An English writer, "Holme Lee"; her hymn appeared in a tale in "Household Words," in 1856.
Rev. WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY, D. D. An American Unitarian; pastor in Springfield, Mass., twenty-seven years; died in 1847.
Rev. EDWARD PERRONET. An English Independent; one of the most rigid Nonconformists; he died at Canterbury in 1792.
Mrs. MARY BOWLY PETERS. An English Episcopalian; wife of Rev. John McW. Peters, rector of Quennington; she died in 1856.
Rev. SYLVANUS DRYDEN PHELPS, D. D. An American Baptist minister; editor of the "Christian Secretary," at Hartford.
FOLLIOTT SANDFORD PIERPOINT. An English Episcopalian, born at Bath in 1835; his hymns appeared in "Lyra Eucharistica."
Rev. JOHN PIERPONT. An American Unitarian, pastor of Hollis Street Church, Boston, from 1819 to 1838; he died in 1866.
Rev. ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D. D. An American Presbyterian; pastor formerly in Detroit, now of Bethany Church, Philadelphia.
Rev. ALEXANDER PIRIE. Probably a Scotch Baptist preacher; his hymn appeared in the Glasgow Collection in 1786; died, 1804.
Rev. EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE, D. D. An English Episcopalian; Professor of Exegesis in King's College, London; Prebendary of St. Paul's.
Rev. THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK. An English Episcopalian; archdeacon of Chester Cathedral; rector of St. Alban Martyr, Birmingham.
Rev. WILLIAM POLLOCK, D. D. An English Episcopalian of Irish birth; the archdeacon of Chester; he died in 1873.
ALEXANDER POPE. This well-known English poet lived in his villa at Twickenham twenty-six years, and died in 1744.
Rev. FRANCIS POTT. An English Episcopalian; the incumbent of Northill, Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire.
Rev. THOMAS JOSEPH POTTER. An English Priest of the Roman Catholic Church; author of several volumes; he died in 1873.
Mrs. ELIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS. An American Presbyterian; wife of Rev. G. L. Prentiss, D. D., of New York; she died in 1878.
Miss ADELAIDE A. PROCTER. An English poetess, connected with the Roman Catholic Church; she died in London in 1864.
PHILIP PUSEY. An English Episcopal layman; a descendant of Viscount Folkestone; born in 1799, and died in 1855.
Miss MARY PYPER. A pious and worthy Scotch needle-woman; born in 1795 at Greenock, and, as late as 1867, living there.
Rev. THOMAS RAFFLES, D. D. An eminent Congregational minister in Liverpool for fifty years; he died in 1863.
GEORGE RAWSON. An English author, born in 1807, and now living at Clifton near Bristol; he published a volume of his hymns in 1876.
Rev. ANDREW REED, D. D. An esteemed Congregational minister in London; compiler of two collections of hymns; died, 1862.
Mrs. ELIZABETH REED. An English Congregationalist; wife of Dr. Andrew Reed; this hymn was published in 1825; she died in 1867.
Rev. JOHN RIPPON, D. D. A Baptist pastor in London sixty-three years; his "Selection" was issued in 1787; he died in 1836.
Rev. CHARLES SEYMOUR ROBINSON, D. D. An American Presbyterian; pastor of the Madison Avenue Church in New York City.
GEORGE ROBINSON. This author contributed to Dr. Leifchild's collection, "Original Hymns," published in 1842.
RICHARD HAYES ROBINSON. An English Episcopalian; he was rector of St. Michael; residing now at Sion-Hill Place, Bath.
Rev. ROBERT ROBINSON. An English Baptist pastor at Cambridge from 1759 to 1790; he was born in 1735, and died in 1790.
Rev. GILBERT RORISON, LL. D. A Scotch Episcopalian; the incumbent of Peterhead, near Aberdeen; he died in 1869.
FRANCIS ROUS. Author of the Scotch version of the Psalms; member of the Westminster Assembly; born 1579, he died 1658.
Rev. JOHN ROWE. An English clergyman, said by some to have been connected with the Baptist denomination; died, 1832.
Rev. ARTHUR T. RUSSELL. An English Episcopalian; vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Wellington, Salop; he died in 1874.
CHARLES SABINE. An English writer, who contributed the hymn bearing his name to the "Hymnal Companion," 1876.
Mrs. JANE EUPHEMIA SAXBY. An English Episcopalian, wife of the vicar of East Clevedon; this hymn was published in 1849.
Miss ELIZABETH SCOTT. Born in England, married Colonel Elisha Williams; removed to Connecticut, where she died, 1776.
Rev. THOMAS SCOTT. An English Independent pastor at Ipswich; not the Commentator of the same name; he died in 1776.
Rev. ROBERT SEAGRAVE. An English Episcopalian; born in 1693, labored in London; but the date of his death is not known.
Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS, D. D. An American Unitarian; pastor some years at Wayland, Mass.; he died in 1876.
WILLIAM F. SHERWIN. An American Baptist; editor and composer of music; professor in the Boston Conservatory; died in 1888.
Rev. WALTER SHIRLEY. An English clergyman; a cousin of Lady Huntingdon, in whose connection he labored; he died in 1786.
WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, Jr. An officer in the Bank of England, but often preaching in Congregational churches; died, 1829.
Mrs. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY. An American poetess; the wife of Mr. Charles Sigourney; she died at Hartford in 1865.
Miss SARAH SLINN. An English lady, concerning whom no more is known than that the hymn was written about the year 1779.
JOHN MORRISON SLOAN. This translation of Philipp Nicolai's hymn is found in the Scotch Free Church Hymnal, 1880.
Rev. JOSEPH DENHAM SMITH. A Congregational minister preaching at Kingstown, near Dublin; eminent as an Evangelist.
Rev. SAMUEL F. SMITH, D. D. An American Baptist editor and pastor, born in 1808; still living in an honored old age.
Rev. CHARLES H. SPURGEON. An English Baptist; widely known as the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, in London.
Rev. ARTHUR P. STANLEY, D. D. An English Episcopalian; professor at Oxford; afterward Dean of Westminster; died in 1882.
Miss ANNE STEELE. An English Baptist; living at Brighton in Hampshire; always an invalid, always singing; died, 1778.
Rev. JOSEPH STENNETT, D. D. An English Baptist clergyman; for some useful years settled in London; he died in 1713.
Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT, D. D. An English Baptist; colleague of his father, and his successor in London; he died in 1795.
THOMAS STERNHOLD. An English Episcopalian; Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII.; translator of the Psalms; he died in 1549.
JOHN STEWART. An unknown English writer, whose name is affixed to a hymn published first in 1803.
JOHN STOCKER. This writer lived in Honiton, Devon, England, and published hymns in the "Gospel Magazine" in 1776.
Mrs. MARTHA MATILDA STOCKTON. An American authoress; wife of Rev. W. C. Stockton; residing at Ocean City, N. J.
Rev. SAMUEL J. STONE. An English Episcopalian; the vicar of St. Paul's Church, Haggerstone, London.
Rev. HUGH STOWELL. An English Episcopalian; Canon of Chester; Rural Dean of Salford; he died in 1865.

Rev. NATHAN STRONG, D. D. For forty-two years an eminent Congregational pastor in Hartford, Conn.; he died in 1816.

Rev. JOSEPH SWAIN. An English Baptist minister; in early life an engraver; settled in Walworth, where he died in 1796.

Rev. LEONARD SWAIN, D. D. An American Congregationalist; born in 1821; a pastor in Providence, R. I.; he died in 1869.

ANDREW J. SYMINGTON. This name, with the date, 1869, is given in "Songs of Grace and Glory." The author lived in Paisley, Scotland.

Rev. WILLIAM B. TAPPAN. An evangelist and Congregationalist; long in the American Sunday-School Union; he died in 1849.

NAHUM TATE. Irish by birth, living mostly in London; Poet Laureate; connected with the Church of England; died in 1715.

Mrs. R. H. TAYLOR. An English lady, wife of Herbert W. Taylor; in connection with the Plymouth Brethren.

Rev. THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR. An English Congregationalist; at one time a pastor in Sheffield; born, 1807; he died, 1835.

Rev. JOHN THOMSON. An English Unitarian minister; then a physician; died in 1818. This hymn appeared in Aspland's collection, 1810.

Rev. ALEXANDER R. THOMPSON, D. D. An American clergyman of the Reformed Dutch Church; now a pastor in Brooklyn, New York.

Rev. GODFREY THRING. An English Episcopalian; rector of Alford in Somersetshire, and Prebendary of Wells Cathedral.

Mrs. EMMA LESLIE TOKE. An English Episcopalian; wife of Rev. Nicholas Toke, rector of Godington, Kent; died in 1878.

Rev. AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. An English Episcopalian; the well-known vicar of Broad Hembury in Devonshire; died in 1778.

Rev. SAMUEL PRIDEAUX TREGELLES, LL. D. An English scholar; at one time associated with Plymouth Brethren; died, 1875.

Rev. DANIEL TURNER. An English Baptist; settled at Reading; afterward at Abingdon, Berkshire, where he died in 1798.

Mrs. VOKE. This name is all we know of one whose heart was full of love for missions; probably an English Baptist.

Mrs. AMELIA WAKEFORD. This hymn appeared in Ash and Evans' collection, published in 1769.

Miss ANNA L. WALKER. A Canadian lady, published this familiar hymn in a volume, 1868; she is certainly the author of it.

Mrs. MARY JANE WALKER. An English lady, wife of Rev. Edward Walker, rector of Cheltenham; sister of Rev. J. G. Deck.

Rev. JOHN AIKMAN WALLACE. Minister of the Scotch Presbyterian Free Church at Hawick; born in 1802, and died in 1870.

Rev. RALPH WARDLAW, D. D. A Scotch Congregationalist; pastor and professor in Glasgow until his death, in 1853.

Miss ANNA L. WARING. An English poetess, said to to be a "Friend"; born in Neath, Glamorganshire, where she now resides.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, D. D. An English Congregationalist; the very Father of English hymnody; died at Stoke Newington, 1748.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY. The poet and preacher of the Methodists; known and loved the world over; he died in 1788.

Rev. JOHN WESLEY. The founder of Methodism; the organization in England is called by his name; he died in London, 1791.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE. The well-known English poet; he died while preparing to take orders in the Episcopal Church, 1806.

Rev. FREDERICK WHITFIELD. An English Episcopalian; now vicar of St. Mary's Church in Hastings; an author and poet.

WILLIAM WHITING. An English Episcopalian; the master of Winchester College Choristers' School; he died in 1878.

Lady LUCY E. G. WHITMORE. Daughter of the Earl of Bradford; wife of W. W. Whitmore of Dudmaston, Shropshire; died, 1840.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. An American poet of Quaker descent; eminent in character and works; he resides in Amesbury, Mass.

Miss HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS. An English Unitarian; she resided much in France, and died in Paris in 1827.

Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS. An English Episcopalian; rector of Bisley; he wrote three of the "Oxford Tracts"; he died in 1865.

Rev. WILLIAM WILLIAMS. A Welsh Methodist preacher; he died in 1791; part of this hymn was written by Peter Williams.

Miss ELLEN H. WILLIS. This name is in some English collections appended to a hymn which others, later, mark as anonymous.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS. An American composer of music, now living in Detroit; he has written much concerning choirs.

Mrs. CAROLINE FRY WILSON. An English Episcopalian; she is better known as the author of "The Listener"; she died in 1846.

Miss CATHERINE WINKWORTH. An English lady eminent as a translator of German hymns; born in London, 1829, died in 1878.

Rev. SAMUEL WOLCOTT, D. D. An American Congregationalist, formerly in Cleveland, Ohio, but now in Longmeadow, Mass.

Rev. JAMES RUSSELL WOODFORD, D. D. An English Episcopalian; very successful as a hymn-writer; Bishop of Ely in 1872; died in 1885.

Rev. AARON ROBARTS WOLFE. An American Presbyterian clergyman, residing without charge in Montclair, New Jersey.

Rev. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D. D. An English Episcopalian, eminent as a Commentator; the Bishop of Lincoln, 1869; died in 1885.

Rev. JOHN REYNELL WREFORD, D. D. An English Presbyterian minister, once settled in Birmingham; afterward a teacher in Bristol; he died in 1881.

J. YOUNG. This name appears with two hymns which were published first in the American Baptist Psalmist, 1843.

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